THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

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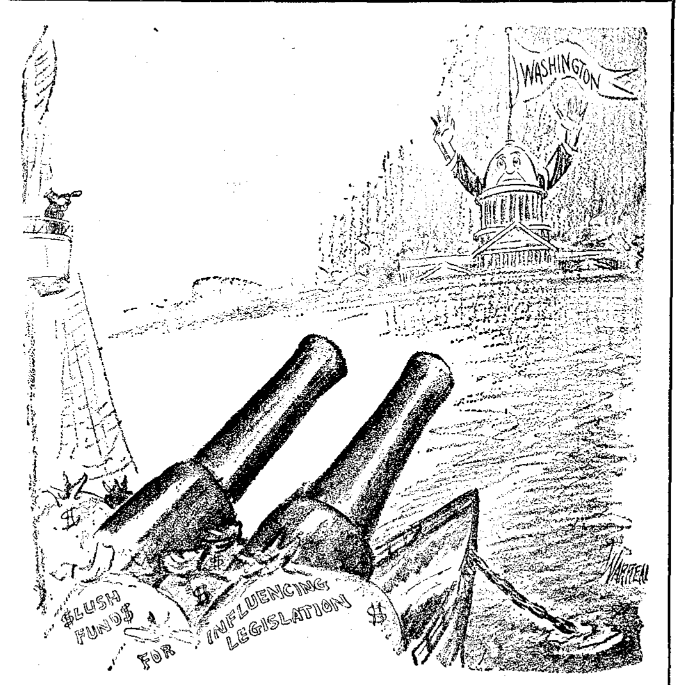
TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

THE SHEARER SHOW

ONCE IN A WHILE Washington stages a show fit to make Broadway turn green with envy, and this, correspondents agree, has happened again in the case of William Baldwin Shearer, "American, Christian, Protestant, Nationalist," as he describes himself; "the bass drum," as he admits being called. Mr. Shearer's own appearance on the stand was a fitting climax of the testimony before the Senate committee investigating his employment as "observer" for a group of ship-building concerns at the abortive British-American Geneva naval conference. Editors and press correspondents held up their hands in amazement at the performance of this "master showman." "He has been putting on a performance so enthralling that were it presented on Broadway the agencies would already have bought all the best seats three months ahead," the Newark *News* is convinced.

This propagandist seems to such an experienced correspondent as W. W. Jermane of the Seattle *Times* "to be a man living in a world that does not exist, such a world as has been created by men of the type of E. Phillips Oppenheim, Lewis Carroll, Charlie Chaplin, Richard Harding Davis, and Lon Chaney." At one moment while testifying he reminded this correspondent of Don Quixote "tilting at windmills," at another of Sancho Panza "with his proverbs and wise-cracks." In an earlier day, we are told further, Mr. Shearer would have been a soldier of fortune, "but in these later days he was compelled to be content with the successive rôles, as he outlines them, of fight promoter, gentleman gambler, actor, sailor, artist, lecturer, inventor, theater lessee, manager, sponsor for a London night club, confidant of statesmen, idol of the D. A. R., and Florida real-estate salesman, the culmination of his career being reached when he struck pay dirt as propagandist for the ship-builders." What a man he describes himself to be, similarly reflects Henry Suydam in the Brooklyn *Eagle*— "he could write an article on imperialism, issue 'releases' to newspapers, mount the lecture platform and sweep audiences with his dynamic eloquence, advise United States Senators, put pep into the Navy Department, and even, in his spare moments, sit down and paint a picture of a cruiser, which he sold for $4,500." "We all know the type, but," remarks the New York *Times*, "such a perfect flower of it probably never appeared before at a Senate hearing." The New York *Herald Tribune* finds Mr. Shearer revealing himself "as a pest and a nuisance, because he is blatant, officious, and overzealous, and is thus likely to damage good causes by his support."



WASHINGTON
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SLUSH FUNDS FOR INFLUENCING LEGISLATION
$
WARREN

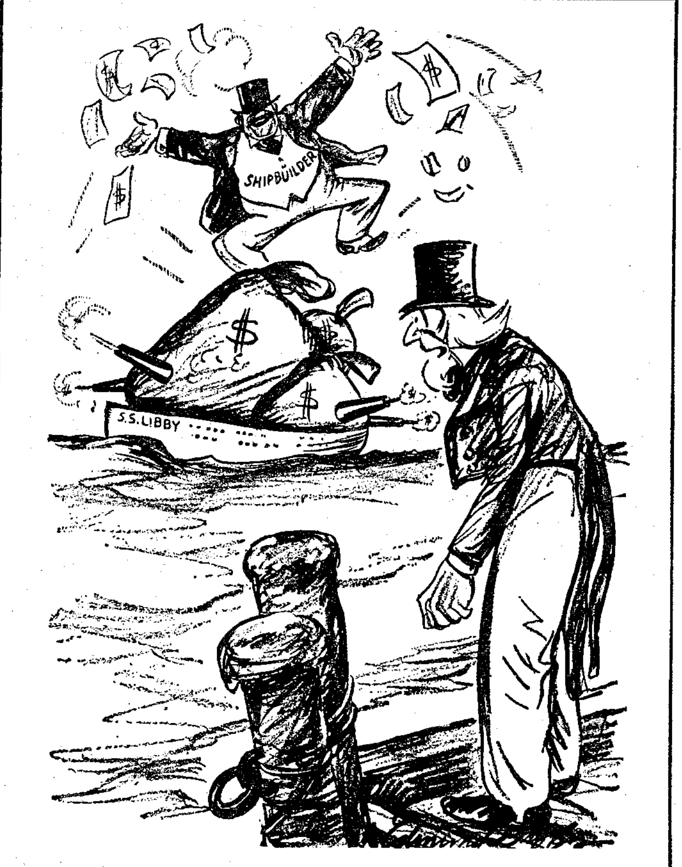
A LITTLE ARMS LIMITATION NEEDED HERE
—Warren in the Cleveland *News*.

Yet the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* concludes that Shearer "was a propagandist, and a good one." In his Baltimore *Evening Sun* column, H. L. Mencken, who is inclined to defend both Mr. Shearer and his employers, finds nothing but "blatant and intolerable hypocrisy" in the "moral pother over Dr. Shearer's doings," and he asks:

> "Is there anything in the American moral code to prevent business men opposing legislation, whether national or international, which seems to menace their business? And is there any evidence whatever, direct or indirect, that breaking up the Geneva conference was against the interest and security of the United States?
>
> "Let any American, in the course of a dispute with England, take the side of his own country, and at once he is under fire. The news somehow goes about that he is a dubious fellow."

After this glance at the personal impression made by Mr. Shearer in his two days' testimony before the Senate committee—and quotations registering amazement, admiration, puzzlement, indignation, or disgust, might be continued indefinitely—it will be doing our readers a service briefly to sum up the testimony of witnesses at the hearing. The whole affair started, it will be remembered, by Mr. Shearer's lawsuit for the recovery of a quarter of a million dollars allegedly due him by three big ship-building companies for propaganda work; President Hoover's call for an investigation, and the prompt launching of an inquiry by a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs.

When the hearings began on September 20, Mr. Shearer was on hand, "drest nattily," as was his habit throughout the successive sessions. The first witness was Clinton L. Bardo, President of the New York Shipbuilding Company, one of Shearer's three employers. He declared that Mr. Shearer was employed only to "observe and report" at Geneva, that for activities at Geneva and in connection with the 1928 Merchant Marine Act he was paid a total of $46,750; and that ship-building and allied



SAILING THE OCEAN BLUE
—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun*.

interests had spent $143,000 in lobbying for the 1928 legislation. Mr. Bardo thought that Mr. Shearer had been paid "altogether too much" for sending reports from Geneva which were largely "bunk," and went mostly into waste-baskets and pigeon-holes.

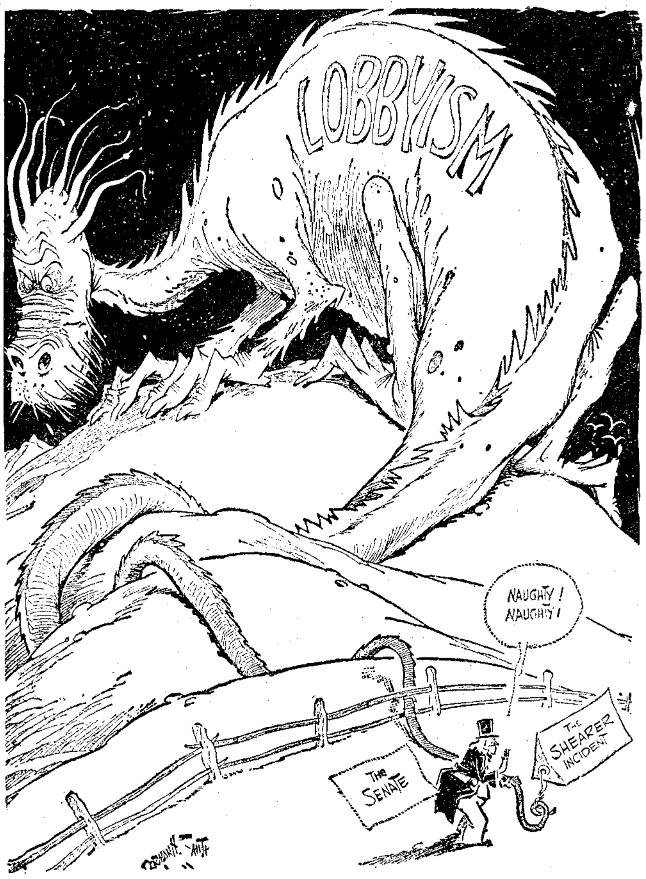
The next day Charles M. Schwab, whom Mr. Shearer later alluded to as "the Star of Bethlehem," declared that he had had nothing to do with the hiring of Shearer, knew nothing about the details, and had characterized the policy as "rather unwise." As for himself, Mr. Schwab "would like to see an arrangement made by which all battle-ships should be sunk." Eugene Grace, President of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, agreed with Mr. Schwab that the employment of Shearer was "unwise," and passed the responsibility for it on to a vice-president of the corporation. On September 23, Samuel W. Wakeman, the Bethlehem vice-president referred to, and Homer L. Ferguson, President of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, both insisted that Mr. Shearer went to Geneva as a mere "observer." Mr. Ferguson also used the word "unwise" about the employment of Shearer, and Mr. Wakeman explained that in employing him he had been "jazzed off his feet" by "a super-salesman." The following day Senator Allen, of the subcommittee, referred to a letter from Shearer to Mr. Ferguson in which the latter told of possessing a "secret British document," "vital and amazing," which he had passed on to a Senator speaking in favor of the fifteen-cruiser bill adopted by Congress last spring. In this letter Mr. Shearer claimed much of the credit for the passage of the cruiser bill. On the 26th an attorney who acted in behalf of the three ship-building concerns in paying Mr. Shearer told the committee a number of details regarding the financial arrangements. The day after, the Senators heard more facts regarding expenditures in connection with the Merchant Marine act, while Drew Pearson, a newspaper correspondent, described Mr. Shearer's activities and methods at Geneva.

Finally, the star witness took the stand on the 30th. He opened his testimony by complaining that the committee had "raked the gutters of London and New York to get information to pillory me," this in reference to a Scotland Yard "dossier" read into the record describing Shearer as an associate of crooks, and speaking of reports of Shearer's association with gaming houses and jewel thieves. Mr. Shearer gave an account of his own life, of his long line of American ancestors, of his naval inventions, of his campaigns for a strong Navy. In the course of the examination many facts were brought out concerning his active and colorful career. As one dispatch summarizes: "enlisted man in the Navy, real-estate operator, prize-fight, cabaret and theatrical promoter, propagandist, naval expert, inventor of 'the one-man torpedo boats,' actor, playing the heavy in 'Ten Nights in a Barroom'; newspaper writer, speechmaker, lecturer, race-track betting operator with a betting commissioner who had the title of 'Baron'—these were some of Mr. Shearer's occupations."

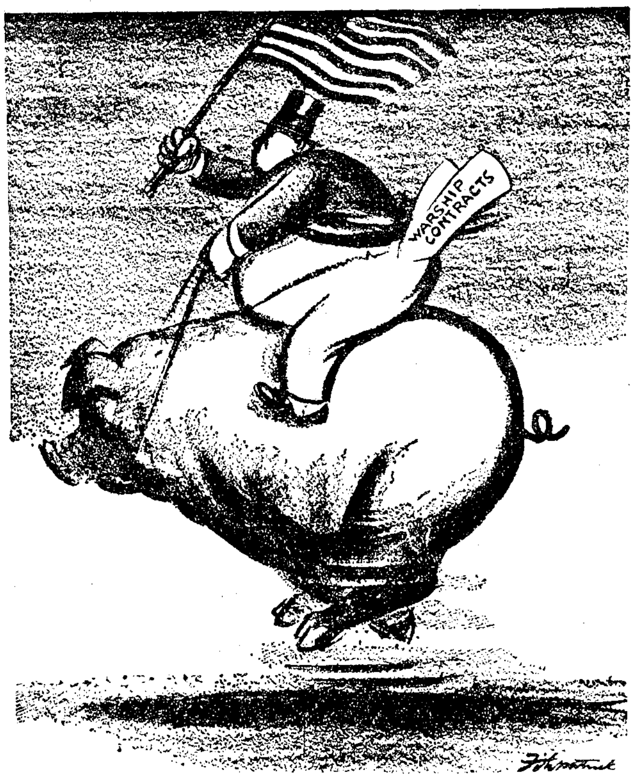
Denying that he had ever said that he had broken up the Geneva conference, and insisting that all he ever wanted at Geneva was an agreement fair to the United States, Mr. Shearer offered this explanation of his errand abroad:

> "I went to Geneva to see that the United States got a square deal in publicity.
>
> "The ship-building companies were broke; they wanted an agreement. All I had to do was to bring out the American side."

As he testified Mr. Shearer "frequently used slang that delighted the spectators," according to the New York *Times* correspondent. He explained one now familiar characterization of himself as a "bass drum" by his reply to the question whether he was a spy: "If you consider a man beating a bass drum a spy." He admitted being called "a bug on the Navy." He told of giving hospitality to newspaper men in Geneva, of making use of an official Navy Department "blue book" of statistics in passing naval information on to the correspondents. Mr. Shearer frequently took occasion to air his unfavorable opinion of newspaper men who had criticized him in their testimony before the committee or in statements to the press. He was



PAPA SPANK!
—Smith in the San Francisco *Examiner*.



OUR MODERN PAUL REVERE
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

emphatic in his assertions that his employers had vastly benefited by his activities, and insisted that in not paying the sum he is demanding in his lawsuit, they "welched on their agreement." Mr. Shearer's understanding of the termination of his employment is that Secretary of State Kellogg "called the Bethlehem crowd on the mat and instructed them to get rid of me."

On the second day of his testimony Mr. Shearer told more about his dealings with the ship-building companies and said that more recently he was in the Hearst employ, but was dropt when his suit against the ship-builders led to the investigation. Much of Mr. Shearer's testimony this day dealt with that "British secret document" said to be hostile to the United States and to have been a factor in the passage of the fifteen-cruiser bill. Mr. Shearer's assertion that it was sent to former Prime Minister David Lloyd George by one Sir William Wiseman, was promptly denied by Sir William, who denounced the document itself as a "clumsy, absurd forgery." Mr. Shearer told how industriously he sent out mimeographed statements to his employers and others on his lists, and how he gave the newspaper men at Geneva "hand-outs" to help them in preparing their dispatches. Incidentally, most of the correspondents at Geneva have admitted knowing Mr. Shearer, but have asserted that they used his information only after a careful check-up with other sources.

At this point the hearings were postponed with the understanding that they would be resumed after the departure of Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald.

While Mr. Shearer has been a most entertaining witness, he is only "a side show," insists the New York *Telegram*—"only the henchman of higher-ups." His employment to go to Geneva was a dismal business, declares the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot:*

> "At its worst it was an inexcusable meddling with this country's treaty endeavors by corporations having a pecuniary stake in the outcome of the Geneva negotiations—a meddling thinly rationalized as a defensible watching of trends. At its best it was a secretive and blundering employment, at a preposterous price, of an offensive publicist to supply the corporations employing him with reports on an international conference all the legitimate news of which was obtainable every day by any person in the United States for three cents—the price of a reputable newspaper."

The admission of the unwisdom of the hiring of Shearer by the ship-building magnates impresses various editors. But, remarks the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal:*

> "If a stupid mistake of decimal proportions to this employment of Shearer had been made by one of the factory hands in the big establishments over which the gullible executives presided, there would, in all probability, be a new man in the guilty one's place. But in the case of executives an infinitely graver error is passed over with a mere avowal of a mistake."

Remarking how disheartening it is to find big business such an easy mark as it was to Mr. Shearer, the Kansas City *Star* concludes:

> "But these results, tragic as they are for big business and its hangers-on, are all to the good otherwise. They will stir the Government to a new alertness in keeping the public interests free from the designs of private ones that are always trying to use the national need for their own profit. They will help to discount much of the blurb about the Napoleonic intellects that function behind the guarded doors of big business. And they will utterly blast, for this selling season anyway, the glittering pretensions of the brisk fraternity to which Mr. Shearer belongs, which has played toady to American capital's booby for so many painful years."

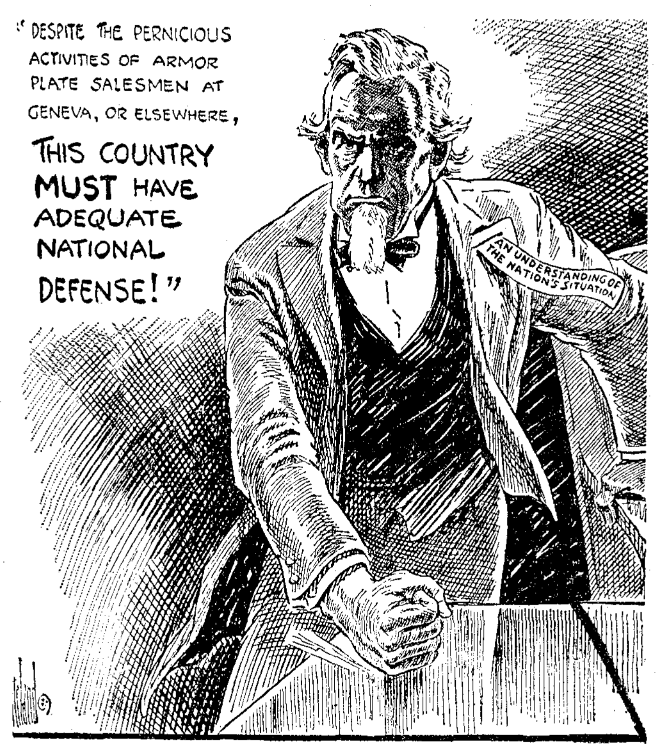
And several other papers believe the country will benefit from these disclosures. Says the Birmingham *Age-Herald:*

> "First of all, industrial leaders will have driven home to them the high desirability of steering clear of publicity and lobbying entanglements. And in the second place, propagandists, big and little, 'experts' or dunderheads, will, for a while at least, be suffering from hard times."

The compensating aspects of the scandal are thus dwelt on by the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

> "It has enormously strengthened the hand of President Hoover in his efforts to reduce naval armaments. It has shown the nature of some of the influences opposing his work. For a time, at least, war-ship builders will be extremely wary about exerting themselves to thwart a humanitarian movement which might diminish their profits. And the public might do well to ponder the wisdom of eliminating such temptations by ordaining that all war vessels be built by the Government."

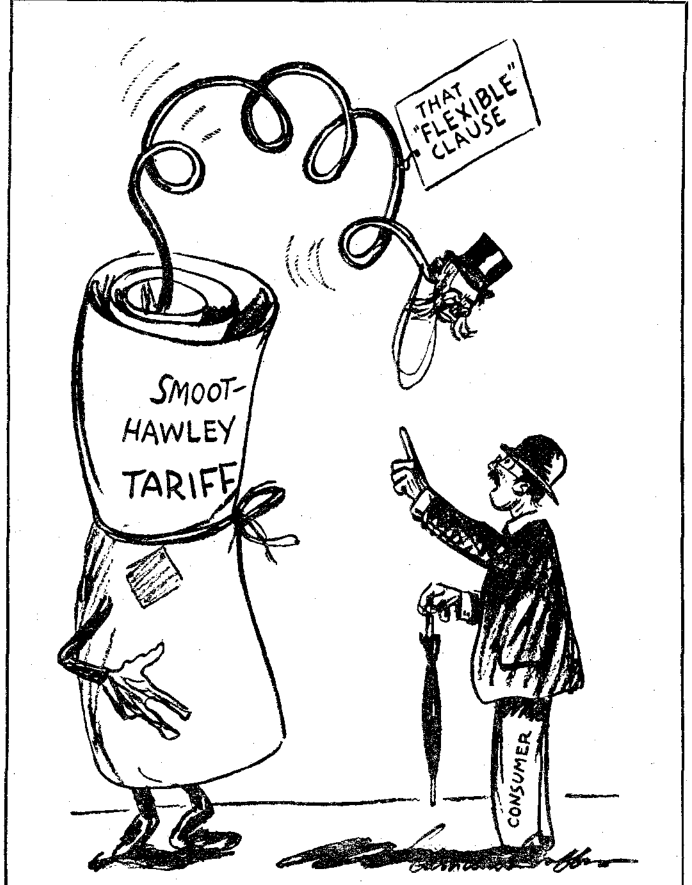
Another result of this investigation is the unanimous passage by the Senate of a resolution declaring for a Senatorial investigation of all lobbying in Washington.


"DESPITE THE PERNICIOUS ACTIVITIES OF ARMOR PLATE SALESMEN AT GENEVA, OR ELSEWHERE,
THIS COUNTRY MUST HAVE ADEQUATE NATIONAL DEFENSE!"
AN UNDERSTANDING OF THE NATION'S SITUATION

"DESPITE THE PERNICIOUS ACTIVITIES—"
—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch.*

THE SENATE'S SLAP AT THE PRESIDENT

DO WE WANT A MUSSOLINI in the White House? demanded a Southern Democratic paper while the fight was on in the Senate to take away from President Hoover his power to change tariff rates under the "flexible" clause of the law; and a Southern Democratic Senator assailed the President's plea for the retention of this authority as "a reassertion of the divine right of the king." At the same time the eight Democratic members of the Senate Finance Committee issued an appeal to the American people "to take a broad public view" of the issue, since the question "strikes at the very roots of constitutional government." If authority is given the President to make tariff changes recommended by the Tariff Commission, declared these eight Senators, "it is questionable if there will ever again be a tariff bill originated and enacted by Congress." And they said further:



"HEY, YOU—I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU WEAR YOUR NECK!"
—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun*.

"The principle is: Are taxation laws and their application to be made virtually in secret, whatever may be said about a limiting rule, or are they to be enacted by the responsible representatives of the people in the Congress, where public debate is held and a public record made of each official's conduct?

"The arbitrary exercise of the taxing power, all the more dangerous if disguised and not obvious, in its basic character is tyranny. Resistance to the impairment of this popular right has largely occasioned many of the wars and revolutions of the past.

"It is our solemn judgment that, hereafter, all taxation through the tariff, and regulation of commerce thereby, will be made by the Executive. It is the inherent tendency of this tariff-changing device and the apparently conscious purpose of its proponents to use it to keep the tariff out of Congress, where it is such an embarrassing business, as everybody knows, to the party that profits politically by it. So also it will be of distinct advantage to the interests that are the direct beneficiaries of the tariff.

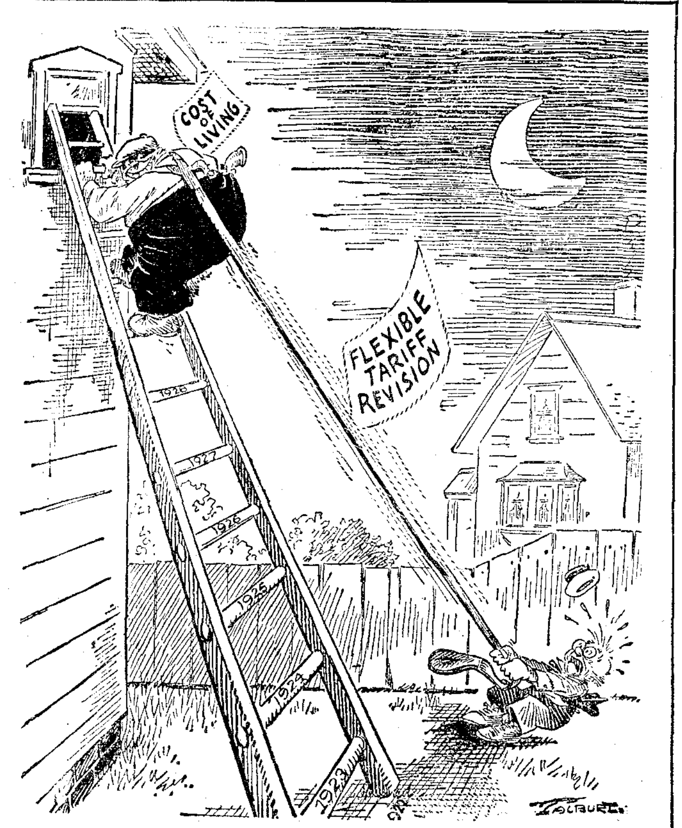
"In an age where there has been a steady tendency to rob the individual citizen of his power and influence in his government through bureaucracy, we deem it our duty to vigorously protest any further encroachments in this direction, and especially with respect to taxation."

It is not surprizing, then, to find an outburst of jubilation in the Democratic press greeting the result when, by a vote of 47 to 42, on October 2, the Senate overrode the President's exprest wish and transferred to Congress the power to change tariff duties on the recommendation of the Tariff Commission. In this successful onslaught the Democrats were reenforced by thirteen insurgent Republicans, while four Democratic Senators lined up with the Administration forces. Their victory, according to David Lawrence's Washington correspondence, leaves with the Democrats "an issue of prime political importance," the issue of "executive usurpation." In this, Mr. Lawrence points out, "they are taking a leaf from the Republicans, who made a successful political fight in 1918 and 1920 against the alleged autocracy of Woodrow Wilson."

The Senate vote "is a damaging blow to the President's leadership, tho it does not end the controversy," remarks the Omaha *World-Herald;* and this independent daily with Democratic traditions goes on to say:

"The United States Senate has gone democratic on the Tariff Commission issue. It has accepted the advice of former Gov. Alfred E. Smith, and rejected that of President Hoover.

"Both President Hoover and Governor Smith favored retaining the Tariff Commission. Both believed it should be empowered, after investigation, to recommend that specific tariff taxes be lowered or raised, as occasion might demand. But Governor Smith believed its recommendation should be submitted to, and acted upon, by Congress, in which body the Constitution vests the exclusive tax-levying power. President Hoover has contended earnestly for retention of the present system, under which the Commission reports to the President, and the President, acting upon a report, may either raise or lower the tariff tax without consulting Congress."



IT DOES SEEM TO HAVE A LOT OF "GIVE"
—Talburt in the New York *Telegram*.

The vote is "a personal defeat for the President," remarks the

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?"

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. What's good for an old piano? (p. 22).
2. What controversy upset the first MacDonald Government in Britain? (p. 50).
3. Where do wild elephants go when they die? (p. 24).
4. Why do American factories in Europe worry American workingmen at home? (p. 11).
5. Of what Irish city is it proposed to make a seaport and an airport? (p. 16).
6. What are the five principal naval Powers of the world? (p. 15).
7. Did Southern Negroes go to white churches in the old days? (p. 34).
8. What is the "neglected age" in the child? (p. 24).
9. Who was the most successful manager of the modern age of baseball? (p. 45).
10. Do bats attack humans? (p. 67).
11. Where in the Italian nation has malaria been conquered? (p. 23).
12. How does "Poy" get his name? (p. 20).
13. How has Alaska returned her purchase price? (p. 64).
14. What is a "mamba"? (p. 73).
15. At what point in history did respectability and aristocracy enter the Church? (p. 36).
16. What is the name of the former boy Emperor of China? (p. 18).
17. In what Brooklyn church has a ban been put on new Negro members? (p. 32).
18. What medals went to Chicago Johnnie Kelly? (p. 58).
19. What fire-fighting method does the ant use? (p. 69).
20. What is the last Great Power of Europe to recognize Soviet Russia? (p. 10).
21. What war novel has sold above a million and a half copies? (p. 19).
22. Who is called the "world's best police chief"? (p. 12).
23. To what non-medical use can the stethoscope be applied? (p. 25).
24. What was the nature of the anthropomorphic God of the ancients? (p. 36).
25. What Italian lake is being drained for treasure? (p. 28).

Memphis *Commercial Appeal* (Dem.), since he broke his long silence on the tariff "to urge the retention of the flexible provision as one of the powers of the Executive." The Democrats, rejoices the Atlanta *Constitution* (Dem.), have "scored first touchdown in the fight over the tariff bill." By restoring to Congress the taxing power that was delegated to the President under the Fordney-McCumber Law, remarks the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Dem.), the Senate vote "insures a full preliminary discussion in open session of all proposed tariff changes." It also indicates, according to this Virginia daily, that "the forces working to moderate the excesses of the Hawley-Smoot bill have enough strength in the Senate to accomplish the major purposes for which they are working." "A distinct blow at the power of the President, but one which the country at large will applaud," is what the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* sees. And in the independent Democratic Baltimore *Sun* we read:

> "Tariff-making by the President has been rejected by the Senate. It is a feeble notion that the President, equipped with the wretched flexible tariff instrument, could reclaim some of the damage done by the passage of an unjustifiable tariff act. He would be under relentless political pressure to increase rates, and, as in the past, there would be little organized strength back of moves for reduction."

But the President still has a chance to retain his power over tariff rates, the Washington correspondents point out. The House tariff bill proposes to give him powers even greater than those he now enjoys, and the differences between the House and Senate bills must be adjusted in conference, where the Republicans will be in control. But since the action of the conferences is subject to approval later by both houses, there is the possibility of a deadlock that might prevent the enactment of any tariff bill. Or, if a bill is passed in accordance with the Senate vote, giving Congress instead of the President power over rates under the flexible provision, the President may veto it. In either case the present law would remain in force, and the present authority would rest with the President. In a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times* we read:

> "It was learned at the White House that the President will await the action of the House, and see whether that body will override the Senate by demanding that the provisions of the present law be retained. The House did this very thing in the case of the export debenture feature, driven into the farm bill by the Senate, and there is strong reason to believe that history will be repeated by the time the Senate is faced with the adoption or rejection of the conference report on the tariff measure.
>
> "By the time the conference report comes before the Senate, rates on farm products and other commodities will have been inserted in the measure, with the result that the legislation will carry a strong appeal to many interests. Hoover leaders will be in position to offer tariff benefits to certain Senators who favored the Simmons proposition."

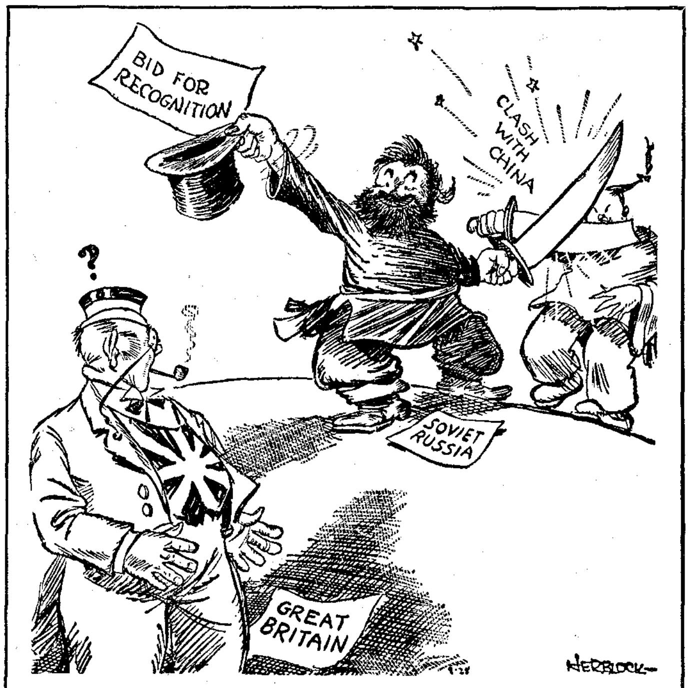
In his formal statement in defense of Presidential authority over tariff rates under the flexible clause of the law, which was given out about a week before the Senate cast its adverse vote, President Hoover said in part:

> "The essential of the flexible tariff is that, with respect to a particular commodity, after exhaustive determination of the facts as to differences of cost of production at home and abroad by a tariff commission, comprised of one-half of its members from each political party, whose selection is approved by the Senate, then the President should, upon recommendation of the commission, promulgate changes in the tariff on that commodity not to exceed 50 per cent. of the rates fixt by Congress.
>
> "Under these provisions the President has no authority to initiate any changes in the tariff. In no sense, therefore, can it be claimed that despotic power is conferred upon the Executive.
>
> "It is proved by a half-century of experience that the tariff can not be reviewed by Congress more than once in seven or eight years. It is only a destruction of the principle of the flexible tariff to provide that the Tariff Commission recommendations should be made to Congress instead of the Executive.
>
> "The flexible provision is one of the most progressive steps taken in tariff making in all our history. It is entirely wrong that there shall be no remedy to isolated cases of injustice that may arise through the failure to adequately protect certain industries or to destroy the opportunity to revise duties which may prove higher than necessary to protect some industries and, therefore, become onerous upon the public.
>
> "I have no hesitation in saying that I regard it as of the utmost importance in justice to the public, as a protection for the sound progress in our economic system, and for the future protection of our farmers and our industries and consumers, that the flexible tariff, through recommendation of the Tariff Commission to the Executive, should be maintained."

Republican papers generally ridicule the idea that President Hoover would prove a "tariff autocrat" if allowed to retain his present power over rates; and they see in the attitude of the Democratic Senators little more than a maneuver to obtain partizan advantage. "The attitude of President Hoover, whether he wins or loses in the long run, is the proper one," says the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.). "Common sense is on his side," agrees the Cincinnati *Times-Star* (Rep.); and the Kansas City *Star* reminds the West that "the present duty on wheat was made by executive order under the flexible tariff clause." The people, thinks the independent Washington *Post*, applaud the President's attitude.

BRITAIN'S HAND TO SOVIET RUSSIA

AMERICAN PRESS CONGRATULATIONS to Premier MacDonald for his Government's resumption of diplomatic relations with Russia will not overwhelm him while he is our national guest, if first editorial reactions are a criterion. Raising this issue for the Opposition in Parliament to seize upon "may bring an end to the MacDonald government before it is fairly under way," declares the Washington *Post*, and other papers join the Louisville *Courier-Journal* in reminding him that the former Labor Ministry went down in election defeat over the Russian question. The common text of many critics is that Soviet Russia can not be trusted to carry out its pledges. Yet the number of important papers that discover encouraging rather than discouraging signs in this rapprochement is impressive.



AMBIDEXTROUS

—Herblock in the Detroit *News*.

They recall that the Labor party is thus redeeming a campaign pledge. The New York *Times* points out that recognition by Britain now does not mean so much to Russia as it might have meant before all the Continental Powers had accorded it. The New York *World* thinks Russia has learned her lesson in the breakdown of Red propaganda "all over the world." It says:

> "On the face of the terms by which Great Britain and Russia resume diplomatic relations, as announced by Arthur Henderson, the British have yielded their demand that Russia should make explicit promises regarding debts and propaganda before Ambassadors could be exchanged. Stanley Baldwin is quick to seize this as the opening for a Conservative attack. But it does not follow that the substance of the British demand has been given up. The overwhelming likelihood is that Russia has given unofficial assurances which will be made official when her representative reaches London. If this proves true, Mr. Baldwin's criticism will fall flat. Not only are the Liberals whole-heartedly behind Mr. MacDonald in resuming relations, but a large block of Conservatives favor that action.
>
> "Neither the debts nor the question of propaganda ought at this date to present any extended difficulties. As for the Russian debts, the Soviets and Mr. MacDonald's previous Ministry agreed in 1924 on their gradual repaying in return for immediate British loans. Only the fall of the Labor Government prevented the signing of this agreement. As for the propaganda, much water has flowed under the bridge since the stubborn tho concealed and casuistic alliance of the Russian Government with the Comintern in 1924–25. The activities of the Comintern have broken down in India, in Mexico, all over the world; they have brought Russia to the verge of war with the Chinese Nationalists; to refuse to face the facts would take a type of blindness that the realistic Stalin régime has fairly well avoided. Both countries and the world stand to gain from the agreement, but Russia's gains are the clearer and more immediate. She can well afford to give up unreal and fantastic propaganda for real benefits."

Like *The Times*, the New York *Evening Post* declares that "the fact of the matter is that recognition of Russia is important to both countries in a commercial way, but that it no longer has the political significance it had a few years ago." *The Times* emphasizes this point by saying:

> "To-day there is only one Government to whose action the Soviet Government attaches serious 'moral' value, and that is, of course, the United States. On the Continent the Soviet Government has been recognized by all the Powers, and the bloom has worn off and prestige has ceased to count and only real advantages enter into consideration. If Great Britain extends formal recognition to Russia to-day, and the pledge against Communist propaganda in the British Empire is violated, diplomatic relations can be severed once more or can be allowed to lie dormant. Russia, in other words, needs British friendship and aid rather than the presence of a British Ambassador at Moscow. And to secure the former, Russia must behave. Something of this nature would probably be Mr. Henderson's case."

The official communiqué announcing the recognition process arranged in conference at Lewes by Foreign Secretary Henderson and the Russian Ambassador at Paris, Valerian Dovgalesky—subject to approval by the British Parliament—reads:

> "Agreement was reached in regard to the procedure to be followed on resumption of full diplomatic relations, including an exchange of Ambassadors, for settling questions outstanding between the two governments, as well as with regard to propaganda. Outstanding questions include: 1. Definition of the attitude of both governments toward the treaties of 1924. 2. Commercial treaty and Allied questions. 3. Claim and counter-claims, inter-governmental and private debts, and claims arising out of intervention and otherwise, and financial questions connected with such claims and counter-claims. 4. Fisheries. 5. Application of previous treaties and conventions."

This statement "conveys the implication that Moscow has got the best of it," says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, whose comment represents the attitude of numerous editors. To quote *The Inquirer's* editorial headed, "Saying He Would Ne'er Consent, Consented":

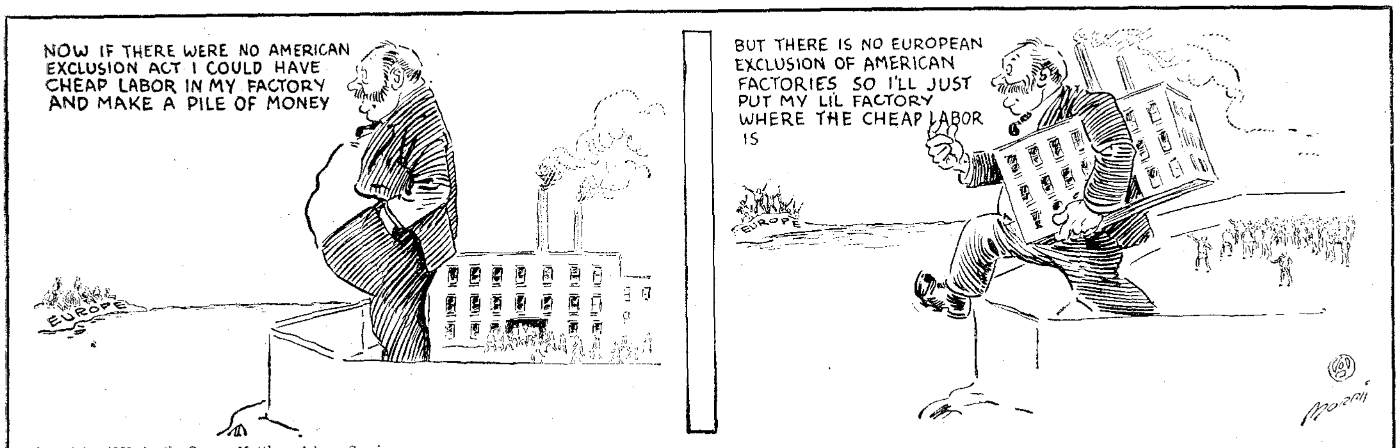
> "It is a beautiful thing to repose such complete faith in a Government, one of whose acknowledged aims is the destruction of the British Empire. Perhaps it has had a change of heart. Perhaps after it gets another diplomatic foothold in London it will abandon a policy it has pursued relentlessly for many years. Still, there seems to be a certain risk in the surrender. Mr. Henderson will probably have some explaining to do when Parliament reconvenes. The Opposition had its own experiences with Russia when it was the Government, and it will be curious to know why Moscow should be regarded as more worthy of trust now than it was then. That, after all, is Great Britain's own affair. Meanwhile, the Government at Washington has shown no such disposition to be credulous."

Other papers are more severely critical. The Washington *Post*, for example, says:

> "The willingness of the Socialist Government of Great Britain to enter into relations with the Communists of Russia, without obtaining effective guaranties against a repetition of Communist conspiracies within the British Empire, is obviously a most dangerous step. London is again made available as the headquarters of these conspiracies. In view of bad economic conditions in Britain, with labor already inclined to adopt 'direct action' in applying socialistic schemes, the encouragement now given to the Russian Soviet is doubly perilous."

The Nation, New York, however, thinks Russia's nominal victory compels her to face issues squarely, adding:

> "For downright revolutionary gusto there are probably no agitators in the Kremlin who can beat the native British propagandists from the Clyde and South Wales—and no British Government can shut their mouths or deport them."


NOW IF THERE WERE NO AMERICAN EXCLUSION ACT I COULD HAVE CHEAP LABOR IN MY FACTORY AND MAKE A PILE OF MONEY
EUROPE
BUT THERE IS NO EUROPEAN EXCLUSION OF AMERICAN FACTORIES SO I'LL JUST PUT MY LIL FACTORY WHERE THE CHEAP LABOR IS
EUROPE
Morris

Copyright, 1929, by the George Matthew Adams Service

"THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN A CAT"

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

LABOR'S NEW SPECTER

THE SPECTER OF UNEMPLOYMENT, a wraith that has risen, strangely enough, right out of our great prosperity, haunts the waking dreams of American labor, according to the annual report of President James O'Connell and Secretary John P. Frey of the Metal Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor, made public October 2 at Toronto. This new menace to the wage-earner, the report states, is due to the enormous scale on which American manufacturers are opening up branch factories in foreign countries, or even moving their whole enterprises to Canada, Europe, Argentina, or India, where they can employ the cheap labor which our immigration laws bar out at home. This move makes American workingmen afraid, we are told, that the factories are running away from them—that their jobs are being exported along with American capital, and that "national unemployment, increasing on a large scale, may be the outcome."

This tendency of the American factory, like the modern girl, to leave home, has been quietly developing for several years, but it is only in the last few months, we are told, that organized labor has realized what it means. An official spokesman of the Federation of Labor, Matthew Woll, sounded the alarm some weeks ago, when he demanded of Congress that the tariff law be amended to provide that American holders of patents and trademarks shall manufacture their products exclusively at home. But the Toronto convention leaders take a more sweeping view of the subject, judging from this summary of their report by a New York *Times* correspondent:

> "Prosperity as a juggernaut riding roughshod over industry and crushing opportunities for employment, was the picture drawn in the report of the officers of the metal trades department.
>
> "According to the report, employers, balked by the immigration laws from dipping into large reservoirs of cheap European labor, have exported their capital and established branch plants in Southern European countries, the Near East, and the Orient, where they have obtained 'huge pools of uneducated, cheap, docile, servile labor.' These plants are said to supply the foreign-trade orders of the American owners as well as to make goods to import into the United States.
>
> "Referring to the $27,000,000,000 of American money invested in or loaned to foreign lands, the report suggests that the prosperity 'of which some Americans boast, and which some other nations seem to fear, is developing causes for unemployment which will work ruinously in the future unless they can be checked.'"

The other day a jute-consuming plant was moved from Ludlow, Maine, to a town in India, remarks Theodore M. Knappen in a recent issue of *The Magazine of Wall Street*, leaving a group of high-standard white men out of jobs in Maine and placing a group of thirty-cents-a-day brown men in jobs in India. Over in Germany is an American-built and American-owned hardware factory employing 600 men, and when it opened its doors, we are told, the doors of the original plant in the United States were closed. It is estimated that there are 2,000 branch or independent American factories under other flags, adds this writer, and scarcely a day goes by without chronicling at least one more. Never before has there been such a migration of industry. What does it portend? Mr. Knappen answers:

> "In becoming the world's greatest creditor nation we may become less and less its workshop and more and more its banking-house; the scissors of our investors may be endlessly clicking as they cut coupons for interest from far lands, and their bank accounts may swell with foreign-earned dividends, while jobs at home grow scarce and poorly paid.
>
> "From a labor employment point of view the 'pauper labor' of Europe might as well be allowed to migrate to the United States as to permit American factories to migrate to Europe and employ it there to make goods that displace the products of domestic plants and labor."

"Henry Ford has transferred his entire tractor industry from the United States to Ireland," declares Mr. Knappen, "and the purchase by the General Motors of the Opel plant, the largest producer of automobiles in Germany, is certainly not calculated to extend the market in Germany for American-made automobiles." Multiply these instances by hundreds, and the outlook is far from reassuring for American labor, this writer admits; and yet he sees a more cheerful side of the case, which the Houston *Post-Dispatch* summarizes thus:

> "The view-point held by the writer for *The Magazine of Wall Street* is that this 'exporting of America' will work more good than harm to the people of the United States; raising living and wage standards in foreign countries, increasing world prosperity, widening the demand for the manifold products incident to American machine output.
>
> "Whether such a cheerful outlook is justified or not, it is plain that if the foreign invasion by American factory enterprise continues it will force deep-seated revisions in the policy of the United States toward the tariff and in other important respects. And whatever its ultimate results, it indisputably will cause temporary hardships to American factory workers, throwing many of them out of employment."

Speaking for the capitalist, the New York *Journal of Commerce* admits that "from the long-time point of view American labor is faced with a situation here that justly causes some worry," but adds:

> "We have in recent years, in substantial part upon the insistence of this same American Federation of Labor, built up an economic régime in this country based upon an exceptional degree of protection provided by extreme immigration and tariff laws. At the same time, we have been developing more and more export business in manufactured products. The two things do not fit well together. If the American Federation of Labor intends to give much of its time to this subject, it is to be hoped that those taking part in the discussion will think the topic through carefully and come to a full realization of the underlying implications of the situation."

THE STRONG MAN IN AUSTRIA

IN "UNHAPPY" AUSTRIA'S LATEST CRISIS, Chief of Police Schober becomes a dictator, who within twenty-four hours heads a new Cabinet and averts an incipient financial panic, next day announces a constitutional reform policy, and two days later reduces a much-heralded "march on Vienna" to street parades, where troops, armored cars, and machine-guns are on guard, and preserving law and order apparently required only the arrest of fifty-seven Communists and the suppression of a Communist paper. News dispatches give us the distinct impression that Johann Schober is the one strong man able to prevent civil war, and who, as Chancellor and Foreign Minister, may be able to inspire sufficient confidence to secure needed outside financial assistance. He is credited with having saved Austria once before by quelling the Vienna riots two years ago, and when president of police in 1924 made a distinguished record in dealing with the army of refugees who flocked from all parts of the Hapsburg Empire to the capital. He also served as Chancellor for two short periods in 1921 and 1922 in a non-party capacity. It is claimed that both the Socialists, who control the city-State of Vienna, and the Fascist-farmers of the other States in the Austrian federation have previously express their trust in him. Correspondents tell us that the crisis came partly on account of prices of farm crops away below costs of production and partly because bankers and industrialists insist on a stronger government régime.

P. & A. photograph

"WORLD'S BEST POLICE CHIEF"

Admirers call Johann Schober, who came up through the ranks after graduating in law, and now doubles as Dictator-Chancellor of Austria.

American papers seem to hope somewhat doubtfully that Schober will bring salvation to Austria, where a Socialist capital contains a third of the population and the other two-thirds are anti-Socialist and agrarian, Vienna being one city-State in the federation of nine. The Chief of Police, who doubles as Dictator-Chancellor, has a tough job, as the Philadelphia *Record* explains:

"The story of Austria's woes starts with the dismemberment of her territory after the war. The great city of Vienna was left isolated, much of the country which had sustained her having been taken away. The monarchy was overthrown, and in the new constitution a form of federation was adopted, but the Federal Government was given merely the shadow of power. There are nine sovereign States, each with its own legislature, each with the power to maintain armed forces.

"Vienna, the strongest State, is strongly Socialist. The others are conservative. Federal legislative action has been almost at a standstill because of the obstructionist tactics of the two parties.

"Each party has its private army. The Schutzbund of the Socialists numbers about 200,000 and the Heimwehr of the Fascists is some 150,000 strong. There have been serious clashes between the two, in one of which 300 casualties were suffered. It is Schober's job to maintain order.

"If the differences that have split the country were merely political, the job would be comparatively simple. But economic and social policies are as far apart as the poles. The Fascists stand for the return of the older order. The Socialists firmly believe that in the new Austria such a return would be ruinous.

"Schober is by temperament conservative, but it is not likely that he will lend an ear to all the Fascist demands. He realizes that Austria is not yet out of the financial slough, in which the war cast her, and from his opening statement it is evident that his aim will be to turn the national mind toward constructive development. Farm relief in some form will be prominent in his program."

THE AMERICAN LOOK-IN AT THE LEAGUE

"GENEVA—AMERICANS! Americans to the right of you! To the left of you! All about you! Americans and more Americans." That's the picture of Geneva, Switzerland, during the Tenth Assembly of the League of Nations last month which the Geneva correspondent of the North American Newspaper Alliance paints for us, altho, as everybody well knows, America is officially no member of the League. "Without exaggeration," we read, it might be said that "there are more Americans than any other foreign population at the seat of the League" during the month when international activities are at their peak for observation. This syndicate writer, Mr. Albin E. Johnson, colorfully tells us that,

"At the first session of the Assembly more than 500 Americans—lawyers, doctors, undergraduates, preachers, professors, lecturers, Congressmen, Judges—sent written applications for admission. The maximum allotment (for Americans) in the public galleries is thirty. Citizens of other nationalities also wanted to attend the initial session, and there were fifty-three countries which sent delegations to the Tenth Assembly.

"But Americans are not used to being turned away. One carried a personal letter of introduction from an Ambassador; another presented a letter of introduction from an Admiral, U. S. N., a third had been a personal friend of Woodrow Wilson; a fourth was vouched for by Raymond Fosdick, whose connection with John D. Rockefeller, who gave $2,000,000 to the League's library fund, is personal."

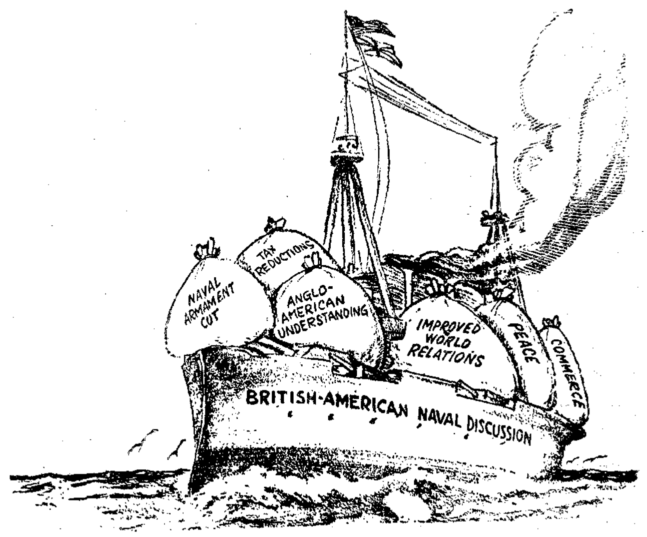
"This season 2,000 Americans signed the visitors' record book of the League in a fornight during August," and,

"Each carried away a definite word picture, given by a Harvard or Yale or Columbia post-graduate student, who guided them through the League or Labor Office, of the work those organizations are seeking to do. Ten thousand Americans in three months being personally conducted through the League by American guides was the record of last year. Shift the picture to the International Club during any day in September: Afternoon teas follow luncheons, dinners follow afternoon teas, and receptions follow dinner. The American Committee is the host. Lord Cecil, the women delegates to the Assembly, prominent diplomats and statesmen are the guests of honor or speakers. A hundred Americans compose the audience.

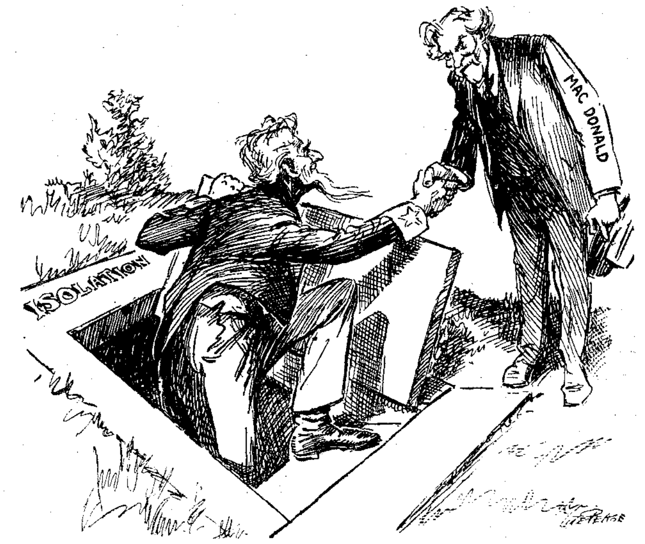
"At the Geneva School of International Studies over 3,000 men and women, post- and undergraduates, attend the lectures, and again the Americans lead all the rest."

Over at the Salle Central, continues Mr. Johnson, "the Interparliamentary Union is in session, and seventeen American Congressmen are grouped in the center of the hall listening to speakers from many countries. To answer the pertinent questions raised about the 'implications' of the Kellogg-Briand outlawry-of-war pact is not easy. Andrew J. Montague, representative and ex-governor is selected as the American spokesmen." Here is another touch of American color:

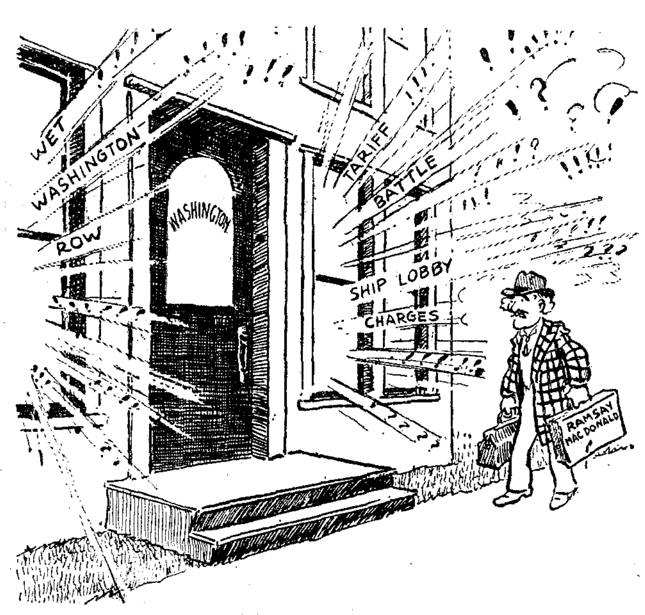
"Alongside the Assembly, the International Conference for the Revision of the Hague Court Statutes is being held. Forty countries, members of the court, are attending. The most important question under discussion is America's admission. The mountain can come to Mohammed and forty countries again accepted 'in advance' the Root protocol. It is disclosing no secret that they accepted it out of deference to Elihu Root, not out of fear for the United States Senate. Not a word in Mr. Root's text was altered; not a comma was added."


NAVAL ARMAMENT CUT
TAX REDUCTIONS
ANGLO-AMERICAN UNDERSTANDING
IMPROVED WORLD RELATIONS
PEACE
COMMERCE
BRITISH-AMERICAN NAVAL DISCUSSION

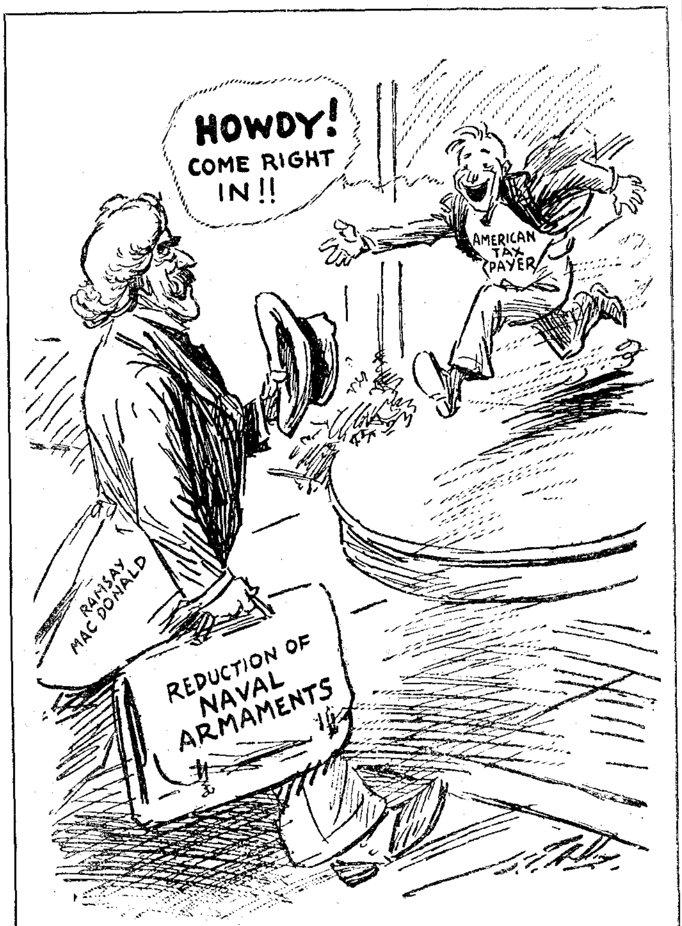
THE SHIP COMES IN
—Page in the Louisville *Courier-Journal.*


MAC DONALD
ISOLATION

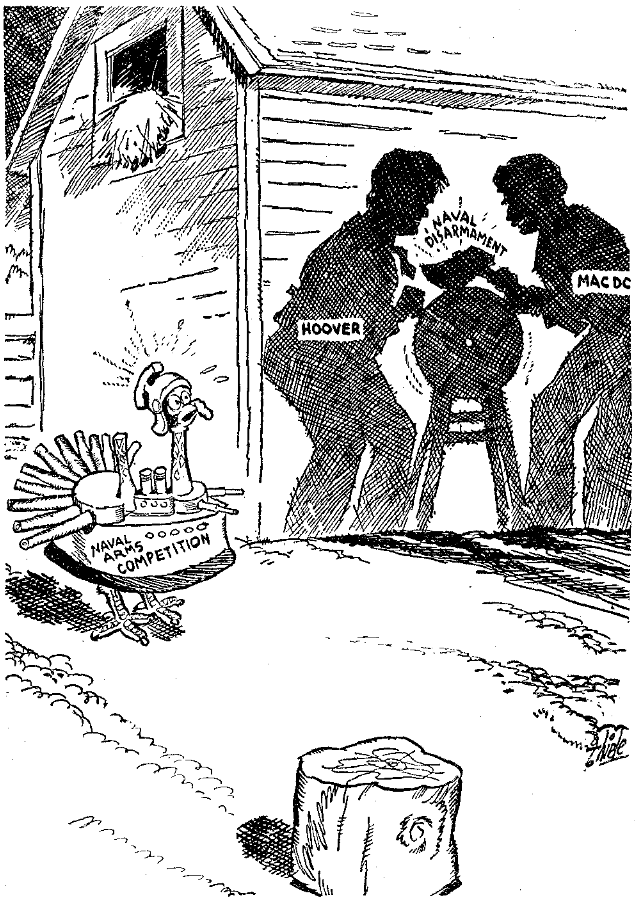
COMING UP
—Pease in the Newark *News.*


WET
WASHINGTON
ROW
WASHINGTON
TARIFF
BATTLE
SHIP LOBBY
CHARGES
RAMSAY MAC DONALD

AND HE COMES LOOKING FOR PEACE!
—Spencer in the Omaha *World-Herald.*

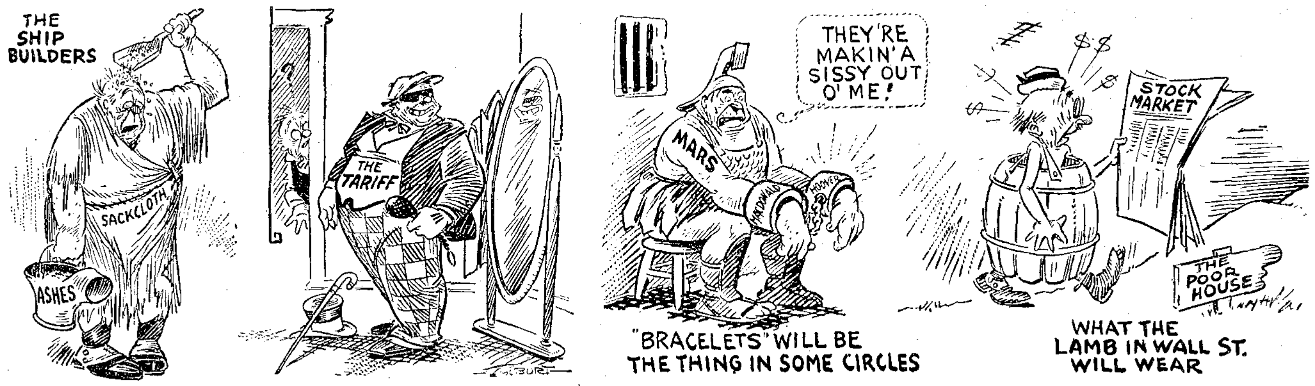

HOWDY! COME RIGHT IN!!
AMERICAN TAX PAYER
RAMSAY MAC DONALD
REDUCTION OF NAVAL ARMAMENTS

IF AN INFORMAL RECEPTION COULD BE HELD
—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal.*


NAVAL DISARMAMENT
HOOVER
MAC DC
NAVAL ARMS COMPETITION

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.
—Thiele in the Asheville *Times.*

CARTOON GREETINGS TO PREMIER MacDONALD


THE SHIP BUILDERS
SACKCLOTH
ASHES
THE TARIFF
THEY'RE MAKIN' A SISSY OUT O' ME!
MARS
"BRACELETS" WILL BE THE THING IN SOME CIRCLES
STOCK MARKET
THE POOR HOUSE
WHAT THE LAMB IN WALL ST. WILL WEAR
TALBURT

WHAT THE YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN WILL WEAR THIS FALL

—Talburt in the Washington *News*.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

Why not hold the coming disarmament conference in Chicago? —*Buffalo Courier*.

The most popular good-roads movement is about sixty miles an hour.—*Kay Features*.

If the saloon ever comes back it is doubtful if the night club will let it in.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch*.

A lamb satisfied Mary in the old days. Now she isn't content until she gets your goat.—*Vancouver (B. C.) Sun*.

Then, too, table scraps can be seasoned with a little salt water and converted into a nice fur coat.—*West Palm Beach Post*.

All's well that ends well, as Shakespeare said that time, and that may be the reason fiction is more popular than fact.—*Toledo Blade*.

Things are looking up for the American drama. The other day a Chicago theater patron shot two men to get a seat.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal*.

It seems that as soon as the shipbuilding companies found out that Mr. Shearer favored plenty of ships, they got rid of the bad man.—*Miami News*.

The test of the happy marriage used to be made by observing the pair at the breakfast table. But that was before bridge tables were invented.—*Leesburg (Fla.) Commercial*.

Ice which has not melted since the Pleistocene Age has been found by McMillan in the Arctic. We must get after our iceman to leave this type on the porch next July.—*Detroit News*.

The Louisville *Times'* paragraph that Mr. Wrigley's fortune resulted because his product has the largest turnover in the world is sure to "make" The Literary Digest.—*Elizabethtown (Ky.) News*.

Bald-headed policemen are not excluded from the force in London. In an emergency they can remove their helmets and heliograph for assistance providing it is a sunny day.—*The Passing Show*.

There is still much resentment here over Waggoner's act of defrauding our banks out of half a million dollars. It is considered bad form to leave this town with unspent money.—*The New Yorker*.

A writer asks what is the origin of the vibrato in singing. One theory is that it was first used by a nervous vocalist who had heard that certain sections of the audience were armed with ripe tomatoes.—*Punch*.

The saxophone may not be going out, but a writer in the Chicago *News* tells of a musical genius who plays the oogaloopa, the ookahpa, and the sminch. The musical worst is yet to come. —*Minneapolis Journal*.

"Slender Waist Needed to Wear New Men's Suit."—Headline. Look here, tailors! A few more words out of you and a lot of us will follow the gent who went into the north woods clad only in a pair of spectacles.—*Chicago Daily News*.

John J. Raskob says anybody can be rich. That's rich. —*Arkansas Gazette*.

China has a new civil war. What did she do with the old one, trade it in?—*Toledo Blade*.

Education really will increase your earning capacity unless you become an educator.—*Publishers' Syndicate*.

If Prohibition is repealed, Ford is going to quit making cars. If it isn't, Mack is going to make bigger trucks.—*Judge*.

The Moslems threaten to make holy war, and it will seem relatively holy without bombs or poison gas.—*Los Angeles Times*.

That Chinese-Russian war can't amount to much, neither side having asked the United States to lend it money.—*New York Evening Post*.

Republicans have put skeletons on the free list. Maybe this is a gesture of sympathy for the remains of the Democratic party.—*Tampa Tribune*.

Playwriting, according to a dramatist, is not a gift, but a test of character, a question of being able to "stick it." It has this in common with playgoing.—*Punch*.

A scientific society announces that death theoretically is not inevitable. This ranks in importance beside the other great truth, that the pedestrian has the right of way.—*Detroit News*.

Chemists are of the opinion that future wars can not last long because of modern methods of destruction, but what the world wants are future wars that don't start at all.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

America lacks a sense of humor, says Count Keyserling. He ought to come over here during the football season and read some of the coaches' stories on the eve of big football games.—*Jackson News*.

"Always face the audience," is the advice given by a famous tenor to those who are taking up singing. Those who have found it necessary to dodge now and again know how valuable this advice is.—*The Humorist*.

The United States is now ready to make its own medicinal whisky, which will differ from the sort you buy from bootleggers these days in that you'll be ill before you take it instead of afterward.—*New York Evening Post*.

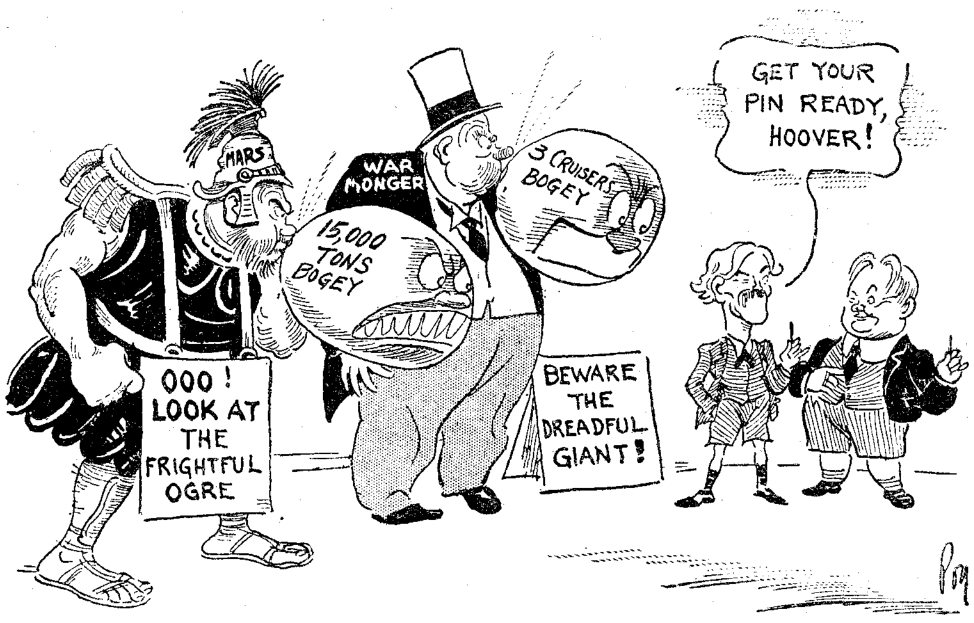
Here's a timely wise crack from an unexpected source. Rear-Admiral Thomas P. Magruder, in his informative book, "The United States Navy," says that the conferences at Washington and Geneva were inspired by "Faith, Hope, and Parity." —*Chicago News*.

Just before the battle, mother, we tremblingly wait to see what the Senate is going to let us have free of duty after the tariff battle is over. Well, there'll be the air anyhow; they can't put a tariff on that. And sunshine—and moonlight—and the golden fields in autumn—and Christmas—and the flowers in springtime; they'll all be on the free list. So go ahead, Senate, with your old tariff, and see if we care.—*Chicago Tribune*.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

WILL THE BRITISH NAVY TAKE SECOND PLACE?

WHILE SOME EXCITED FRENCH EDITORS declare that Anglo-American negotiations toward a naval agreement have gone far beyond their proper bounds, others seem to take pleasure in warning everybody that as a result of the Washington conversations Great Britain will take second place on the seas of the world. The French journals who feel Anglo-American negotiations have exceeded their natural limits, bluntly ask: "Is the peace of the world to be dictated as an Anglo-Saxon peace?" But those that like to make cold shivers run down the spine of the average Briton by whispering to him that Uncle Sam is aiming to put John Bull in a position of naval inferiority, note that of of course all the talks at Washington are merely preliminaries. The essential naval problem to be solved, they say, is that of a general accord of the five principal naval Powers—England, the United States, France, Italy, and Japan. At the same time, such Paris dailies seem to enjoy a certain satisfaction in pointing out that Premier MacDonald has got himself into a ticklish place. Says the Paris *Journal des Débats:*


MARS
WAR MONGER
15,000 TONS BOGEY
3 CRUISERS BOGEY
GET YOUR PIN READY, HOOVER!
OOO! LOOK AT THE FRIGHTFUL OGRE
BEWARE THE DREADFUL GIANT!
Pom

SOME KIDS YOU CAN NOT FRIGHTEN

—*The Evening News* (London).

"Mr. MacDonald has fixt an Anglo-American understanding as the first article of his program, and he must make it a success. If the project develops as he hopes, the Labor party will certainly profit for a certain time. But it is possible that the Labor party will one day pay dearly for such success when the British people perceive that it is not naval equality that has been established between the two countries, but actually the naval superiority of one country over the other. The Government and the party that reduces England to second place on the seas may perhaps see that its power in home politics may involve Britain's loss of power in world politics when there is question of the greater interests of the country that lie beyond its borders.

"If a naval agreement between England and the United States is reached, then the whole matter enters upon a new phase. The two Powers will then turn toward France, Italy, and Japan to conclude a general arrangement. This will be the time for the French Government to show extreme vigilance. If France is not on the watch she might be placed—also under a pretext of equality—in a position of real inferiority in relation to another Power that has not the same needs, and is not obliged, like France, to spread its fleets over several seas. Furthermore, we must not overlook the new feature introduced into the general naval situation by the initiative taken by Germany. She has launched an armored cruiser that is not equaled in any other Navy, and with which none of our new units can compare. She will launch others."

Another French newspaper, the Paris *Figaro*, sees in the MacDonald-Hoover conversations an "unprecedented menace" for Britain. The Treaty of Versailles, the Dawes plan, the Young plan, are all in part American products, it points out, and the United States have also exercised their influence in everything that concerns international finance, such as European money crises, exchange crises, and stabilization, and this daily adds:

"For a long time Mr. MacDonald has realized that one way to please British opinion would be to make it certain that Anglo-American relations are in excellent condition. But how could he do this without touching on the vital question of naval armament? And how could he solve a problem that involves so many high interests? Mr. MacDonald must recognize to-day that it is easier to inscribe naval disarmament on an campaign platform than to undertake the responsibility of effecting it. It is impossible that the English public should support the mere suggestion of an accord that would diminish its sea power and, consequently, prove for England to be an unprecedented menace."

Meanwhile, it is evident that the English press is on the alert as to the outcome at Washington, for various editors express the hope that President Hoover and Premier MacDonald will "attack the problem of the freedom of the seas." One finds this idea express in many quarters, cables Edwin L. James from London to the New York *Times*, in spite of the discouragement the suggestion has received from Mr. MacDonald's silence since the election on the subject which he was so emphatic about during the campaign, and also from Mr. Hoover's known disinclination to discuss the matter at a moment which he apparently judges is not propitious. Mr. James proceeds:

"It ought to be a good sign for the relations between the two great sea Powers that so many Englishmen think the rules of the sea in time of war should be considered by the two chiefs. Britain knows that for more than a century we have opposed what has been her conception of the freedom of the seas. She must know that any negotiations on the subject could not lead to an out-and-out acceptance of her position. Therefore, she must be ready to go part of the way to meet us. If it is true that our increasing power on the sea has modified our views about how fleets can be used in wartime, that ought to bring us somewhat in the direction of what has been the British position, and indeed what we have chosen to make our position whenever we have been at war.

"Interestingly enough, Mr. MacDonald does not believe in the historical British claim of the right to exercise a blockade on the high seas. He holds the seas ought to be free except when closed by agreement among the nations in fulfilment of international commitments. He would be quite willing to assume the position that sea commerce should never be interfered with except in enforcement of the Kellogg pact. Whether or not such a proposition would interest Washington must remain to be seen.

"Several times the suggestion has been put forward that England and America should agree that the Atlantic should be free to the commerce of both nations in time of war and—what is more difficult to realize—that the two countries should cooperate in time of crisis to see that this rule is observed. Thus we see the English backers of this suggestion would get in return for a concession on their position a sort of guaranty of safety for their food supplies which come from overseas."

Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald, says the London *Observer*, are handling "nothing less than the whole matter of sea law and sea power," and it continues:

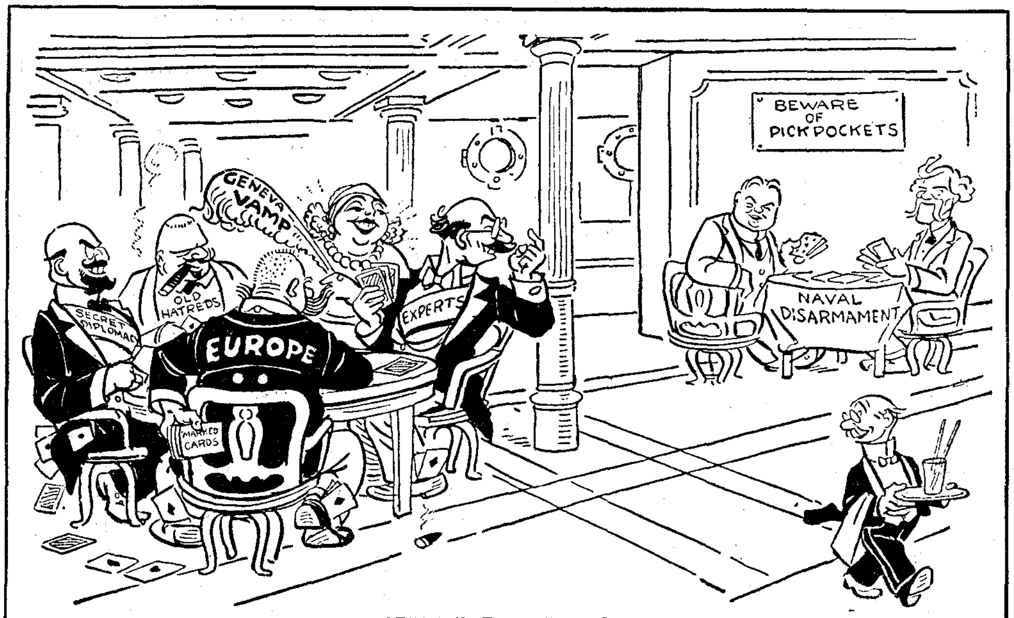
"It is not an accident that the sea has been the theater of the most implacable rivalries. For the sea divides. It permits contradictory systems to grow up on opposite shores, and when at last they reach out and meet on its waters their needs clash because they are too well established to be flexible. So it was in the common history of Britain and America a century and a half ago, but so it will not be now. For the first time sea power is to be a token of union and not of dissension."

Altho the British and American navies have learned that they will never be allowed to fight each other, remarks the Manchester *Guardian*, "they have not been taught that they will have to practise any positive form of cooperation," and—

"Cooperation, of course, is a much more difficult thing to assure than neutrality. And there is perhaps no aspect of international relations which has been so clouded with prejudice and loose thinking as the relationship which the British and American navies should bear to one another in the event of another naval war in which either or both of them were engaged.

"Both countries are now willing to assume they will not in any case fight each other, and that is something to be grateful for. But if they do not fight they must be allies or one must be a neutral. If they were allies everything would be plain sailing. But if one of them were neutral, what then would be the relationship? It is here that the argument becomes dangerously confused. Until England and America understand more clearly what they mean by neutrality toward each other, the positive significance of the outlawry of war is still to be sought. Effective naval cooperation in time of war can not be counted upon and large-scale naval disarmament remains 'ideal.'"

The London *Sunday Times* declares that while it is not suggested that Mr. MacDonald's presence in the United States is to discuss the freedom of the seas with Mr. Hoover, nevertheless "discussions of naval disarmament with America can not last very long without the subject arising in some form or other. And if naval disarmament is ever to become a civilizing and rationalizing force in international affairs, its strongest impulse would come from an agreement between England and America on this old subject of dispute." This newspaper also expresses the belief that in any future war, provided it is not between the two countries, England can not be blockaded if her communications are open. The same applies to America, wherefor they should have identical interests, and this weekly argues that "if that is so, competitive rivalry becomes absurd," but, "what is important is that we should have, together, sufficient force to protect the common interests. The relative proportions are a matter of convenience, and the arrangements are not controversial."



SPLENDID ISOLATION

THE EUROPEAN CARDSHARPERS: "Why don't you two fellows be more sociable and join us in a game of poker? We play for high stakes."

HOOVER: "No, thanks. We play for the love of the game." —*The Daily Express* (London).

TO SHORTEN THE ATLANTIC TRAIL—The competition among transatlantic steamship lines for the maximum of speed and luxury across the Atlantic discloses itself not only in the ship-building matches now in progress, but also in the effort to bring closer together ports on this side of the Atlantic and on the other. For long there have been dreams, and projects even, for making the Montauk tip of Long Island a port nearer to Europe than New York. Whatever may be the eventual development of such aspirations, they naturally come to mind when we read of an Irish proposal to bring Ireland nearer to American ports by making Galway on the West coast an air- and sea-port. Additional interest attaches to this project, thinks *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin), because it is outlined by an engineer, Sir John P. Griffith, in another Irish publication, *Studies* (Dublin). Anybody can imagine, without much telling, what advantages would accrue to Ireland if Galway should become a great terminus and starting-point for the largest and swiftest Atlantic liners, but *The Irish Statesman* goes on to say:

"What is of more importance is the economic argument, why the steamship companies should favor the proposal. By shortening the Atlantic voyage by one day the Galway service could be carried on with 75 per cent. of the vessels required for the Southampton and New York service. That is on the assumption of biweekly sailings. The annual cost of running six ships between Southampton and New York with two spare ships is given as $27,688,000. The cost of running four ships, with two spare ships, between Galway and Halifax would be $20,140,000, so saving $7,548,000. There is certainly something in these figures to excite attention.

"What we would like to know is whether most of these great liners do not carry a good deal of cargo as well, and whether, if Galway was the terminus of their transatlantic voyage, they would lose whatever part of their profits arises out of this. It might not be worth their while to go further to Southampton after delivering passengers and mails to deliver cargo. This may not be important, however.

"We certainly think that Sir John Griffith has made a case. It seems to us that what is needed now is research work among the managing directors of great shipping companies to see how the case put affects them, what their reactions to it would be, what are the pros and cons from their point of view, the losses and gains. This seems to us the necessary precedent to any further action in the matter."

FRANCO-GERMAN "ALLIANCE" IN GERMAN EYES

IF ONLY FRANCE AND GERMANY could get together and live happily ever after, what a much brighter world this would be! This is the refrain chanted in divers tones by European editors, who are hopeful, but not confident, that such good fortune can happen. How such a prospect appears to English observers was lately shown in these pages, and now we present a German view. Meanwhile, French newspapers note with interest and with question that their German colleagues are much given to discussions of a Franco-German "entente" or "alliance." Conspicuous is the opinion of the *Koelnische Volkszeitung*, which believes that the touchstone of Franco-German rapprochement is the Rhineland. Two conflicting ideas seem to prevail in Germany on the subject, and their opposition breaks out over the evacuation of the Rhineland, and the Commission of Control.

As the *Koelnische Volkszeitung* sees it, France and Germany come into collision first of all because France wants to have her security along her eastern boundary guaranteed by some kind of international agreement. But Germany is willing to concede only guaranties of a general character, because she wants the Rhineland back as wholly and solely her own. This Cologne daily avers that national German consciousness is now thoroughly aroused. Yet it maintains that this does not mean that Germany is not willing to get together with France, provided always that it be on a basis of equality. This German organ then charges that France is standing on her ground of alleged right and of force, and it adds that the naive astonishment of France at Germany's vigor of public opinion shows a strange light on the peculiarly impromptu nature of French postwar policy.

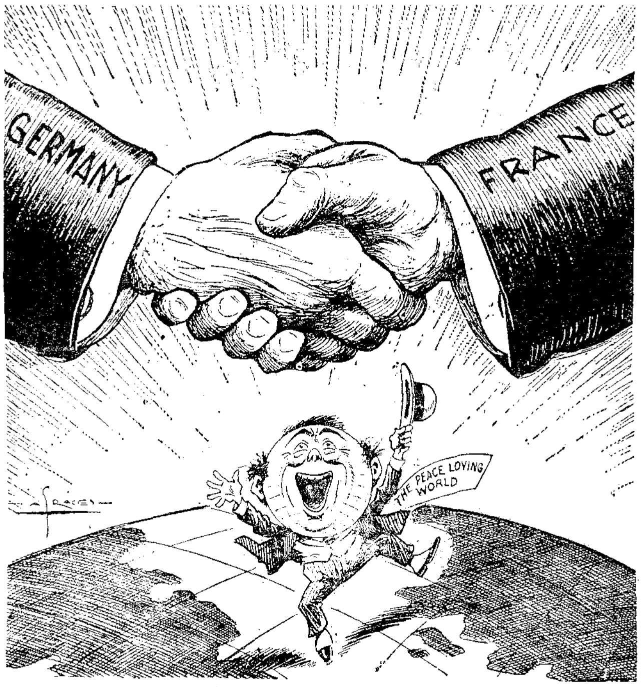
Now, the *Koelnische Volkszeitung* goes on to say, as the war is gradually liquidated in a political sense, together with all its alliances, France will have to decide on whether she will continue her policy of so-called security or adopt a policy of rapprochement with regard to Germany. But the very approach to such a relationship, we are told, must imply a basis of equality with Germany, otherwise all the psychologic conditions for lasting friendliness will evaporate day by day. If France is determined to insist as she does on the demand for her so-called security, the parting threat is uttered that Germany must necessarily be led into a "constellation" which is not French.

A good deal of concern is awakened in the Paris *Figaro* by the foregoing German statement. This French newspaper declares that the reflections of the *Koelnische Volkszeitung* plainly show the logical evolution of the Locarno pact. And this evolution, adds the *Figaro*, means nothing less than the eventual complete demolition of the Treaty of Versailles, and "then where are we?" The reputed semiofficial organ of the French Foreign Office, the Paris *Temps*, warns its readers that there is no use in trying to pretend that the expected evacuation of the Rhineland is anything less than a very serious matter for the French nation, which is justified in having fears for its security. Furthermore—

> "It is not in the nature of our people to impose a useless humiliation upon another nation, no matter which nation that may be. But after the terrible experience of 1914 to 1918, France has the right and the duty to insist upon guaranties for the security of her eastern frontier.
>
> "If the expected evacuation of the Rhineland can help the moral disarmament of the German nation, that supreme manifestation of the peace spirit which completely impregnates the French mind, then the evacuation will not have been in vain.
>
> "It is for the German people to justify the confidence reposed in them by giving decisive proof of their good faith in the common effort for European unity."

A startling rumor of secret conversations held in Paris with German Nationalists appears in the Berlin *Zeitung am Mittag*. The talks, it appears, concerned a proposed Franco-German Alliance against Soviet Russia on condition that the Rhineland and Saar Basin be evacuated and German war guilt be denied. The statements, we read, were made by the German People's party's press service, which was regarded as the mouthpiece of Foreign Minister Gustav Stresemann. It is further reported in Berlin Associated Press dispatches that the *Zeitung am Mittag* says a Nationalist member of the Reichstag proposed the alliance to French political leaders, and also discust the matter with a leading English statesman in Paris.

The foregoing reference to Germany's great Foreign Minister, Gustav Stresemann, calls to mind his sudden death at Berlin on October 3d. Altho he had been in ill health for months, Berlin dispatches note that recently he had so far recovered as to be able to participate in the arduous conference at The Hague on reparations, and in the session of the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva. As a peacemaker in Europe, and especially in Germany, the press generally agree the name of Gustav Stresemann will be remembered with admiration. Also it is pointed out that his name will be linked in history with the name of Aristide Briand, the French Foreign Minister, for his work in bringing about the Locarno security pacts.



SEALING THE LOCARNO PROMISE
NEVER TO GO TO WAR AGAIN

—A. G. Racey in *The Daily Star* (Montreal).

"Whoever would play a part in the world's politics must have daring dreams" is a saying attributed to Stresemann by Emil Ludwig, noted German biographer, who says in *The Illustrated London News* that Stresemann had sure political vision and precise tactics. Stresemann, Dr. Ludwig adds, was "German at heart and throughout, and he took up international politics only because he recognized their value for the Germany of to-day." This biographer declares also that Stresemann was a product of the newer German race, "a sober people, determined to rise, whose stronger sons regard the collapse of their country, which is now a thing of the past, as merely an interlude." Various commentators remind us that altho Stresemann had been prominent in German internal politics, and several times had been discust as a possible Chancellor shortly after the war, he did not become a widely known figure until he actually became Chancellor in August 1923. But nothing he had done before that year, it is recalled, "led observers even to dream that he was going to play a pacific part in the European settlement, as all his previous actions revealed a belligerent attitude toward the Allies."

CHINA'S OUTCAST EMPEROR

LOTS OF PEOPLE will sympathize with a young chap in China named Pu Yi, who is moving this fall to save $50 a month rent, and housewives who are thinking of letting the maid go will understand just how Mr. and Mrs. Pu Yi felt a few years back when they laid off 1,100 servants to save a little money. If the name Pu Yi fails to click with anything in the reader's memory, it merely shows how the loftiest celebrity of all China, by a cynical fate, has faded from the public eye almost like a character in a last year's novel. He was destined to be one of the most famous rulers of the world, and in his latest appearance in the press, we learn from Vernon McKenzie, who writes from China to the London *Daily Express*, that now Mr. Pu Yi must count every penny to see that his month's budget balances. This correspondent, who had breakfast with the former emperor in his new Tientsin home, tells us further:

International Newsreel photograph

HE FEELS THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

The Boy Emperor of China, once apparently securely fixt on the Throne of Heaven, has lately done his fall moving in order to save $50 a month on his rent.

> "He was, in 1912, the Boy Emperor of China, apparently securely fixt on the Throne of Heaven, and destined to rule—as nine or ten of his ancestors had done before him—with the power of life and death over more than one-quarter of humanity. His throne had been tottering; then, when he was eighteen, it collapsed. The Republicans captured Peking in 1924, and even his shadow of authority vanished. He fled ultimately to sanctuary in Tientsin, where the Japanese received him in their concession, and domiciled him in a house renting for $250 a month. And now he has had to move to cheaper quarters.
>
> "The former Manchu Emperor, who when an infant was selected by the sturdy old Empress Dowager to carry on the Ching dynasty, is not a figure of world importance to-day, and is never likely to be. There is no Royalist party, hoping to place him again on the throne. He himself has no imperial ambitions; but he has an ambition to escape from China, even from the friendly Japanese concession. He wants, first of all, to visit England, about which he knows a good deal, and for which he has a tremendous regard. This is still impracticable, however, for political and financial reasons.
>
> "'I hope both these difficulties will be cleared up by next year, and then I may go abroad,' he remarked during our chat. 'When Prince George was in China he came to see me, and I enjoyed his visit immensely.'
>
> "I asked him whom he would like most to meet, and he replied, 'The Prince of Wales.' After the Prince, he would like to meet Lloyd George, Charlie Chaplin, Hoover, and Lindbergh."

Pu Yi has no harsh criticisms of the Nationalist Government on any political score, this informant relates, but in some non-political ways he feels that the Republican Government has been unnecessarily callous. More than once, it seems, he has written to the Nationalist Capital, Nanking, asking for a minor favor, but the authorities "usually do not even deign to answer." For instance—

> "He wrote recently to request that some of the portraits of his ancestors, taken from the Shou Hwang Tien, in Coal Hill, Peking, and transferred to the museum, be turned over to the Ching (Manchu) household for safekeeping. It did not seem much to ask, particularly when it is known that in China historical treasures have a way of disappearing from guarded museums. There was no answer. He read later, in a Tientsin newspaper, that his request had been received and refused.
>
> "Pu Yi is happily married, and devoted to his wife, who at present is a semi-invalid. A little money and foreign medical care might work wonders in her recovery. He is just twenty-three now, and frets at his prisoner state. He has had no money from the Chinese Government since 1924, and his property, valued at inestimable millions, has been confiscated."

Asked about his deposition in 1924, the former emperor told his interviewer how he ran for his life down crooked alleys, and finally reached the palace of his uncle, Prince Chun. But he was safe there only for a few hours, and had to shift again to Tientsin. Quietly, and perhaps a little bitterly, for he feels that less than justice has been meted out, young Pu Yi then confided in this correspondent the following:

> "I could do nothing, of course. I have never tried to interfere in the Republican form of government. I kept no Army. I did not want to fight. I wanted peace for China. I said to the soldiers: 'Here is China. I gladly abdicate my fantom of authority. I give my people to you. May there always be peace!' But I am afraid they have not found happiness. Even in the old days, before 1912, China was very poor —but she was at least one nation. And now—"

DOES BRITAIN NEED MORE CRUISERS?

TO ADVANCE "trade protection" as a reason for building ten new cruisers is equivalent to a wife demanding a new umbrella because the roof had blown off. So declares a retired British naval officer in *The Socialist Review* (London), and he adds that the futility of this reasoning would have been exposed during the late war if it had not been that the geographical position of the German bases made it possible for Britain to pin their fleet within the confines of the North Sea. This former naval officer goes on to say:

> "Our cruisers were not called upon to protect our trade from wholesale surface raiding, and so their inability to do so was not exposed. As it was, a few German ships did break out of the North Sea, notably the *Moewe* and *Wolf*, and they sank our ships in the Atlantic unhampered. A medal was struck in Germany to commemorate the *Moewe's* exploit, after she had returned safely.
>
> "It has been pointed out that our regular fleet was powerless to deal with the submarine menace. The truth is that the task of maintaining the Seven Seas as a private lake for the merchant ships of any one nation is ludicrously beyond the power of the navies of to-day.
>
> "The 'trade-protection' excuse for more cruisers is utterly fallacious. The real reason for any nation wishing to build cruisers is because other nations are building them. It is the desire to be able to match these ships, gun for gun, in a fleet action. That is what cruisers were used for in the last war; it is what they would be used for again.
>
> "To pretend they can be used for any other purpose is to confuse the issue and to make unnecessarily difficult the task of disarmament."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

NOT ALL QUIET FOR REMARQUE

HE RAN AWAY FROM HIS SUCCESS, this young man Remarque, whose book "All Quiet on the Western Front," has sold 1,571,000 copies. That is the last available calculation. Probably the number has gone soaring up, for every country in Europe as well as the United States is reading it. Germany has bought 800,000 copies; the United States up to June 1, 240,000; France, 219,000; and England, 195,000. But storms began to rise in his native land, and Remarque fled to Davos, Switzerland. "It all deprest me," he is reported in the Manchester *Guardian* to have said, "and I had to escape from Berlin and come here." There he spent his time answering letters. "I feel it is my duty to those comrades who suffered like myself. I will answer all those letters before I do anything else. To write another book after such an astounding success will be a difficult task. Perhaps I shall never write anything more." His aim in writing the book was not to give a picture of the war so much as its effect on the young men described in it. This is enlarged in an interview by Axel Eggebracht in *Die Literarische Welt* (Berlin), and translated for the Boston *Transcript:*

> "Our generation has grown up in a different way from all others before and afterward. Their one great and most important experience was the war. No matter whether they approved or rejected it; whether they understood it from a nationalistic, pacifistic, adventurous, religious, or stoic point of view. They saw blood, horror, annihilation, struggle, and death. That was the general human experience of all. And I have confined myself intentionally to this one experience. The war is presupposed as a fact sufficiently well known. The few reflections which are to be found in the book occupy themselves with this purely human experience of the war. I avoided taking sides from every political, social, religious or other point of view. I consider myself just as little competent to do this as to write a history of the war. I have spoken only of the terror, of the horror, of the desperate, often brutal impulses of self-preservation, of the tenacious hold on life, face to face with death and annihilation.
>
> "The situations described in my book are true, and have been really experienced; they are neither exaggerated nor overdrawn.
>
> "The generation of young people which, no matter from what motive, has been living through this period must necessarily have developed differently from all former generations."

"You call them in your preface 'destroyed,'" said the interviewer. "This designation has been often disputed." Then:

> "Of course the experience of the war has been for hundreds of thousands like water running off a duck's back. Others have come out of it at least without a break; some have become so accustomed to it that afterward they could not get along without the war. But important are all the others, the innumerable men whose lives have been, so to speak, torn asunder; those who are liable to be imprest deeply by the events, and who have become the unwilling victims of such events. These are the ones who are only beginning now to find themselves again. A proof of the fact that the war as an event touching the life of the individual has not been overcome as yet, must surely be found in the fact that for almost ten years nobody cared to speak about or hear others discuss the events of the war. It was not possible nor desired to write about the war. Only as a momentum of political discussion it was condemned, defended, or glorified. The young men of our generation, on the other hand, were far from having digested the personal experiences of the war. The past events worked in them in a dull manner. It remained as an indistinct nightmare, a state of unrest, of skepticism, of harshness, or of a vacillating lack of a final goal."

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"PERHAPS—

I shall never write anything more," says Erich Remarque, author of "All Quiet on the Western Front."

These ideas, provoked by remembrance, asked the interviewer, "did they oppress you in such manner that you wanted to rid yourself of them by recording them, or, if not, in what manner did this recording originate?" We get this answer:

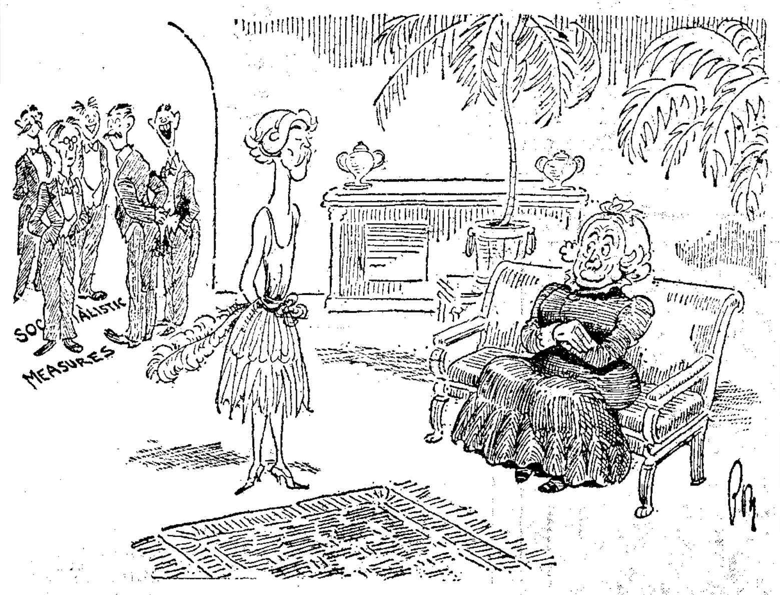
> "Not the impressions, not the visions of what I have gone through oppress me, but the general conditions of emptiness, of skepticism, of restlessness. Formerly I had never thought of writing about the war. At that time—that is, in the spring of last year—I was busy with work of quite a different kind. I was employed as a 'picture editor' of a periodical. The evenings I devoted to a variety of things. Thus, for instance, I made a number of attempts to write a play, but I never was very successful in that. I suffered from rather violent attacks of despair. When attempting to overcome these attacks, it happened that gradually, with full consciousness and systematically, I began to look for the cause of my depressions; in consequence of this intentional analysis my mind reverted to my experiences during the war. I was able to observe quite similar phenomena in my acquaintances and friends. We all were—and are often to the present day—the victims of restlessness; we lack a final object; at times we are supersensitive, at times indifferent, but over and above all we are bereft of any joy. The shadows of the war oppress us, and particularly so when we did not think of it at all. On the very day on which these ideas swept over me I began to write, without lengthy reflection. This was continued for six weeks—every evening when I returned from the office—and by that time the book had been completed. . . .
>
> "In the beginning, I had no confidence whatsoever in my work as a literary product, because it was the first time that I had written in such a style. Formerly my method had been quite a different one; formerly, I had, so to speak, lost myself in experiments and tortured my mind to find a definite style, but everything remained dull and colorless, and I failed to be satisfied. Most likely this must have been due to the fact that I had been entirely on the wrong track. For almost six months the manuscript remained in my desk, without my making any attempt to offer it anywhere. I finally did so, solely upon the urgent recommendation of others. After that everything was realized rapidly; the success was quite surprizing to me."

The book, despite its success in Germany, has had to run something of a gantlet, as the continuing record furnished by Herr Remarque shows:

> "They asserted that my name was Kramer, and this was condemned as a crime, just as if no pseudonyms had ever occurred in German literature. My name has never been Kramer. Others,

who for their purposes found the name Remarque more convenient, declared without further ado that I was a French Jew. Others again asserted positively that I had first conceived my book as a nationalistic tendency novel, and that I had offered the manuscript to a publisher belonging to the Conservative party and that, after it had been declined by him, I had revised it on a pacifistic basis, for the Ullstein Publishing House. There was a whole string of things. Sometimes the errors involved were due to honest misconceptions, but in the majority of cases the assertions made were nothing but direct inventions for purposes only too easily understood. Thus they stated my age was only twenty-five years now, and that I had never served; they also stated that I had served in the war as a Frenchman, and not in the West.

"Above all, however, they designated me as a man whose service had been exclusively confined to Germany, who had never served at the front, and therefore, I naturally could not have known anything of the experiences of active soldiers serving at the age of twenty years, and, furthermore, that my present age was fifty-five years. These people declared that I had edited the diary of a comrade killed in the war and that, incidentally speaking, I had written some novel, the subject of which had been life in a brothel. None of these assertions had any basis. I went into the war when I was eighteen; I was only a common soldier at the western front, where I was wounded repeatedly, once in such a manner that I am still suffering from the consequences."



MacDONALD AND LLOYD GEORGE IN ONE OF "POY'S" CARTOONS

CHAPERON: "Now remember, if you dance with any boys of whom I disapprove, home you go at once!"
—Poy in the *Evening News* (London).

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE—"Acute paralysis" would certainly afflict any considerable company of American youth confronted with the college entrance tests of fifty years ago. So said President Nicholas Murray Butler before the entering class of Columbia University the other day. And it must also be added that he found it "safe to say that there is not to-day in Columbia College, or on its faculty, one single person who could pass the entrance examination which confronted the youth of 1879." Then he calls the roll of those early requirements:

"Greek grammar and composition, four books of Xenophon's 'Anabasis,' three books of Homer's 'Iliad,' Latin grammar and composition, seven books of Cæsar's 'Commentaries on the Gallic War,' six books of Vergil's 'Æneid,' and six orations of Cicero.

"Also ancient history and geography, with a warning that candidates would be expected to name the principal towns and cities, rivers and capes, in Europe and Asia Minor, both in Latin and English, and in their correct topographical order. Then there was a test in English grammar of the most formidable kind, and examinations in arithmetic including the metric system of weights and measures, in algebra, and in plane geometry."

THE MYSTERY OF "POY"

"POICY" CARRIED HIS NAME back to England, shortened to "Poy," however, and the mystery of his little joke was kept for himself, with perhaps a sneaking affection for the associations of his American sojourn. Those who know the famous British cartoonist as Percy H. Fearon of course know nothing of the East Side pronunciation of his first name, and often puzzle over the meaning of its diminutive. He draws a daily cartoon for the London *Evening News*, which, being a Rothermere paper, usually hands over the skit to the London *Daily Mail* next morning to go out into the country. "Poy" is English by blood, but he was born in China and bred in America. When but a baby his family came to Staten Island to live, where he went to school until he began his studies at the Art Students' League in Manhattan. His father died after Percy had reached the age of twenty, and he accompanied his mother to England, where they settled among their blood kin. Writing about him in the New York *Evening Post*, Cesar Saerchinger speaks of his Anglo-Americanism:

"His speech suggests an American as little as his dignified bearing suggests the daily fun-maker to the millions. But there is something distinctly American in his work, something 'snappy' and terse, something almost jazzy in the way his figures seem to move on the paper, and something breezy and light about his arguments that suggests the 'American scene.'

"In fact, Poy was a cartoonist when he left America. He began to draw cartoons as a boy, and his characters then were American characters, such as Grover Cleveland and Garfield and Harrison. He has regretted ever since that England has no equivalent for the Democratic donkey, the G. O. P. elephant, and the Tammany tiger. He is the only English cartoonist who has tried to symbolize political parties by anonymous human figures, and he also invented that charming pair, 'Dilly' and 'Dally,' to represent a Government that seemed to be asleep at the switch.

"An American, Charles Bush, once cartoonist of the New York *Herald*, was the first to encourage Poy to draw. He was a neighbor in Staten Island, and showed the boy the first tricks of the game. When he came to England—altho there he still continued to study painting under Sir Hubert Herkomer—his mind was made up. He had his style and he had his signature, both imported from America. For 'Poy' is nothing but an abbreviation of Poicy, in the rich pronunciation of the New York curb.

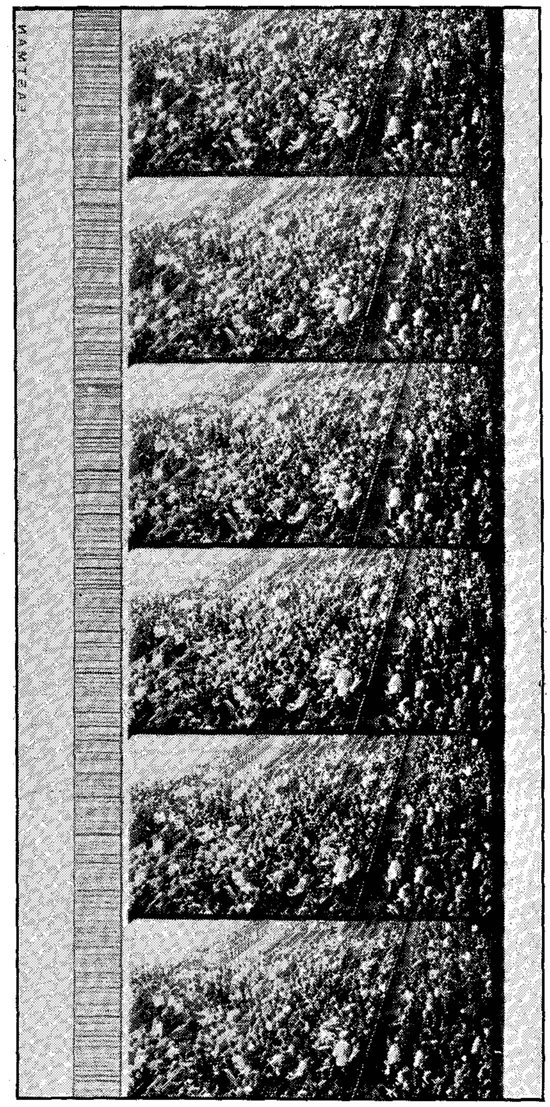
"He began by peddling his cartoons through Fleet Street, and the first of them appeared in *Judy*, a one-time competitor of *Punch*. Then he went to Manchester and drew daily cartoons for nine years, until Lord Northcliffe brought him to London, where he has put in sixteen years more. Twenty-five years in all, one cartoon a day, 313 a year—makes 7,825 cartoons. To be funny 7,825 times in succession, and to get off your wise-crack before noon every day, barring Sundays, is certainly 'some stunt.' Asked where he produced his masterpieces, Poy pointed to a polished oak dining-table in his London apartment, and said, 'There.' No studio, no easel, no newspaper office with its 'inspiring noise' for this producer of the goods, and certainly one of the handsomest providers any family could wish.

"Poy, like the true cartoonist that he is, works with symbols. His symbol for the Englishman is no longer the bluff John Bull, but a portly, bald gentleman in stock and bowler hat, with side whiskers and spats. Poy's Uncle Sam is the familiar Uncle Sam whom we know in America—perhaps his best personification in any European cartoons. Poy's range of fancy goes far beyond the every-day scenes familiar to the man in the street, and has something of the wider sweep of our own cartoonists when they wish to drive home the issues of the day. His visualization of America's tariff walls, for instance, is as simple as it is eloquent, while his tribute to Professor Einstein by the men who get up the income-tax questionnaires strikes home with a vengeance.

"But while working with symbols, Poy is also a caricaturist in that his portraits, however grotesque, are always recognizable. Lloyd George as an old lady and MacDonald as a débutante need no labels; they are as true to the scene in which they appear as apposite to the political situation of the day."

A "BANG IN THE NOSE" FOR THE MOVIE EXHIBITOR

THE MOVIE PEOPLE are full of innovations. No sooner are we getting used to talking films than Mr. Fox springs a life-size, and something over, for a picture. "Grandeur" is the name applied to pictures that stretch across the whole width of the stage and give an ensemble that competes with a stage full of living figures. Mr. Quinn Martin of the New York *World* is all for the new invention, and is convinced that it will turn "the whole exhibitional branch of the films as completely over as did the coming of sound-pictures." He goes so far as to prophesy that "every theater manager in the country who wishes to keep up with the swim will presently throw his canvas and his stage equipment into the alley and buy all over again on a larger scale." Mr. Martin is even hilarious over the signs of progress and expense to the exhibitor. "Now that Movietone and Vitaphone have just about got themselves lodged comfortably in the balcony booths and upstage, up comes another noble step of progress to start the poor showman's winter off with a bang—in the nose. But I don't care." Then we are told more about it.



GRANDEUR!!

The new film with the sound to the left. The scene is a base-ball audience. Actual width of the reel.

"Grandeur pictures, as demonstrated at the Gaiety for the current two weeks, seem to be a natural and, therefore, an unavoidable development in picture-play making. The exhibition at the Gaiety of the news-reel events, with sound, indicate very clearly that an increased genuineness is achieved, a fluidity and a vividness which the present-day screen does not afford. Since the objective of the producers seems to be to carry on until they reach the highest point of perfection possible in the reproduction of plays in pictures, to the ordinary observer it looks as if the exhibitors were in for a set of new fall furniture.

"I am obliged to conclude that these full-sized film screens will replace the former ones, for the simple reason that they make for something a great deal more life-like and dramatic. At the Gaiety a parade ground full of West Point cadets is shown—a full parade ground, all the cadets and a background of the academy buildings and dormitories. The *Leviathan* shoves up the bay. You see the great ship, the Statue of Liberty, the New Jersey shore, Manhattan Island, and part of Brooklyn. A baseball game is pictured with all the outfielders included, and parts of the grand stands. Niagara Falls—the entire sweep of it—is reeled off, accompanied by its sounds.

"And the close-up does not suffer in these expanded views. It comes off with clarity and smoothness. Nor does the talking machinery appear to be in the slightest manner affected by the increased visual scope. Added to this, the Grandeur process is so managed that by the depth of its pictorial frame it manages to create the illusion of relative space and distance. This, as your struggling film laboratory worker will be happy to tell you, is third dimension. By the angle at which the white sheet is hung, by its width and breadth, the cadets appear to be marching past you perhaps a half-block distant, while far back, in the tall, gently swaying trees of the campus, the stone buildings a half-mile away are to be seen. Flatness has vanished and miles have come to their own. The band plays 'Dixie.' Too, the *Leviathan*, given this additional space in which to do her plowing, seems to be at approximately the same distance from the Woolworth tower as she would appear to be if you were to watch her from the deck of a tug in the harbor. She whistles, and there you are! The lonely, misty reaches of Niagara—no quick and unrevealing flash of it, such as has been seen so often in the films, but all of it. The roar of the falling water is heard. Here is a honeymoon for a dollar."

Timid exhibitors regard wide film as a foible, much as they did sound in the early stages, reports *Variety* (New York), but the Fox forces believe that the exhibitors can stand any and all costs demanded by progress, but what they can not stand is empty seats. Some technical facts are also presented:

"Of all the producers dabbling off-stage in wide film and screen, the Gaiety opening establishes the William Fox method as the basis for what is conceded to be the outstanding precedent in the entertainment world.

"While the Fox studio has four wide-width features on its schedule, the projection end has only the 1,600-pound hand model in the Gaiety. This will have to be broken up and cast in molds before mass production will be possible. The piece of mechanism, however, is demonstrating to Broadway that it can consistently guarantee perfect double-width and stereoptical illusion, providing it is fed properly handled film ingredients.

"Where the well-informed trade was at first 'shocked at the Fox showmanship' permitting one of the most antiquated and acoustically difficult houses on the street to inaugurate Grandeur in the Times Square mind; and where that trade was more critical of the $2 topping policy for the large version of a feature that is dimming neighborhood houses in standard size, the Fox books and declarations show:

"(1) SRO [Standing Room Only] at every Gaiety performance during the opening week.

"(2) A leap in stock of the Grandeur holding company, General Theatres Equipment Corporation, which gets this recently formed interest, backed by five of the city's biggest financial houses, off to not only an immediate and healthy impetus, but almost an unprecedented start.

"(3) Proof by comparison of the large-size newsreel, shot a few weeks ago, with the feature, 'Fox Movietone Follies,' produced eight months ago, of perfection and experimentation.

"(4) First material proof of the vast superiority of the sound-on-film system over disk, with the track over twice the width of that popular on standard-size film.

"(5) A new table of mathematics for studio recording and theater acoustics.

"(6) Proof, by gaps in 'Follies' shot with Grandeur camera and 70mm. film on set built for standard lens and 35mm. stock that studio technicians will have to study the placing of each chair and prop and guide the erection of each set with angles and not flat surface in mind.

"(7) The elimination of drops, careless scenic effects, cheap costumes and slipshod make-up, since each stood out glaringly in the 70mm. 'Follies' version, while in the 35mm. they were unnoticeable.

"(8) Startling evidence in the newsreel sequences of the future value of exteriors. The wide-width's capability for detail in great range for the eye and ability to record sounds in their natural gradations which are often a meaningless buzz and blast in the standard dimension.

"The première, which has been an invaluable object-lesson to producer contemporaries, and which has eliminated the first costly hazards experienced in sound, as well as considerable of its hysteria, is conceded to be little more than Fox's staking of his claim. While Grandeur proves an immeasurable asset to the newsreel, its similar elevation of the feature length will not be up for verdict until January. Then the experiences derived from experiments since the shooting of 'Follies' will be witnessed by Broadway as applied to 'New Orleans Frolic,' now being ground out according to latest Grandeur Hoyle in the Fox Hills plant.

"The January première will also decide the present declarations of the inventor, A. E. Sponable, that wide-width, the Fox way, will accommodate natural color. Several of the sequences in the first feature demonstration of matured Grandeur influence will be colored, and not tinted as they claim were RCA's Spoor-width shots of Niagara Falls.

"As to details concerning the mechanism, it is learned that the projectors are built along the same lines as standard types except that each part is considerably heavier to stand the strain and tension caused by double width. This point, in itself, is heralded as the necessity for new equipment and that accessories tacked on to the current frail makes would not stand up.

"Doubling of the amperage, or light, is another factor which has concerned Foxites. The tendency of wide film to buckle when brought in contact with the terrific heat has been reduced to a minimum, according to Sponable, by the shutter in the projector being cut two ways and by the admission of a constant current of air across the film.

"Smaller exhibitors will have to take this amperage into first consideration. Where the generator in the average small house is geared to accommodate 75, a new apparatus, at an estimated cost of $1,000, will have to be included before the Grandeur price is given a tumble.

"The cooling and lighting system will eliminate danger of any material shortness of life in Grandeur film compared to standard make, it is claimed by Sponable. Special perforation of the film also aids in the smoothness of its projection."

NORMAL FILM OF THE SILENT MOVIE

THE PIANO'S PLACE IN THE SUN—Outworn pianos like old motor-cars raise a sigh at their passing, but there need be no grave-yard yawning for the former. Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale tells us in *Scribner's* of the healing powers of the sun when applied to derelict instruments:

"Everybody is taking in these days the sun cure, 'breast and back as either should be.' But did you know that the sun will also cure pianos in the very last phase of decay and ruin? In our Michigan summer home, we have an upright of good manufacture, bought in 1892. Having neglected it for some fifteen years, and leaving it in a house closed for nine months every year, in a room with a temperature far below freezing point, and being unable to get any response out of more than half the keys, I was thinking of transforming it into a writing-desk, where it would send out notes of a different kind. But lo! there appears upon the scene Mr. Hey, of Bad Axe—the county town. He said, 'she is not dead but sleepeth.' And I laughed him to scorn. He deftly removed her entrails, took them into the garden and exposed them for several hours to the healing rays of the sun. He then tuned the instrument, and we have one of the best pianos in America. It is in perfect tune, and keeps its pitch. Its tones are resonant and mellow. The sun is a miracle-worker. To think that it could create a soul under those ribs of death—that I should hear again that familiar melodious voice, after it had been silent fifteen years. 'Certain bells, now mute, can jingle,' said Browning."

SUNLIGHT IN SPAIN

THE COVER, AT FIRST SIGHT, carries a reminder of the pictures of Sorolla that created such a furor when shown in New York ten or fifteen years ago. So it is not surprizing to read that the artist, Mathias J. Alten, worked with Sorolla, not as a pupil, but as a friend and influence. He lives in Grand Rapids, Michigan, but he was born in Gusenberg, Germany, in 1871, and studied in Paris ateliers under such masters as Constant, Laurens, Prinet, Girrado, and Whistler. Spain, Algiers, Etaples in France, and The Hague have furnished old world scenes for his brush, while in this country California and Taos, New Mexico, have been the sections most sympathetic with his bent. The New York *Times* records his association with the famous Spaniard:

"In Spain many years ago he met the famous Sorolla. The two became close friends and often went painting together along the charming Cabanal coast, whose oxen, boats and sails were so romantically and decoratively caught by the Spanish artist. It is not surprizing to find that Sorolla exerted a strong and lasting influence—an influence that embraces both subject-matter and technique and that is now reflected in some of the younger man's most effective canvases.

"But Mr. Alten, we are told, never actually became a pupil of Sorolla's, nor does he by any means exclusively confine himself to the lax, billowing, sunlit sail, the straining yoke of oxen, the tender blues of a subtropical sea. He has caught the poetry of the Michigan countryside in 'Grand River Valley'—a poetry that was less far to seek, yet that is as real as the more distant beauty of Spain. Mr. Alten has devoted special attention to the moods of the sky and paints peasant types with a sure hand."

For an interpretation of the picture on the cover we are indebted to the artist himself:

"In regard to the painting I wish to say: They are Sardine fishermen at Cabanal, which is located on the Mediterranean shore near Valencia, Spain. They go fishing early in the morning, say three or four o'clock; during July and August they fish all night if ambitions are right, and pull in between the hours of seven to ten, and as they have no harbor or pier their boats are drawn ashore by specially trained oxen. The driver is perched on the head of an ox and rides backward so as to be able to watch the operation. They call it an 'embarcation' in Spanish whether coming or going! The cattle pull by their heads, the yoke being securely fastened with a rope passing across the forehead around the yoke and the oxen's horns. A stick with a pick at the end is the thing the driver uses, and quite brutally sometimes to direct the embarcations. It's the only place in the world where they still use this method, and according to my observations during the last fifteen or eighteen years this method is gradually disappearing along with other picturesqueness, as Europe is becoming more modernized."

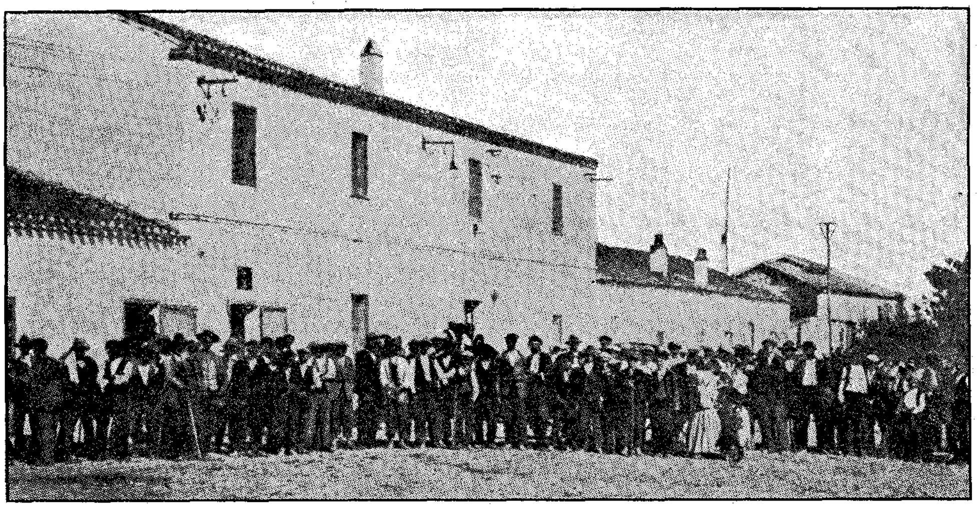
A few lines from *Long Island Life* give us a hint of his Western work:

"His paintings reflect the spontaneous strokes of his left hand. The speed behind the brush, as exhibited in these pictures, accomplishes its main purpose in catching nature in its most beautiful mood. The more labor put on a single picture, the duller is the result, claims Mr. Alten. His works approach reality, while their brilliant colorings and beautiful climatic skies are typical of the land in which they were painted. The sun in Taos is even brighter than in Spain, it being 7,000 feet above sea level, but the atmosphere and quaint old architecture, which resembles Spain, has been revealed by the artist. Many of Mr. Alten's reflective studies of Indians are very interesting. He was successful in getting models from the Apache Indians, famous warriors, and has produced Indian portraits of force and character."

SCIENCE ▾ AND ▾ INVENTION

THE NEW TOWN OF "BENITO MUSSOLINI"

THE GIGANTIC SCHEMES for rehabilitation of waste lands, now being carried out in Italy, have received scant notice in this country. The article below, from *Naturà* (Milan), tells of a noteworthy one in the island of Sardinia, which has been named after *Il Duce*, and is said to have the particular backing of the Fascist régime, one of whose ideals is to make Italy self-supporting. Its promoters have, in a brief tale of years, transformed a dreary, unproductive, swampy district into a smiling agricultural region, well populated and yearly adding to the wealth of the country. We read:



VILLAGERS AWAITING A VISIT FROM THE KING

"This settlement was created from nothing, in a desert, in a brief time. It is the result of an initiative spirit that animates the better men of Italy in the Fascist régime. In the most abandoned and malarious part of Sardinia has sprung up the most fertile oasis in the island, already a successful intensive attempt at colonization. A flood of immigration has come to this barren land of swamps and marshes from an overpopulated Italian region.

"This instance of the agricultural and economic resurrection of a zone of dead land is one of the best and most complete results of a titanic enterprise for the internal rehabilitation of marshy and barren zones. This particular zone of rescued land is situated south of the city of Oristano. Mountains shut it in on the north, and toward the south it opens into a valley that runs down into the sea. Here are low plains where swamps once formed a malarial region, looking on the map like a rough, worm-eaten log full of holes. The river Tirso occupies the center of the valley.

"A society of capitalists resolved to construct along the course of this river the greatest artificial lake in Europe. The result is that they have not only modified the natural features of the region, but have corrected faulty organic agricultural conditions, and also have remedied the disastrous effects of bad habits.

THREE MILLION GRAPEVINES IN A FORMER DESERT

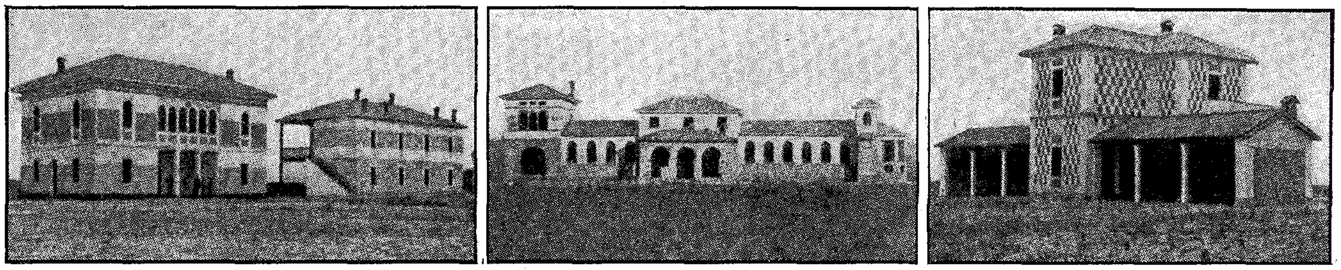
"They acquired, with the cooperation of the community of Terralba and private citizens, a zone, formerly sickly and deserted, between the sea and the Pond of Sassu, and also an adjoining marshy zone, thus forming a united property of about 9,000 hectares (22,000 acres), three thousand of which were covered with water from the marsh while the remaining six thousand formed a swampy wilderness. In the whole territory there were only two or three thatched huts. It was immediately necessary to take in hand the rehabilitation of the region, regulating the courses of the streams and draining off the water of the moors and marshes. Furthermore it was necessary to control the river Mogoro, and the torrents that descended from the range of Monte Arci. The former was gently brought out of its normal flow into the marsh of Sassu, and carried directly into the arm of the sea called Marceddi.

"After this it became necessary to enclose and regulate all the streams that ran in every direction down the sides of Monte Arci; so half-way between the marsh of Sassu and the mountain they excavated a long canal, confining these upper waters, taking them out of their regular courses and bringing them down past the drainage area. Still further down, near the edge of the large marsh, they excavated a second canal.

"The agricultural transformation involved subdivision of the improved territory into administrative sections of about 2,000 acres each. Each was given a rural center or administrative colony consisting of the colonists' homes, stables, barns, cellars, granaries, a small office, and a power-house. A net of forty-two miles of electric lines of fifteen thousand volts is spread over each colony, and is the source of the electric supply.

"On the desolate plains, as they were before the improvements began, there was not a tree to break the monotony of the landscape. In an attempt to encourage forestry in this region, the first experiments were with the eucalyptus, as these trees seem to thrive in this particular kind of soil. They serve for ornamental purposes as well as for lumber. There are now at least two hundred thousand of the trees in this region, besides poplars and acacias.

"Grapevines cover 1,150 acres. The production of wheat in the worst season has exceeded 7,000 quintals [770 tons]. The grass gives nourishment to numerous stock, among which there is an abundance of hogs and cows. In 1925 the six groups of


THE SCHOOL THE HOSPITAL A SETTLER'S HOUSE

IN THE NEW TOWN OF "BENITO MUSSOLINI"

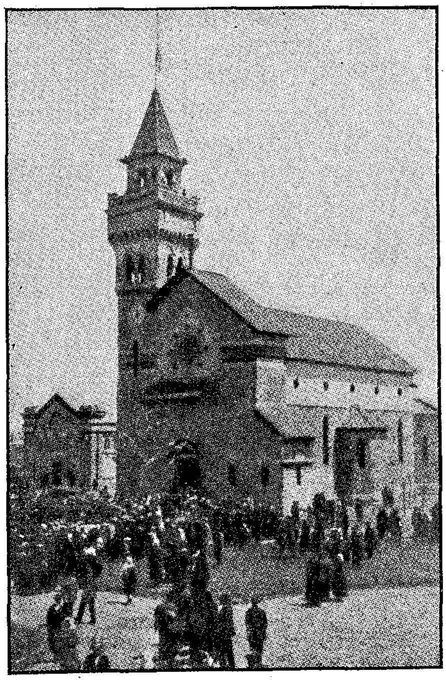
rural sections had a capacity of 283 rooms, giving residence to 500 agricultural laborers, but on October 1, 1928, fifty more buildings were added with more than three hundred rooms.

"In 1929 this new cultivated land gave employment to fifty-four families, immigrants from Polesine, and to forty families from Romagna, Vincentino and Sicily. Altogether there are between fifteen hundred and two thousand inhabitants, and for them the society has provided all that is necessary in modern civil life. They have erected a beautiful church of rock from Monte Arci; they have built schools, a hospital with forty beds and with X-ray and surgical rooms, also grocery stores, public baths, a gymnasium, a hotel and a residence for the governor.

"This is the Italian village called Benito Mussolini. It was named in honor of the head of the Government, and is the pride of every one in the colony of Terralba."

DANGERS OF PRESCHOOL AGE

THESE ARE NOT GENERALLY APPRECIATED, thinks Dr. H. S. Cummings, surgeon-general of the U. S. Public Health Service. Writing in *Clinical Medicine and Surgery* (Chicago) he says that when a baby gets through his "second summer," the mother usually feels that her worst job is over. After he passes his second birthday, she is likely to relax her vigilance a bit—he has safely weathered the storms of babyhood and may now be left to "just grow," like Topsy. For this reason the period from two to six years—the preschool age—has been called the neglected age. Fortunately, the preschool child is less neglected now than formerly. Dr. Cummings goes on:


THE CHURCH

Its tower has an electric elevator.

"The period between two and six years of age is one of rapid development, and in what seems an incredibly short time the child may change from a normal to a defective one.

"Because of the swift changes taking place between the period of infancy and the school age, it is important that the preschool child should have careful supervision. Physical examinations of school children have shown that defects are common in the lowest grades. Data obtained by the officers of the Public Health Service showed that enlarged tonsils and enlarged cervical glands were most prevalent at six or seven years of age. The incidence of adenoids was high at six with its peak at eight years. Speech defects were most numerous in the six and seven-year-old groups, and decay of the teeth was widespread at seven. Other investigators have found that poor posture is common in children from two to six, and that many visual defects are found in children from four to seven. These facts all indicate that the preschool age is a fertile field for the growth of physical defects. The mother can scarcely believe that her healthy, normal baby has changed into a child who is about to enter school with several physical defects, some of which it may have been possible to prevent.

"The early appearance of such defects emphasizes the necessity of frequent examinations of the preschool child. No child should be obliged to enter school suffering from any removable handicap. The Parent-Teacher Association and other agencies make strenuous efforts to round up the children who are preparing to enter school and arrange for their examination, so that as many defects as possible may be corrected before entrance. If, however, the parents of children of preschool age could be made to realize the importance of this period of growth and development, a tremendous drive just before school entrance would not be necessary, because health supervision would have been a continuous process from babyhood, and, hence, less defectiveness would be found at the time of school entrance.

"The child between two and six years should have a physical examination at least every six months, and be taken to the dentist quite as often. The baby teeth should be well cared for, and any defect due to decay should be repaired. A good dentist will not extract these little teeth unless he feels obliged to, because he knows the child needs them for proper mastication, and that the second set of teeth will suffer from the premature loss of the first teeth. The dentists tell us that the jaw does not properly develop if the temporary teeth are lost, and hence there may not be room enough for the permanent teeth to grow out in their proper positions. Crooked, misplaced teeth not only spoil the child's appearance but infere with proper chewing of the food."

WHAT BECOMES OF THE ELEPHANTS?—The long-standing African mystery of what happens to dead elephants has received a new explanation at the hand of Sir William Gowers, Governor of the British Colony of Uganda, says Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York). This is it:

"Instead of the legendary idea of some hidden 'elephant cemetery,' so remote that human beings have never found it, and to which each dying elephant is supposed to make his way to let his bones lie with those of his ancestors, Sir William suggests, in a special article in the London *Times*, that the missing bones of all past generations of African elephants may be lying at the bottoms of that continent's rivers. Experts agree that dead wild elephants are seldom found in Africa. In years of experience Sir William has seen but two. Yet at least two thousand wild African elephants must die from natural causes, he computes, during each average year. There are practical as well as scientific reasons for finding these dead animals, for many of them would have tusks very valuable for ivory. Yet no searcher has found them. This continued failure has been responsible, probably, for the tale of the mysterious cemetery. It is more probable, Sir William believes, that old, sick elephants seek water not only to drink but to bathe. One day the feeble animal enters the stream, but can not get out again. There he dies, to leave his body hidden forever on the bottom. If Sir William's theory is true it might pay to dredge the African rivers for this ancient ivory."

A ONE-ROOM HOUSE

THE VIENNESE ARCHITECT, Fritz Gross, a designer of beautiful villas, and an interesting painter besides, is the inventor of a one-room dwelling which does duty for four—a dining-room, a study, a bedroom, and a parlor. The trick of making four rooms out of one without erecting walls or using folding screens, is accomplished by making the furniture function as a separator so that a division into four parts is brought about. Says Max Hayek in the *Illustrirte Zeitung* (Leipzig).

"On entering the one-room dwelling, which was planned especially for a bachelor's home, but may also be of great use as a small-family dwelling, one admires the wise arrangement of the furniture, which affords the greatest possible utilization of space.

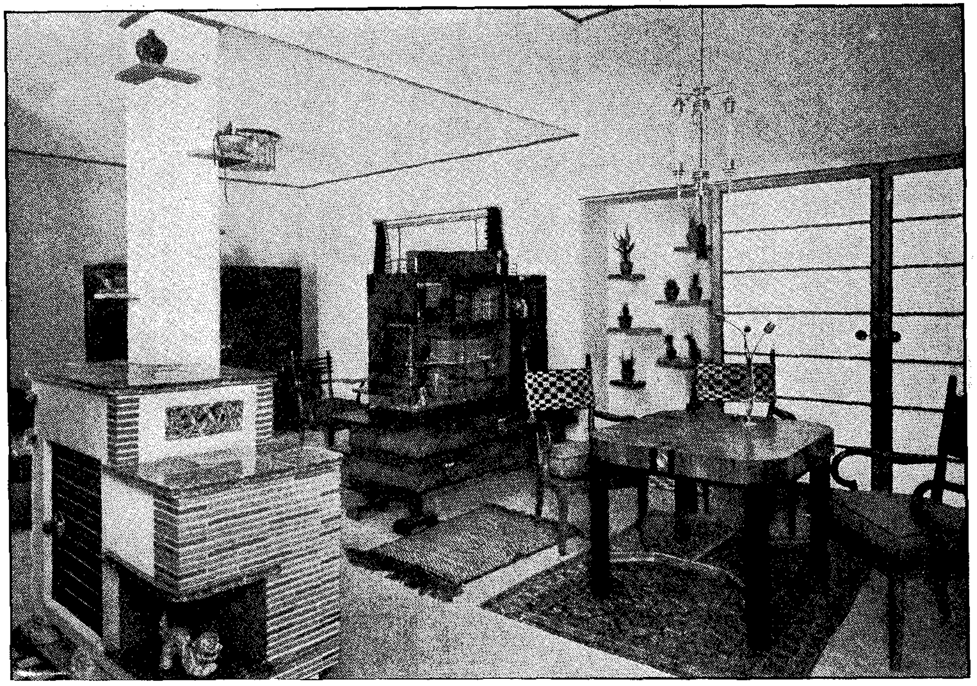
"In one corner stands an extension table with four chairs. The room walls constitute two walls of this divided space, and the third wall is formed by the front of the secretary, a modern practical piece of furniture, which, as the Viennese say, 'plays all parts.'

"This secretary, made of ornamental woodwork, has glass doors sliding on ball-bearings, a little smoking-box, a little liquor box, a bookshelf, and, in addition, book-supports on the top, moving on rails. The opposite side of this secretary forms one wall of the study and the bedroom. Here the manifold piece of furniture appears as a writing-desk with many pigeonholes, four drawers, and a bookshelf. There is also room for a desk telephone. On the projecting shelves at the narrow side one may place small objects.

"The other corner of the room shows a bed, which during the day is transformed into a sofa, into which is built a small bookcase filled with books within reach of the person resting on it. A rotating (or inlet) lamp is the source of light in the evening. Such a corner is cozy and invites one to rest. The bed linen is kept in a ventilated space below.

"The living-room shows a combination of linen and shoe cabinets and clothes-wardrobe with sliding garment-carriers, shaving and dressing mirrors, space for a home pharmacy, and a ventilated partition for shoes.

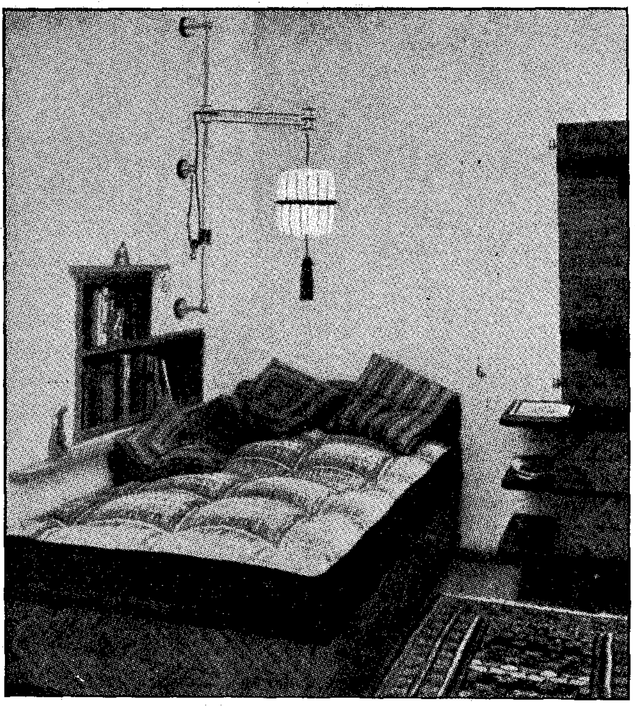
"The buffet, with a charming little case for glasses above, and finally the isolated stove of brickwork and tiles with a ceramic surface, a simple wrought-iron grille with ball-metal work, and the niches with little green lacquered shelves for flowers, complete the harmonious effect of the room. One feels: 'It is good to be here!'



FOUR ROOMS IN ONE: "PLANNED ESPECIALLY FOR A BACHELOR'S HOME"

Dining-room, study, bedroom, and parlor. "One feels: It is good to be here!"

"In conservative Vienna, where rich people still live to-day as they did during the time of Makart, architects like Fritz Gross are exceedingly valuable pace-makers for the modern improvement of dwellings."



THE CORNER WITH THE SOFA-BED

PICKING OUT METAL FLAWS WITH A STETHOSCOPE— The ordinary stethoscope, used time out of mind by the family physician to listen to murmurs in the human body, as a means of diagnosis, has joined the medical man's X-ray in aiding industry to make its products safer, and to turn out better work generally. This, says a correspondent of the New York *Times*, was brought out recently in papers read before the technical session of the American Welding Society at Cleveland, Ohio, where A. B. Kimzel, C. O. Burgess, and A. R. Lytile, all of the Union Carbide and Carbon Research Laboratory, disclosed their stethoscope testing process in a paper jointly prepared by them on "non-destruction testing of welds by means of stethoscope and X-ray." Their description of the process is this:

"The stethoscope used is the ordinary physician's apparatus, with a gum rubber tip to exclude extraneous sounds and give contact on the irregular surface of the plate as well as to minimize damping of the oscillations at the contact of stethoscope and metal.

"The drum, pipe, or plate in question is struck with a small hammer at the spot to be tested. The weight of the hammer and force of the blow depend upon the thickness of the plate, and the stethoscope is applied to the tank in the general vicinity of the striking zone.

"The sound heard at the instant of first tapping the joint is critical, and it shows the character of the material at the point struck.

"Each welded structure has a characteristic sound. After

CHEVROLET TRUCKS

provide Dependable Service Remarkable Economy . . . Six-Cylinder Performance

The popularity of the new Chevrolet six-cylinder trucks continues to be one of the outstanding sensations of the automotive industry. And small wonder—for here are provided exactly those qualities which make a truck desirable.

Here is the finer performance of a great six-cylinder valve-in-head engine—providing the higher speed, greater smoothness and increased flexibility so necessary in modern traffic!

Here is dependability that keeps the truck on the job for month after month with the very minimum of servicing—made possible by years of development and more than a million miles of testing at the General Motors Proving Ground!

Here is overall economy that has amazed some of the most exacting fleet operators in America—for not only are these new six-cylinder trucks available in the price range of the four, but they actually use no more gasoline and oil than their famous Chevrolet 4-cylinder predecessors!

And, finally, here is perfect adaptability to almost every conceivable line of business—for leading commercial body builders have designed for Chevrolet trucks the widest range of body types known to the commercial car industry!

If you have a transportation problem of any description, it will pay you to get in touch with your Chevrolet dealer today.

Sedan Delivery $595
Light Delivery Chassis $400
1½ Ton Chassis $545
1½ Ton Chassis with Cab $650

All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

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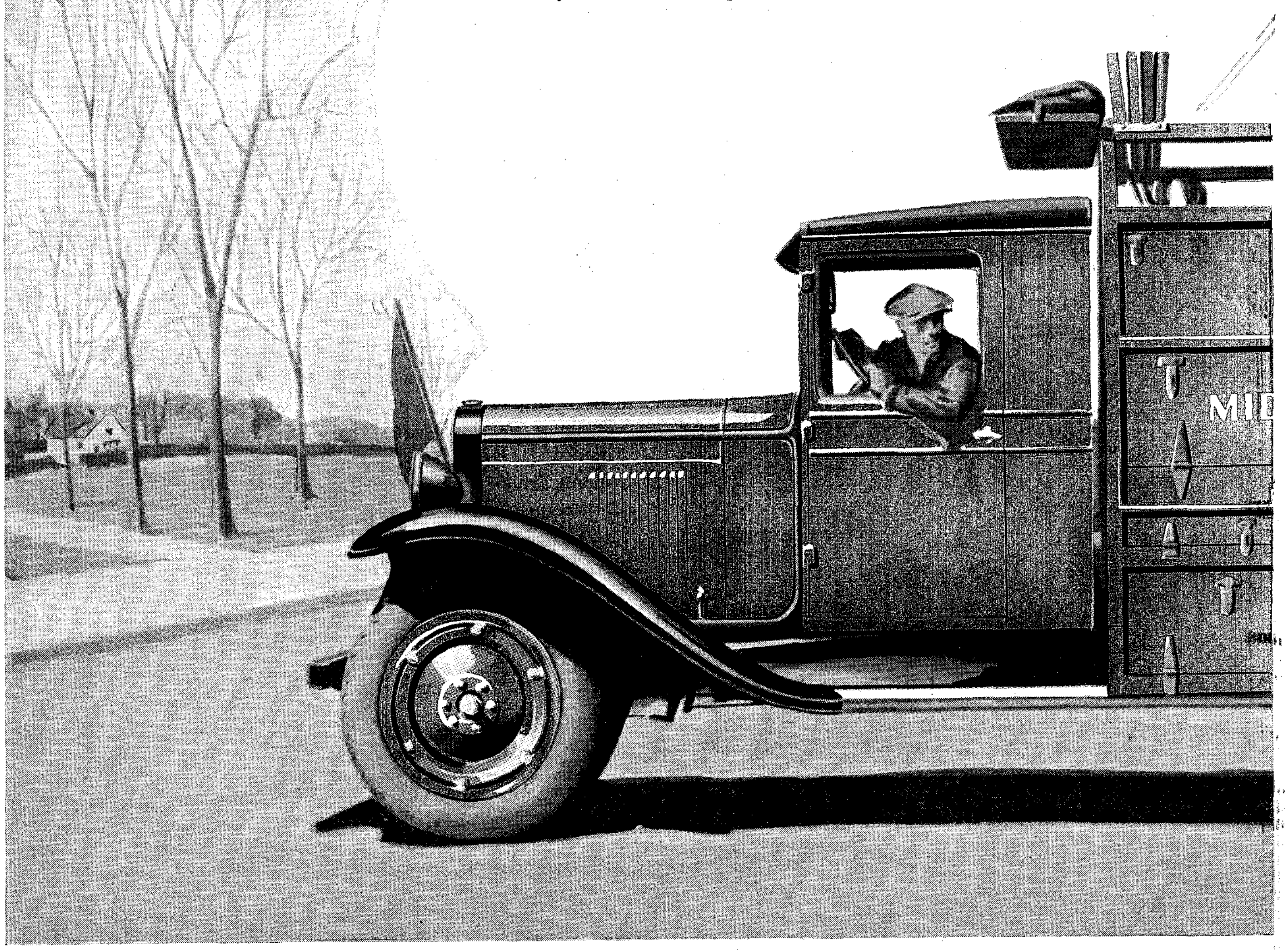
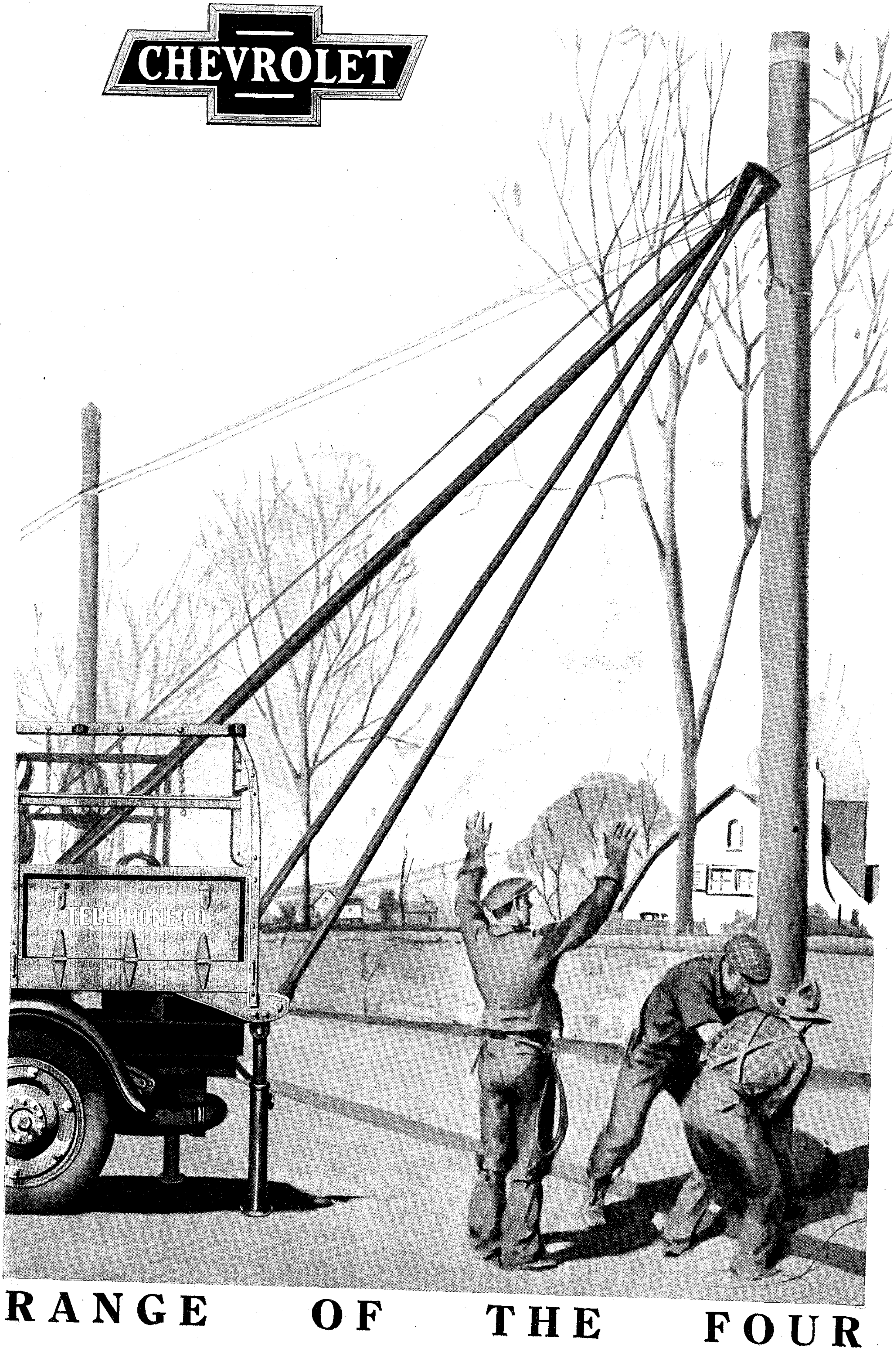
Division of General Motors Corporation



A SIX IN THE PRICE

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET


TELEPHONE CO.

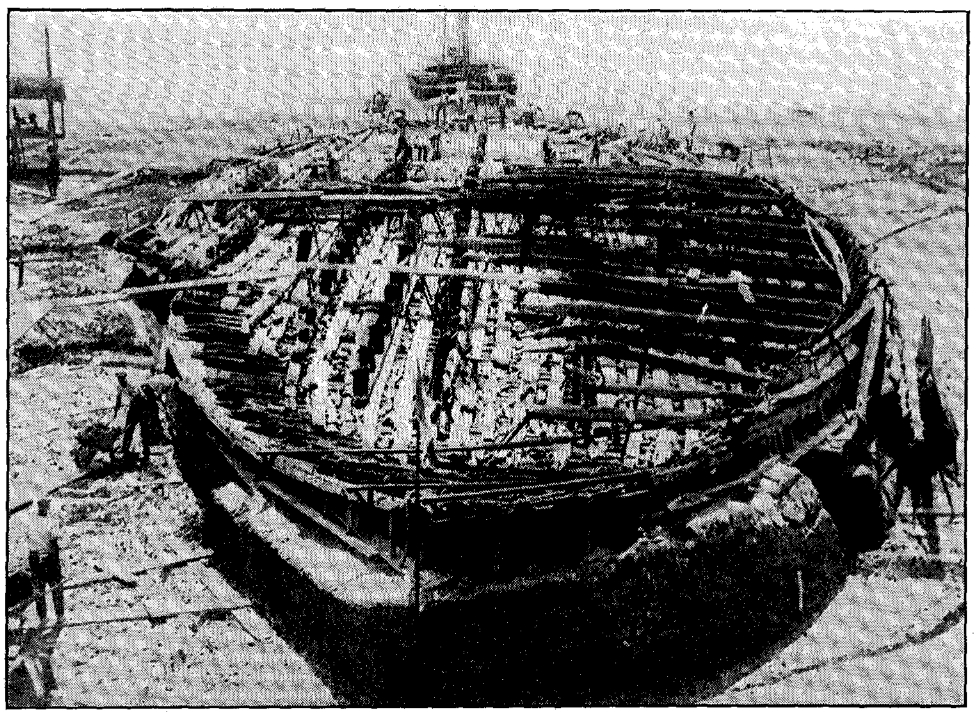
RANGE OF THE FOUR

this is determined by brief preliminary tests, the striking hammer and stethoscope are moved along the weld so that any irregularities are discernible. The method has been applied to welds in pipes and pressure vessels, to a number of specially made welds in plates, and to welded structural steel joints.

"X-ray examinations may be used in conjunction with the stethoscope or as an independent sampling method."

A SKEPTIC AT LAKE NEMI

THE ATTEMPT TO UNCOVER the ancient Roman vessels sunk centuries ago in Lake Nemi, will prove hardly worth while, if we are to believe Dr. H. Hohenemser-Steglich, a German connoisseur, who writes of the effort and its numerous forerunners in *Reclam's Universum* (Leipzig). Previous accounts, especially those in the daily press, seemed to warrant sensational expectations. A representative of THE DIGEST, who visited the scene in June last, came to practically the same conclusions as those exprest in the article quoted below. What remains of the galleys are the skeletons of two huge flatboats or scows, used not for navigation but for supporting some kind of superstructure that has entirely disappeared. The remains are badly rotted and largely submerged in soft mud. So far, the objects of artistic or archeological interest that have been secured are comparatively few, and the plan to raise and float the vessels would appear very unlikely to succeed. Says the German authority:



International Newsreel photograph

NOW WHAT'S TO BE DONE WITH IT?

Here is one of Caligula's famous galleys on Lake Nemi, cleared at last of its water and mud. A German critic suggests that all the effort has merely uncovered an old raft or barge, and that the only interesting part, the superstructure, disappeared centuries ago.

"This is not the first time that the Roman ships in Nemi have been the center of public interest. The legends of the fishermen, which told of 'floating treasure-laden palaces of Tiberius,' have incited the curiosity and greed of the people. Those who have visited the Terme Museum in Rome will remember seeing in the bronze collection the beautiful wolf and lion heads, the chains, anchors, nails, and the strange hand, found during the operations in the years 1895-96. The initial step was taken by Eliseo Borghi, and his work was continued by the Italian pioneer officer Malfatti. But we must go back almost half a thousand years in order to hit upon the first recorded searches for the sunken vessels."

After reviewing efforts made in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries which yielded unimportant relics, he comes to the attempt of Fusconi, in 1827. Fusconi expected to find golden treasures, and enlisted the aid of rich people. He also built grand stands along shore for the crowds, and did some business in selling his finds. As we read:

"Fusconi conducted the work upon a large scale, with much publicity. He succeeded in interesting a number of rich people, so that he had lavish means at his disposal. He built a raft with pump contrivances for a large diving-bell, an improvement on the invention of a Scotchman, Halley.

"Fusconi did not by any means find the expected wealth, but in a few months' work he brought to light several things of which he sold a part to the Vatican—a bronze capital, two round floor stones of porphyry and serpentine, clay plates with railings between, long beams of larch-wood, pipes, nails, etc. The Duke Alessandro Torlonia, who was one of the patrons of the undertaking, acquired forty little terra-cotta slabs and seventy plates of larch and walnut, with which he had his residence wainscoted. Of gold there was no trace.

"From the wood of the ship, Fusconi, who well knew his public, had as many pieces broken off as he could, and had cane-handles, small cases, and other knickknacks made, which met with brisk sale. When all efforts to lift the whole body of the ship failed, he planned to break it up and raise it piecemeal. Fortunately, bad weather set in, in December, and hindered the execution of this project. As the expenses had by far exceeded the profits, the work was not resumed.

"Not until the end of the nineteenth century was anything further done about the ships. Eliseo Borghi was reminded of them during his study of Diana's Temple near Nemi. Marine divers were employed, and the Government sent Colonel Malfatti to examine the ships and to gather information in regard to raising them completely. In two books that Malfatti published in 1896 and 1905, on the results of his studies, he makes the suggestion, which to-day one is being carried out, that the lake should be drained in order to keep the ships as intact as possible.

"Malfatti measured both ships: the one near the shore is about 225 feet long and about sixty-five wide; the second, which is farther away in the lake with its left side almost completely buried in the mud, has a length of about 200 feet and a width of about sixty-five. The greatest yield is expected from the latter, as there is a possibility that its upper parts, which are of greatest interest, are not yet completely ruined. Nothing of this ship yet projects above the surface of the lake. Of the first ship the level has been lowered sufficiently to lay bare almost one-third.

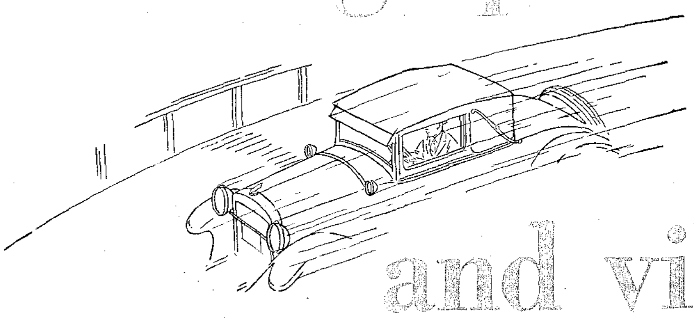
"We evidently have to deal, as Malfatti has stated, with an enormous flat-boat construction, made only for the purpose of carrying above the water the upper part, in all probability some sort of palace. The latter either collapsed during the shipwreck, or some time later, and the greater part has possibly fallen overboard, so that it will be necessary to investigate the mud at the bottom of the lake.

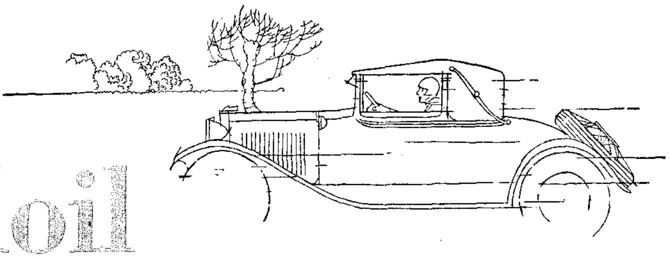
"It is doubtful if, by laying bare the two barges, much light will really be thrown upon the construction of antique ships, because these seem to be not real ships but simply moored rafts, designed to carry such buildings as could also be found on land.

"It is useless to rack one's brain about the real value of this large undertaking of the Italian Government. The objects brought to light hitherto are not very important, and certainly add nothing new to those found and housed in the Terme Museum. But at any rate we may appreciate how Italy, at a time that stresses the Roman past, should wish to secure such unique relics.

"The nature lover looks on with genuine regret as the beautiful, calm lake, surrounded by woods, with shores on which the hydrangeas bloom in fabulous abundance near fragrant strawberry patches, sinks more and more; and he mournfully sees the day approach when the greenish blue surface will have vanished completely. But the experts give the comforting assurance that in less than a year the damage will be repaired."

On roaring speedway and village street we found the New Mobiloil lasting longer





On the Atlantic City Speedway, with racing drivers at the wheel, we proved that the New Mobiloil lasted at least 20% longer than competing oils.

But we weren't satisfied to rest upon our own scientific tests—we wanted to find out how the New Mobiloil was serving *you*, the motorist. So we recently sent investigators into a wide territory to ask motorists which one fact about Mobiloil was most noticeable.

"Mobiloil lasts longer," was the answer of one motorist after another.

This fact about the New Mobiloil—longer life at modern high speeds—is the most significant fact in the testing of any oil. For, in comparing oils of similar "body," engineers have proved that the oil which lasts longest, also lubricates best.

You can test the lasting power of the New Mobiloil in a simple and easy way. Have the Mobiloil dealer drain the old oil from your crankcase and refill with the grade of Mobiloil specified for your car on the Mobiloil chart. Then keep a record of your mileage and your speed. Notice how long it will be before you need to add more Mobiloil, whatever the driving conditions.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	....	....	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Imperial 80 and Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	Arc.
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
La Salle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	....	....	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight, 4-cyl.	....	....	....	....	....	....	B	Arc.
" " 6-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.

the New Mobiloil

GARGOYLE

Keeps the first-year feel in your engine

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

MR. UNTERMEYER'S long poem in the *Saturday Review of Literature* (New York) may be taken as a lesson in the lore of our feathered friends or as an exercise in brief characterization, let alone the moral import of the poet's devotion:

RETURN TO BIRDS

By Louis Untermeyer

When cities prod me with demands
Of many minds and many hands,
When life becomes a cry of bargains
In unassimilated jargons
And men bewilder men with words,
Suddenly I remember birds:
Goldfinches, those untamed canaries,
Preferring thistle-seed to cherries,
Shaking their broken crystal notes
Carelessly out of china throats.
Redrobins, Spring's first feathered offering,
Whose burly strut is free of suffering
Except in drouth when they complain,
Calling irascibly for rain.
Every bird on every hill
Whose small tongues twist and turn and thrill:
The catbird, Nature's parodist,
In whose bright mill all sounds are grist—
Cluck, coloratura, mew and squawk.
The redstart's prattle, like the talk
Flung by young brooks to tolerant stones,
Contentment strengthening their bones.
The meadow-lark's slow-troubling tones.
The oven-bird, scholastic creature,
Crying for "Teacher! Teacher! Teacher!"
The oriole, wind-and-firebird,
Too seldom seen, more rarely heard.
The cuckoo's constant minor third.
Blackbird with epaulets of red.
Warbler parading on his head.
The cardinal, that crimson arrow.
The chestnut-crowned staccato sparrow
Whose voice is slivered in high chips.
The thrasher's frenzied sweeps and dips.
Dun city sparrows, numerous
As Jews and more ubiquitous,
Common to every slum and park.
Swallows, those arcs within an arc.
The hummingbird's arrested spark,
Half-flame, half-flower, blossoming where
Emerald and ruby burn in air.
The nighthawk's ghostly drum, the shrill
Insistence of the whip-poor-will.
The chebec, that small plague among
The flies with Egypt on its tongue.
Swifts and their irrepressible young
To whom all chimney homes are free.
Phoebes whose domesticity
Has no concern with privacy.
The purple martin's undramatic
Ecstasy of the acrobatic.
The blue-jay, bully of the boughs,
Usurping any half-built house,
Comedian-brawler among leaves,
Roisterer, rascal, king of thieves.
The sentimental pewee's call,
Persuasive in its dying fall,
More languid than a pampered woman's.
The partridge ruffling out her summons.
Crow in his sheath of violet-jet.
A ravening scold in silhouette.
Conceited high-hole's much-ado.
Woodpecker's amorous tattoo.
The kingbird with imperial crest,
Quirring defiance from his nest.
Fat bobolink, impetuous singer,
Who, living, is a lavish flinger
Of notes too prodigal for man,
And, dead, the gourmet's ortolan.
The yellowthroat's beseeching phrase,
Void of self-pity or self-praise.
That country questioner, the chat;
Wrens who have all the answers pat.
The tanager's abrupt rebellion,
Taunting the greenery with vermilion.
Song-sparrow's mastery of change,
An opera in himself, whose range
The ear of flesh can never know.
The tropic-patterned vireo.
Metallic lustre, grating cackle,
That marks the iridescent grackle.
Those flakes of sky let loose, rose-breasted
Bodies lightly blueberry-dusted,
New England's liveliest muezzins,
The rusty robin's colored cousins.
Always a challenge, the unweary
Crescendo of the confident veery,
That thrush of overtones. And lush
As a long waterfall, the thrush
Himself, brown hermit of the trail,
Our lark, our more than nightingale,
Surpassing interval and scale. . . .
These are the happy ones; their breath
Is song, their element is faith.
Untouched by all the transient oddities
They do not traffic in commodities;
They neither kill for sport nor wear
A wreath of insects in their hair;
Their flight does not pollute the air;
Their mornings have no yesterdays
Who, in themselves, have infinite ways
Of turning petulance to praise;
Who never trick themselves with words. . . .
Gratefully I return to birds.

THIS tribute to music is one of many effective poems in the author's new volume, "God Beguiled" (Horace Liveright, New York):

TRIBUTE TO MUSIC

By George O'Neil

Call this music, this marvelous invasion
Of sounds mysteriously burdened through
The captivated ear. What odd persuasion
Coils into strings and pipes that they can do
Such subtle violence to any brain?
How is it that a finger touching wire
Or that a lip upon a whittled straw
Can wall a room with wings—by waving fire
Compel the languid pulse to drum in awe?

Now there are meadows in the mind with grain
Too bright for harvesting, too strange for bread;
Now there are stretches of a sea instead
Where gaunt waves crash upon earthly rock.

From heights where unimagined echoes fall
Fleet disembodied voices, scarcely heard,
Crying in over tones a breathless word
Of incommunicable power, unlock
The gates which have been closed against us. Call
This intricate illusion what you will:
With song we are allowed in Eden still.

A HIGH pitch of inspiration is reached in this excerpt from the author's new volume, "Time's Profile" (The Macmillan Company):

TO A TREE IN BLOOM

By Hildegarde Flanner

There is no silence lovelier than the one
That flowers upon a flowering tree at night.
There is no stillness known beneath the sun
That is so strange to bear, nor half so white.
If I had all that silence in my heart,
What yet unfinished heavens I could sing!
My words lift up and tremble to depart,
Then die in air, from too much uttering.
It must have been beneath a tree like this
An angel sought a girl in Galilee,
While she looked up and pondered how the kiss
Of God had come with wings and mystery.
It may be that a single petal fell,
Heavy with sorrow that it could not tell.

AMONG the "Stratford Poets" is "A Bachelor's Apology" (The Stratford Company, New York), and Mr. Curry, invoking Horace, pays a fitting tribute to the sleek-haired youth of to-day:

HORACE'S FIFTH ODE

(A Translation and Interpretation)

By George Curry

What strip of a boy with well-oiled pompadour,
Tanned shoes, sport socks, golf pants, and red necktie,
Bedewed with showers of perfume
Fall'n from clouds of smoke near by
Of cigarets, pours out his worthless love
To you, O Pyrrha, in some hidden nook
With roses 'round in blossom?
For whom is your bewitching face
Crowned with a radiant wealth of dark brown hair
Done up in simple neatness? O ye gods!
How often tears unmanly
Shall soothe his broken heart, when odds
Against him go, and gods keep faith no more
Than you, and he shall wonder, innocent soul.
At boisterous seas of troubles
When waves with darkening winds shall roll.
He now enjoys you, believing you all gold,
And for his love he hopes you'll e'er be free,
All other youths excluded,
And you will ever loving be.
Alas poor fool, the breeze now blows his way,
But if a handsomer love your soul should burn,
You'd pass him by unnoticed
Nor brown-eyed glances towards him turn.
Unhappy they to whom your untried charms
Still glitter. As for me, the temple walls
Declare in ocean pictures
Of voyaging lovers' dreadful falls
That I have hung my dripping garments up
To Neptune, ruler of the restless sea,
As thanks that I am living
And lover's scarecrow e'er to be.

BORROWED plumes never shine with the old luster; or read the parable as you like in *The New Statesman* (London):

THE DEAD GLEEMAN: A PARABLE

By Herbert E. Palmer

I

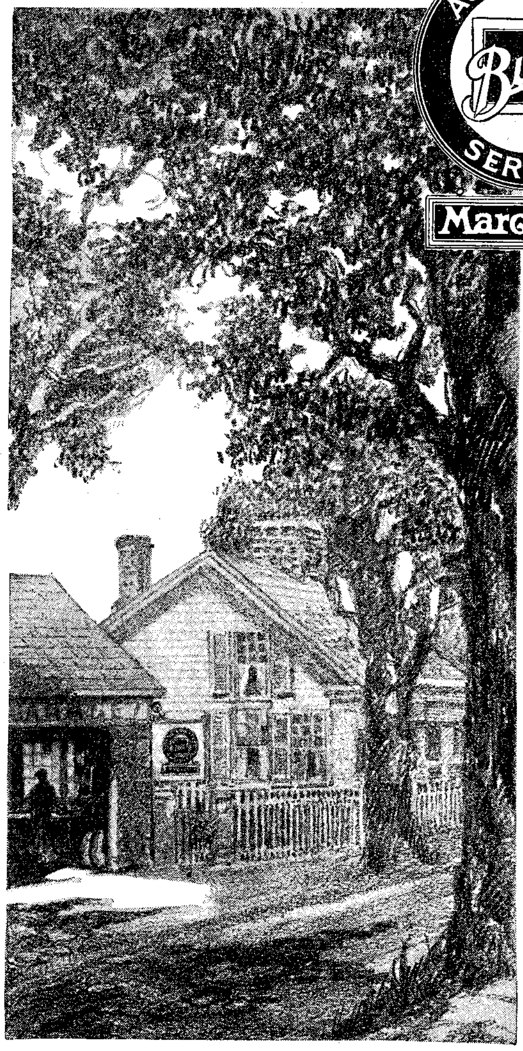
A gleeman lay down on a daisy-flecked lea
Of a long green cape of Normandy.
Sick, oh sick unto death was he!
He melted on the sunset, and sobbed into the sea.

II

But the night went away, and the light flared East,
And the black fowls gathered to his body's feast.
Higher and higher rose the sun,
And they watched in a ring till the dawn was gone.
The sun shone fiercely overhead,
But the lips never stirred, and the hands lay dead.
Said hoarse throat to hoarse throat, "O! here's to rejoice!
If I peck out his red lung I'll get a new voice.
How white are his hands, and blue his eyes!
Ere the year's at the Fall I'll have feathers like the skies."

III

And the sun rose East, and the sun set West,
And . . .
But you know how the ravens and the crows were blessed.
There came no music to the tree-top nest,
There came no color to the carbon breast.



THIS FRIENDLY SIGN ..EVERYWHERE

makes all America a Buick-Marquette neighborhood

ALL AMERICA is a Buick-Marquette neighborhood—because more than 4,000 Buick-Marquette service stations in all parts of the country are always neighbors to owners of Buick and Marquette cars.

The familiar blue and white insignia of authorized Buick-Marquette service extends a cordial greeting to these owners wherever they drive, in large towns and small, throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Buick built this service institution to provide an extra measure of owner satisfaction—to add *performance insurance* to the known reliability of its products—to assure Buick-Marquette owners perfect peace of mind.

In addition, Buick pursues a constant program of service education, including field service clinics for its representatives, that Buick and Marquette owners may enjoy thoroughly competent service.

These stations are manned by skilled mechanics, familiar with every phase of Buick-Marquette construction and pledged to uphold Buick-Marquette standards of workmanship.

They are equipped with special factory tools and supplied with complete stocks of genuine factory parts.

Moreover, Buick representatives dedicate themselves to the Buick service creed: to *satisfy the owner*—to serve him promptly, efficiently and courteously—to give him the maximum of service at the minimum of cost.

Buick-Marquette styling, Buick-Marquette performance and Buick-Marquette value have won universal favor. But there is this added reason why Buick and Marquette hold such outstanding leadership and have so many loyal friends:

Buick and Marquette owners ride under factory safeguard at all times. They enjoy the highest degree of travel security of any fine car owner group. Countrywide service is standard equipment with every Buick and Marquette car.

* * *

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Canadian Factories McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.	*Division of General Motors Corporation*	Builders of Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

WHEN JIM CROW COMES TO CHURCH

WHEN JIM CROW FOUND a disciple in an Episcopal Church in Brooklyn recently, much surprize and indignation was exprest by church and lay leaders of both races, tho a Philadelphia observer remarks that the Negro in the North knows that he is blackballed in restaurant, theater, and private social affairs, and that all the rector did was to expose "the hypocrisy and pretense that have enveloped the status of the Negro" above the Mason and Dixon line. Nevertheless, the action of the Rev. William S. Blackshear, Texas-born rector of St. Matthew's, in urging the Negro members of his congregation to join Episcopal churches of their own color in the neighborhood, and discouraging their further attendance at his own has brought the race question to an acute stage where it was least expected to arise. In taking his stand for a "white" church, Mr. Blackshear, who has the support of his vestry, does not imply that there is a Negro heaven or that the Sweet Chariot will not swing as low for the Negro as for the white faithful, but declares it is merely a matter of "church policy." Bishop Ernest M. Stires of Long Island, in whose diocese St. Matthew's is located, denies that the Episcopal Church has such a policy, and Mr. Blackshear is assailed not only by churchmen of his own creed, but as well by some of the leading ministers of other faiths in New York, tho they acknowledge that they may have unconsciously tended to commit the very same offense. The matter has been taken up by the Association for the Advancement of Colored People, headed by James Weldon Johnson, and it promises to come in for the closest scrutiny by the Church in the North, whereas in the South, we are reminded, the situation is happily compromised by universal and recognized segregation.

P. & A. photograph

WHITE SHEEP PREFERRED

The Rev. William S. Blackshear, rector of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, who would discourage "black" sheep in his congregation as a matter of "church policy."

As it is quoted in the metropolitan press, the paragraph in Mr. Blackshear's bulletin which raised the rumpus reads:

> "The Episcopal Church provides churches for Negroes. Several of these churches are within easy reach of this locality. They are in need of the loyal support of all true Negro churchmen. Therefore, the rector of this parish discourages the attendance or membership in this church of the members of that race."

This statement was later amplified by Mr. Blackshear, according to the New York *Herald Tribune*. After naming the neighboring colored churches which could be attended by the colored members of his congregation, Mr. Blackshear said, we read:

> "The Negroes who have been attending St. Matthew's are the type who could become leaders in a Negro church. I feel that it is my duty to uphold the policy of the Episcopal Church, and to lend aid at the same time to these Negro churches which need the members now attending white churches.
>
> "But beyond all that—and there is no use beating around the bush about it—this is a white church and I intend to keep it white. The present Negro members will be permitted to remain until they can arrange to go somewhere else. No new Negro members will be received."

"Any form of ecclesiastical snobbishness is unchristian," says Bishop Stires in replying to the demand of James Weldon Johnson that he take disciplinary action against the offending rector. Bishop Stires recites that Mr. Blackshear completely denies excluding colored people from St. Matthew's, states that he has assured them of his cordial respect, and asserts that he feels that the colored parishes would be strengthened by having the colored members from St. Matthew's, and the Bishop then goes on, as we quote from the press:

> "I admit that this statement does not entirely avoid the suggestion of drawing a color line, and it is my personal conviction that we must avoid drawing any such line in the House of God or at the Lord's table. All true Christians are members of one family in Christ. In two former parishes I had colored communicants, and my relations with them were as close and affectionate as with any members of my parish. I never found it necessary to suggest that I did not desire any more, and in my opinion such an announcement is indefensible. The Rev. Mr. Blackshear knows that this is the Bishop's firm conviction.
>
> "In the discussion of the incident to which your letter refers, many persons have suggested that disciplinary action should be taken. The Church, wisely, I think, has never legislated upon such matters of parochial policy, but the moral and spiritual law of the Church is well understood, and is as effective as if exprest in canons, and it is that in the church as a whole, in the episcopate, in the ministry, in the membership of its parishes and missions, the members of the colored race are cordially and gratefully welcomed, and that no unhappy distinction of whatsoever kind can set them apart from their white brethren in Christ."

Keystone View Company

FEEDS "BLACK" SHEEP, TOO

Bishop Ernest M. Stires, who is convinced "that we must avoid drawing any color line in the House of God or at the Lord's table."

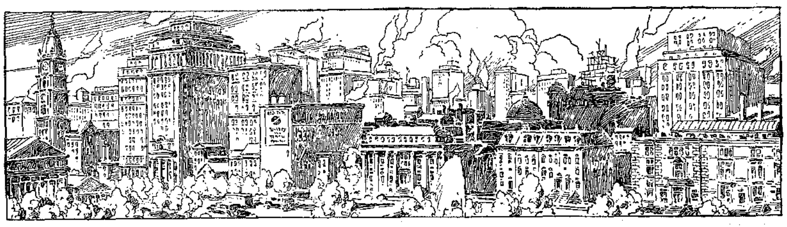
Despite this, Mr. Blackshear reiterated his stand in a statement prepared for the annual conference of the Episcopal clergy of the Long Island diocese, which met after the publication of the Bishop's letter. Declaring it his duty to maintain the "integrity" of his parish and expressing at the same time his desire to advance the kingdom of God among the Negro race, Mr. Blackshear goes on, we read in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> "My theory (and it is not a novelty) for the solution of our race problem is a 'parallel civilization' for all races, especially so in a nation where two races so distinct as are the Negro and

You are Paying for a Packard
Why not Own One?

The important thing to consider in purchasing a car is the cost of *owning*—not the cost of *buying*.

Operation and maintenance costs are not less because first cost is less. Even if first cost is twice as much, final cost is no greater if the car is driven twice as long. Analyze ownership costs in the light of these facts and you will find that you can enjoy the luxury of Packard transportation—at no greater expense than for cars priced down to half as much.



PHILADELPHIA RECORDS PROVE IT

Gasoline, oil and tire costs as between a Packard Standard Eight and any other car *down to half its price* are substantially the same throughout the entire country.

It costs no more to garage the Packard, and but little more for license and insurance. Upkeep and repairs for the Packard are usually less because of quality manufacture and the protection of built-in precision by centralized "instant" chassis lubrication.

The somewhat higher first cost of the Packard Standard Eight over ordinary cars is completely offset by the fact that Packard cars are built to provide and *do* provide many extra thousands of miles of luxurious and trouble-free transportation.

Even in Philadelphia, for example, where there are many of great wealth who can afford to buy cars frequently, the average life of Packard cars turned in to Packard dealers is half again longer than that of the lower priced cars turned in.

Philadelphia owners are proving that their Packard transportation is no more expensive than that afforded by cars of less prestige.

More and more Philadelphia motorists are discovering that Packard ownership involves no higher costs. Three out of every five purchasers of Packard Standard Eights in Philadelphia give up other makes of cars to join the ranks of Packard owners.

And once in the Packard family, they usually remain, for Philadelphia records show that only 7 out of every 100 Packard owners ever change to other transportation.

What is true in Philadelphia is true throughout the entire United States. Packard owners keep their cars far longer—secure in the knowledge that Packard has never depreciated cars in service by frequent and radical changes in the characteristic beauty of Packard design.

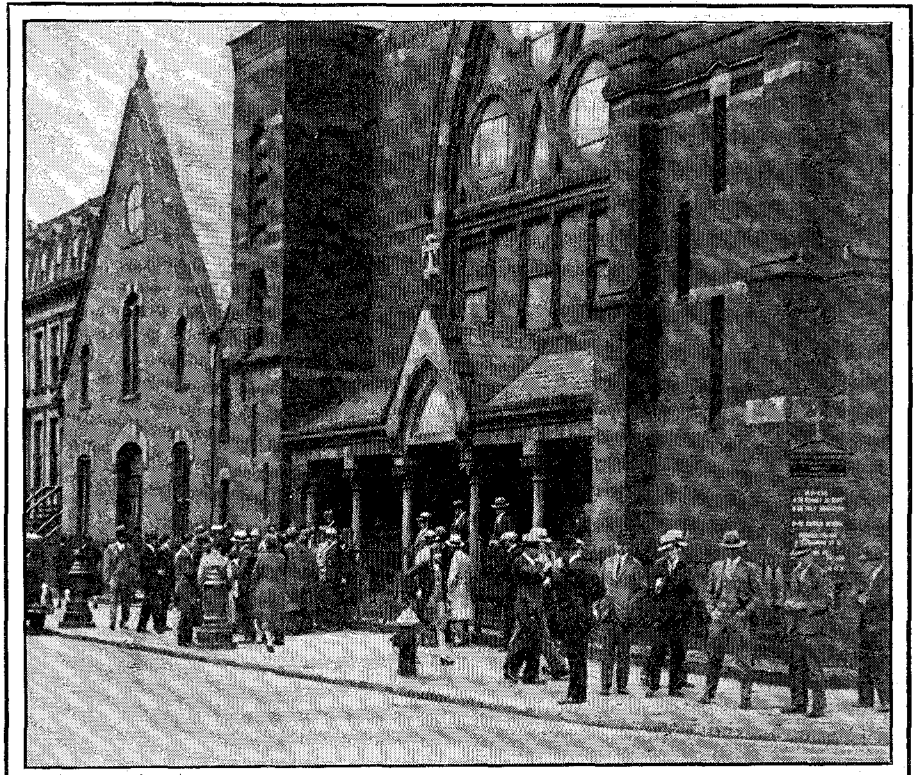
The Packard dealer in your own city will gladly show you with pencil and paper how the costs of Packard ownership compare with your present motoring costs.

Figure with him and you will find that you can enjoy the luxury and distinction of Packard transportation at no greater cost.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT - - - MICHIGAN

ASK
THE MAN
WHO OWNS
ONE

> the white man live side by side in such large numbers. Such a parallel civilization seems to be the very law of nature.
>
> "Every man has a perfect right to his own opinion as to what is the solution for our race problems, but when one conscientiously seeks to better a condition or solve a problem, he must face facts. Now the fact is, no matter what your theory or mine may be, that a Negro member of a white congregation has not the full scope for development of his parochial life that is offered to him in a congregation composed of his own race. Therefore I feel it my duty to do all in my power to encourage his alliance with Negro bodies.
>
> "As a rule it is also true that the very Negroes who prefer to attend a white church are the type that could and probably would become leaders in a Negro congregation, thus aiding the cause of Christ among their race and developing their own powers of leadership."



P. & A. photograph

"THIS IS A WHITE CHURCH AND I INTEND TO KEEP IT WHITE"

Says the Rev. William S. Blackshear of his church, St. Matthew's, in Brooklyn. In a public announcement he advises the colored members of his congregation to attend Negro churches, which "are in need of the loyal support of all true Negro churchmen."

Forty-two Protestant clergymen, many of them of national reputation, signed a statement roundly condemning the attitude of Mr. Blackshear and his congregation, but, they say, as we quote from the published statement:

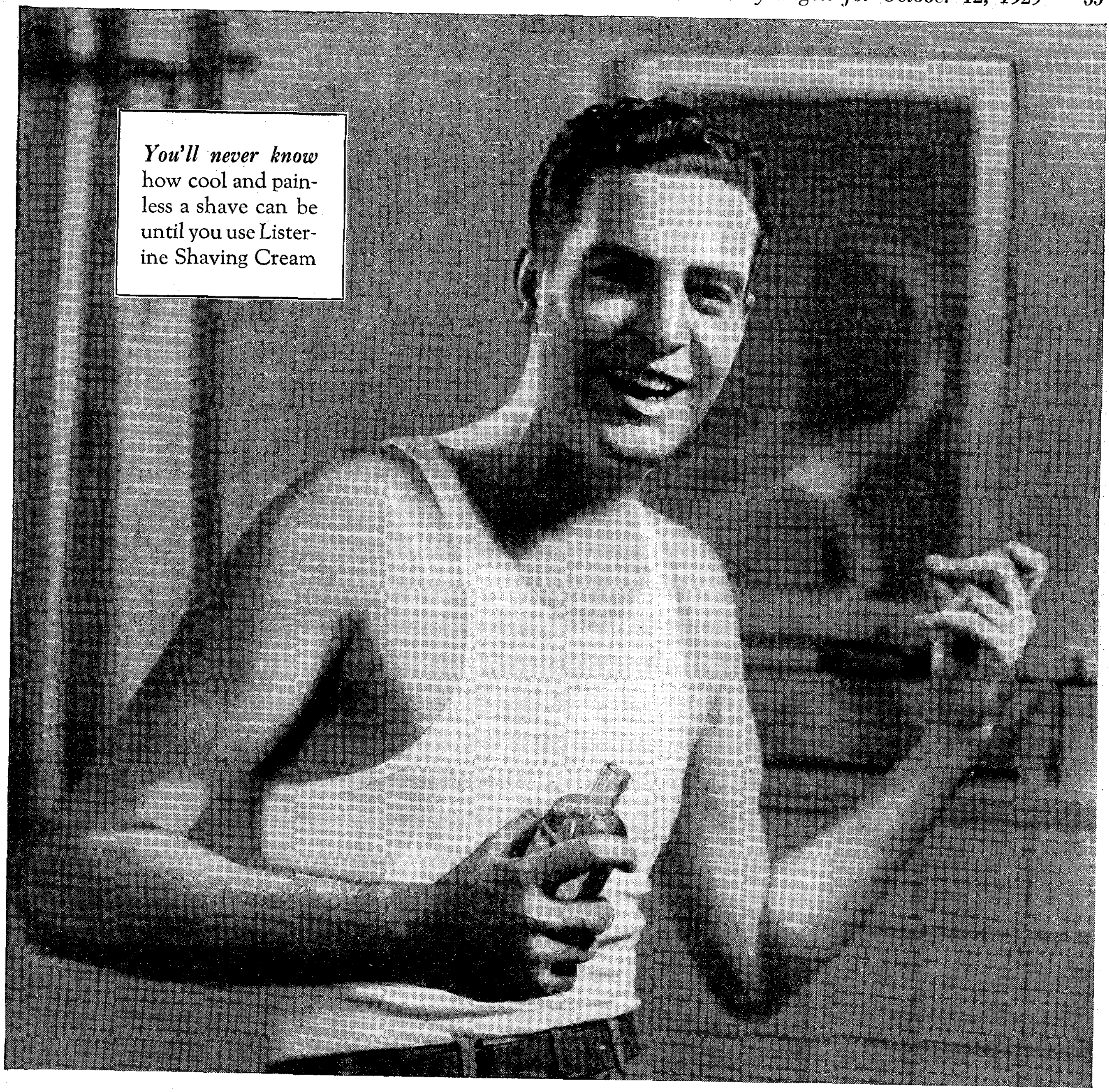
> "What he and his congregation have done openly, many of us have tended to do subtly, tho perhaps unconsciously.
>
> "Again and again our missionaries at home and abroad have been embarrassed by the failure of churches to make themselves inclusive, altho professing a religion which transcends racial barriers.
>
> "While attention is being fastened upon a single instance, we confess a more general guilt and perplexity. If the Church seriously intends to make her congregations spiritual fellowships, she must look squarely at this by no means easy question, by rendering it homelike to folk of various races.
>
> "We therefore think it behooves us and our fellow churchmen to reexamine the nature of the religion we claim to be universal, to study the situation in our own neighborhoods, and to endeavor to create brotherhoods worthy of the name of Jesus."

The sentiment of Brooklyn should not be mistaken, comments the Brooklyn *Daily Times* sternly. "It is against Mr. Blackshear. The people of this city will not permit the introduction of 'Jim Crow' methods here. . . . And surely the Church of the Christ Who died for all will not permit itself to be made the vehicle and victim of race discrimination, odious and repellent to all men of good-will." "Race prejudice is not wholly a matter of section," observes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "and no doubt there is in St. Matthew's plenty of prejudice against the presence of Negroes at services." That, however, we are told, is no excuse for Mr. Blackshear's action. "Ordinary consideration, to say nothing of Christianity, which is supposed to transcend race lines, should have restrained this rector's utterances and spared the feelings of the colored people who had come to his church to worship a God who makes no distinction between human beings." Reminding us that Christ sat with publicans and sinners, the New York *World* says that "by debarring Negro worshipers from his congregation Mr. Blackshear has drawn the color line more rigidly than it is drawn in many churches of his own denomination in the Black Belt of the South," and it wonders "if he expects the line to be drawn also in the Great Beyond." Whatever justification the South has in maintaining a color line, comments the Schenectady *Union Star*, "the Church that professes the brotherhood of man under the eternal fatherhood of God has no warrant for discrimination. Jesus taught us that we were brethren, and the Apostle Paul wrote 'there is neither bond nor free,' and again 'God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth.'" Mr. Blackshear, says the Camden *Post*, "has drawn the color line in civilized New York more tightly than it is drawn in the most uncivilized sections of the deep South." From another Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. Lorin Bradford Young, assistant at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, comes this criticism, as it is quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune:* "The Church that excludes Negroes excludes Christ. Exclusive Christianity is no Christianity. A white man's church is not a church of Christ."

But as a matter of fact, the Philadelphia *Record* tells us frankly, all that Mr. Blackshear did "was to act in public as the whites of the North do in private":

> "They like to pretend that Negroes are granted equality of treatment in the North. But we are fooling no one, least of all the Negro himself.
>
> "He knows that he can not buy a good seat in any theater in a Northern city. He knows that he will not be served in any first-class restaurant. He knows that he will receive no invitation to private social affairs of whites.
>
> "He knows that he can not hope for advancement beyond a certain low point in any business or industry operated by whites. Social equality is forbidden. That is not such a great hardship. But economic equality is also banned. That hurts.
>
> "It may be said that, while all this is true, this bar should not extend to the House of God, in Whose eyes all men are equal.
>
> "Certainly it should not, but it does. It is doubtful if there is a church in any Northern city, the congregation of which is preponderantly white, which encourages Negro attendance. It is doubtful if there are any such churches which do not quietly but determinedly discourage it.
>
> "The Brooklyn pastor merely said, 'Let's have no hypocrisy about this matter.'
>
> "Unchristian? Certainly. But not in the least unusual. At least there was no pretense or deceit about it, and this frankness may lead to better understanding and fairer dealing with this problem. Pretending that there is no problem involves unnecessary harshness and resentment."

How is it in the South? The Charlotte *Observer* reminds us that under the old-time conditions the Southern churches were provided with galleries for special use of the colored people, who had been raised up to worship with the white folks, and where they had "an ever-cordial welcome." Then came the new era. Colleges turned out Negro preachers, and congregations were provided. "The galleries in the white churches were deserted, and the Negroes flocked to churches of their own, in the buildings in which the white people's pocketbooks were active factors." They are finely organized, and now, we read:



You'll never know how cool and painless a shave can be until you use Listerine Shaving Cream

cools . . AFTER SHAVING . . *protects*

If you want a real treat in face comfort, do this tomorrow morning after you shave: Simply douse full strength Listerine on your face.

Immediately you note a glow of health—a tingling, zippy sensation that wakes up your skin.

Then, as Listerine dries, a wonderful feeling of coolness, as though a moist sea breeze were blowing against your cheeks. Gone that feeling of rawness. Gone that burning sensation.

Moreover, it eliminates the risk of infection. Because full strength Listerine, though safe and healing in action, kills germs in counts ranging up to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds.

Some men are so delighted with the freshening effect of Listerine on the face that they employ it before important engagements at which they must look their best. Try it yourself sometime. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Try it, madam, as an

ASTRINGENT

The same qualities that make Listerine soothing after shaving, recommend its use by women as an astringent. Incidentally, it is a very economical one. Your wife will be glad to know about it.

the safe antiseptic **LISTERINE**

Kills 200,000,000 Germs in Fifteen Seconds

"In the South, the Negroes do not want to impose themselves on white congregations. They have their individual churches and their own preachers, and from arrangement of the kind they would revolt in prospect of an undertaking in divorcement. If the negro members of Rector Blackshear's church were transplanted to the South, they would feel ashamed at the prospect of being directed to membership in our white church, for the idea prevailing down here among the colored folks is that the Sweet Chariot never swings quite so low at the door of a white church as it does at the door of their own church. For them, it not only swings lower, but the extension step is put out."

GOD IN THE ELECTRON

HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE ELECTRON, which brought him the Nobel prize in physics in 1923, has given Robert Andrews Millikan a vaster perspective of God and His handiwork, he says, than that visioned by some of the ancients. And of the three great ideas given to the world Professor Millikan places first the idea of the Golden Rule, "the greatest proponent of which who ever lived was Jesus of Nazareth." The other two are the gifts of science—the idea of natural law and the idea of age-long growth, or evolution, which Dr. Millikan harnesses together in his concept of God moving through an ordered and orderly creation. What this famous scientist has to say of his religious belief, appearing in an article in *The Forum*, is an important contribution to the religious thought of to-day, for science, as he sees it, has strengthened belief rather than, as some think, robbed it of authenticity in the modern mind. Speaking of the two major contributions of science to human progress, Professor Millikan writes:

"The ancient world, in all the main body of its thinking, believed that God, or Nature, or the Universe, whichever term you prefer, was a being of caprice and whim. To-day, however, we think of a God who rules through law, or a Nature capable of being depended upon, or a Universe of consistency, of orderliness, and of the beauty that goes with order. This idea has made modern science, and it is unquestionably the foundation of modern civilization. Because of this discovery, or because of the introduction of this idea into human thinking, and because of the faith of the scientist in it, he has been able to harness the forces of nature and to make them do the work that enslaved human beings were forced to do in all preceding civilizations.

"Yes, and much more than this; for it is not merely the material side of life that this idea has changed. It has also revolutionized the whole mode of thought of the race. It has changed the philosophical and religious conceptions of mankind. It has laid the foundations for a new and stupendous advance in man's conception of God, for a sublimer view of the world, and of man's place and destiny in it. The anthropomorphic God of the ancient world—the God of human passions, frailties, caprices, and whims—is gone, and with him the old duty to propitiate him, so that he might be induced to treat you better than your neighbor. Can any one question the advance that has been made in diminishing the prevalence of these medieval, essentially childish, and essentially selfish ideas? The new God is the God of law and order; the new duty, to know that order and to get into harmony with it, to learn how to make the world a better place for mankind to live in, not merely how to save your individual soul. However, once destroy our confidence in the principle of uniformity, our belief in the rule of law, and our effectiveness immediately disappears, our method ceases to be dependable, and our laboratories become deserted."

The evolutionary concept, asserts Professor Millikan, is absolutely essential to an understanding of the development both of religion and of science. There is, he says, obviously no incompatibility between science and the essentials of religion. But between science and "the long-since-vanished conceptions of the universe, or of God, frozen in ancient man-made creeds" there is "inescapable conflict." And "in so far as these creedal excrescences have covered up, or displaced, the essentials of religion," he believes, "there are obviously no alternatives except (1) to remove that sort of a deadening growth from the heart of religion, or, failing that, either (2) to desert a hopeless religion, or (3) to give up science." Fortunately, he finds, no such choice is necessary in the United States, where "religion has been able to develop wholly untrammeled by political interference, and in many of its branches has been absolutely free to evolve without the restraining influence of central authority." As he sees it:

"Within the United States, then, there is not the slightest reason why religion can not keep completely in step with the demands of our continuously growing understanding of the world. Here religious groups are to be found which correspond to practically every stage in the development of our knowledge and understanding. Personally, I believe that essential religion is one of the world's supremest needs, and I believe that one of the greatest contributions that the United States ever can, or ever will, make to world progress—greater by far than any contribution which we ever have made, or can make, to the science of Government—will consist in *furnishing an example to the world of how the religious life of a nation can evolve intelligently, inspiringly, reverently, completely divorced from all unreason, all superstition, and all unwholesome emotionalism.*"

THE APOSTLES "DEBUNKED"

PETER, JAMES, AND JOHN could not have entered the Illinois Methodist Conference, believes Bishop Edgar Blake of Indianapolis, tho, by all the tenets of the Christian faith, the three Disciples were able to enter Heaven. In an address before the recent Methodist Laymen's Conference at Decatur, Illinois, quoted by the Associated Press, Bishop Blake characterized the Twelve Disciples as "a tough lot of Galilean fishermen who quarreled and swore and were self-seekers." The first thing they said when they forsook their boats and approached Jesus, stated the Bishop, was: "What are we going to get out of this?" Bishop Blake also declared, we read further, that the Disciples even quarreled and curst among themselves on the way to Gethsemane. They deserted Christ at the Crucifixion, he said, but he pointed out that after the Resurrection, when Jesus called for them to come to Him, they were repentant and redeemed themselves. The Associated Press reports that the Bishop apologized for the manner in which he assailed the Disciples, and offered to halt his talk if the laymen wished, but that he was not interrupted.

This is one side of the picture, but it must be remembered, points out the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, that the Twelve were not self-constituted leaders of a new sect. Instead:

"They were deliberately chosen by the Master. With all their acknowledged weaknesses they represented a fair cross section of humanity, and just that section of humanity peculiarly fitted for bearing witness to the Gospel.

"Christianity was a revolt against intellectualism and caste in religion. It discarded the syllogism for a supreme act of faith. It asserted the intrinsic value and equality of every human soul before God. Respectability and aristocracy did not capture the Church until the age of Constantine. Almost every succeeding age has had its Francis of Assisi or its William Booth.

"The Illinois Conference should hesitate before barring its doors to men privileged to stand on the Mount of Transfiguration, to hold vigil in the Garden of Gethsemane, to receive the gift of the Holy Spirit, and to batter down the structure of philosophy and aristocracy which the Mediterranean basin once believed was secure for all time.

"The grandest hymn of the church rightly calls these quarrelsome fishermen the glorious company of the Apostles."

The four Gospels are singularly frank, comments the Hartford *Courant*, which says that the facts cited by Bishop Blake are known to every person who reads the New Testament to find good rules for living rather than arguments to bolster his own prejudices. Looking at it further, *The Courant* says:

"The change in these men, taken from the lower classes, is one of the great arguments for Christianity. Before the death of their Master the Apostles were sordid, ignorant, passionate, narrow-minded, intolerant, and frightened. They suffered a change nothing less than miraculous. They faced calmly, if indeed they did not actually court, torture and death when a very slight concession might have saved their lives—tho it would have ended Christianity. They laughed at death in any form, and their followers have overspread the world.

"Bishop Blake should have emphasized this fact, for even tho Peter, James, and John might not have got into the Illinois Conference, without them there would have been no conference."

People who work indoors need this health protection

says Italy's great intestinal specialist

PROF. DR. PAOLO ALESSANDRINI is chief physician of all the hospitals of Rome. At the University of Rome he lectures on diseases of stomach and intestines. So crowded are his days that he rises at three in the morning to write the medical articles which have made him known to doctors everywhere. He bears the title of Chevalier of the Italian Crown.

"To check constipation and correct indigestion," Dr. Alessandrini says, "yeast has long been famous. Its laxative action is stimulating, not irritating. As the richest source of vitamin B it is particularly useful in run down states of health.

"Now the health value of fresh yeast has been doubled. When 'irradiated,' it is especially rich in vitamin D, the 'sunshine' vitamin, which builds hard bones and sound teeth. It should be a godsend to those who work indoors."

A flood of living yeast plants is released in your digestive tract by each cake of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast.

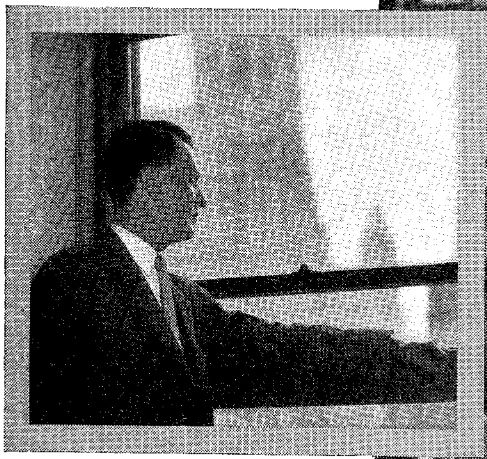
Gently stimulating, these tiny yeast plants reawaken sluggish intestines and soften the clogging food wastes. When constipation goes, appetite and digestion quicken. Fresh new energy is released. Telltale skin eruptions disappear.

And now this famous food brings you an *added* health protection. The new "irradiated" Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest food source by far of the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin.

Most people, especially those of growing age (under twenty-five), need the "sunshine" vitamin daily. It builds sound bones and teeth. It makes your body harder, tougher. It is essential for expectant and nursing mothers.

Has confining work indoors brought dull, headachy half-health? Fleischmann's fresh Yeast, eaten daily, will bring quick, *natural* health renewal. Start today!

On the Air! Fleischmann's Yeast Radio Hour! Thursday evenings, 47 associated N. B. C. stations.



"At the end of the day too tired to enjoy the evening"

New York, N. Y.

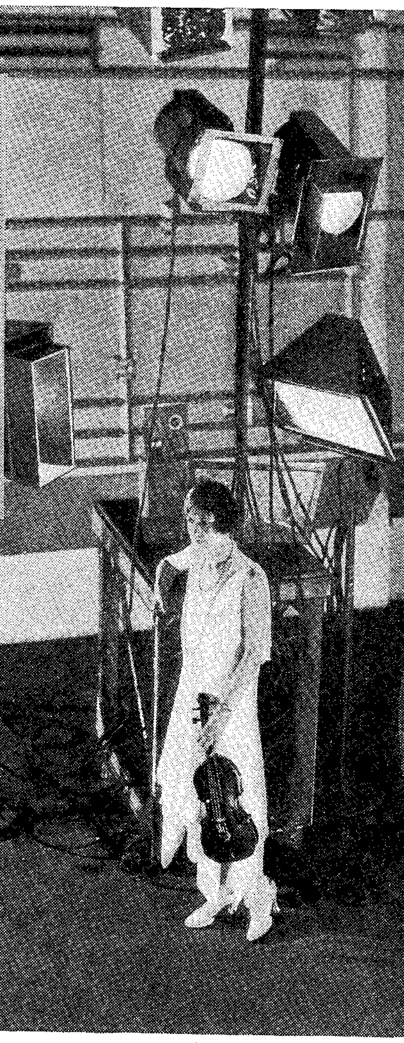
"What the great doctors have said about yeast is certainly matched by my own experience.

"Close confinement to my desk day after day without exercise resulted, two years ago, in 'nervous' stomach and constipation. Miserable headaches would stay with me for days.

"What three cakes a day of yeast did for me hardly seems possible. Suddenly I realized my constipation had been corrected. I could eat my meals without discomfort. I laughed at office difficulties which formerly had me stumped.

"I am still eating yeast. I find it keeps me in splendid condition."

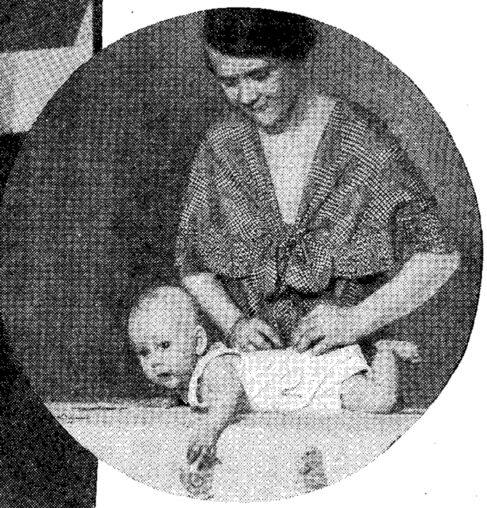
H. J. LLOYD



"Playing on the Keith Circuit means indoor work and different food every day," writes Miss Helen Delvey of New Orleans. "For years I had indigestion and constipation. After eating Fleischmann's Yeast, my constipation has disappeared. My complexion has improved a hundred per cent."

"Even caring for Jean had become a burden"

"Even the best baby ties a mother down," writes Mrs. W. A. Peters of Stamford, Conn. "I became nervous and irritable—my skin was terrible. My doctor suggested yeast. It improved my disposition and stopped my tiresome 'miseries'."



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FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
VITAMINS B-D
FOR BETTER HEALTH

EAT 3 CAKES DAILY of Fleischmann's Yeast, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Send for booklet. Health Research Dept. C137, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St. N.Y.C.

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NOW ON SALE!

The New FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST contains Vitamin B and the "Sunshine" Vitamin D

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

TAPS FOR HUGGINS: A GREAT LITTLE BEAR-TAMER

"YOU CAN'T MAKE A MUG OUT OF ME!" bellowed the giant to his diminutive companion. "I never liked you anyhow. For two pins I'd smack you right in the face!"

The little fellow got to his feet, relates Ford C. Frick in "The Life Story of Miller Huggins," written for the New York *Evening Journal*, and, "like a bantam rooster daring a turkey-cock to combat, he stept close to the big chap and shook a miniature finger in his face, retorting hotly: 'I couldn't make a mug out of you if I tried. God did that, long ago. I'm not afraid of you. If I weighed forty pounds more, I'd give you a licking right now. I'd smack you right in the face and make you like it.' The Big Fellow backed up, but the tiny chap stept nearer. 'What I said goes! You're through with this ball club. Get out of that uniform and get out quick! That crack will cost you $5,000 cash money, and that goes! You're through, hear me! Through! Now, get out!' And the Big Fellow got. As the door slammed, the little chap heaved a deep sigh and turned back to his locker. 'It had to come, sooner or later,' he sighed. 'Now it's over. I'll make a real man out of that guy yet.'"

International Newsreel photograph

THE HATCHET BURIED, FRIENDSHIP WAS BORN

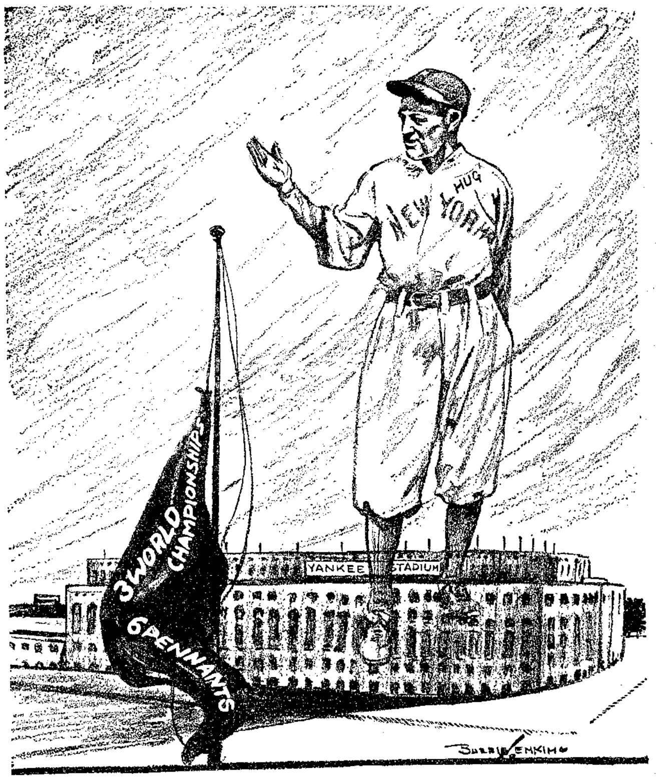
A powerful bond of mutual sympathy, respect, and admiration sprang up between Miller Huggins and Babe Ruth after their famous feud.

That stirring scene, Mr. Frick tells us, took place early in September, 1925, in the visiting club-house at Sportsman's Park, in St. Louis. One of the disputants is described as "a big, burly, thick-necked, heavy-featured chap—220 pounds of brawn and muscle"—who was "grumbling as he peeled off his dust-smeared uniform." The other was "a little, weazened leather-faced fellow whose head scarce reached to the other man's shoulder." If further identification be needed:

> The Big Fellow, in case you haven't already guessed it, was Babe Ruth. The little chap was Miller Huggins—and the incident there in the visiting club-house, amid the débris of soiled uniforms and the aroma of rubbing liniment, was the turning-point of a career that began in the oblivion of a little Ohio sand-lot diamond, and ended yesterday as a sports world bowed in silent tribute to the memory of the little fellow with the big heart.

And Arthur Mann, in *The Evening World*, gives us this sketch of the Babe, on the eve of Huggins's passing, asking publicly for prayers for the little manager's recovery:

> Ruth stood before the silent gathering of men at the Cambridge Knights of Columbus and asked every one present to pray, and for them to ask every one they knew to pray, that Huggins might recover. To-day, Ruth is a silent and thoughtful man. The little figure that crouched in the Yankee dugout for twelve years is now a memory. For the first time in his life, Babe Ruth has no manager. He is filled with remorse, certain that a great little guy and a square-shooter has passed into the shadows.
>
> It must be known by now that the Yankees have been more than a team of great ball-players, hitting when hits meant runs, and out-classing opponents with crass superiority. There was good pitching and good hitting, to be sure, but still something more, and until that something could be inserted into their actions, they were the personification of mediocrity.
>
> That intangible something, inexpressible but vital, was the genius and fire of Miller Huggins. He was first a thinker, then a philosopher. He employed a wisdom that would have made him a success in any field of competition. It was upon this unseen power that the Yankees fed and thrived. It is no wonder, then, that the team feels a deep personal loss at his passing. If such is possible, he was the team.
>
> Despite the presence of three coaches in charge of the club, Babe Ruth is leading the Yankees. He is the only one who can impart that intangible something which formed the basis of



FAREWELL!

—Burris Jenkins, Jr., in the New York *Evening World*.

Brilliant New Models

CADILLACS — LA SALLES — FLEETWOODS

Here are, in all probability, the most highly perfected and completely appointed motor-cars ever created.

TWO very striking and impressive facts will be revealed to you by even the most casual study of the new Cadillacs, La Salles and Fleetwoods.

The first is that Cadillac's great social and reputation value is expressed—in these new models—in price values that are far and away the most generous offerings in the fine car field.

The second is that every car in these three groups is characterized by a meticulous regard for details that surpasses even Cadillac's finest previous creations.

Nothing has been left undone, in equipment, finish and appointment, to achieve the very utmost in comfort, safety, dependability, driving facility, roominess and luxurious environment.

More Power—Easier Handling—Safer

The new Cadillac-La Salle V-type power plants establish these cars, more emphatically than ever, as the outstanding performers of their own exclusive class. Smoother-than-ever operation, eager velvety responsiveness at low speeds, and a super-abundance of power for any and every emergency, combine to excel even Cadillac's enviable reputation for brilliant performance.

The Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission and the Safety-Mechanical Four-Wheel Brakes, which have revolutionized gear-shifting and braking, and both of which are protected by basic patents and are, therefore, not available in any other car, have been raised to new heights of efficiency and ease of operation.

In all the new Cadillac-La Salle windows, doors and windshields, the indispensable protection of non-shatterable Security-Plate Glass is standard equipment.

A new harmonized steering system makes these cars amazingly easy to handle both in city traffic and in cross-country driving.

Radiant New Body Lines and Fittings

Lower and longer in appearance than ever before, the new Cadillac-La Salle Fisher and Fleetwood bodies reveal a new conception of the streamline effect that is the very spirit of fleetness, poise and power.

Luxurious in new artistic color combinations and special fittings, with new touches of modernity in the fashioning of mouldings, louvres and valances, these Fisher and Fleetwood bodies establish a decidedly unique and singular criterion of quiet elegance and quality in coachcraft.

Drive One of These New Models

Just a single ride in these new Cadillacs and La Salles, just a turn at the wheel of one of them, and you will concede that here are, in all probability, the most highly perfected and completely appointed motor-cars ever created. Any Cadillac-La Salle dealer will cheerfully place one of these new cars at your disposal.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY · · DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Yankee successes. To-day they are looking to Ruth as wandering sheep harken to the bell-carrier. Ruth is a man to-day, awake to the responsibilities which the passing of years thrust upon us. His presence on this particular club is a comfort. He prayed before his fellow men, and prayed as his great frame filled to overflowing with remorse. I wish Miller Huggins could have known of Ruth's feelings. The painful hours surely would have been a bit easier. The Yankees are a sorry group to-day. They respected their manager and his unerring judgment. "He made me," was the most that the younger players could say.

A dramatic account of how the Yankees, in the middle of a game with the Red Sox, received the news of their manager's death, is given by a New York *World* correspondent in Boston. He wires:

Grim reality, unbidden, unwanted, stalked into the world of make-believe at Fenway Park this afternoon, casting a chilling shadow over thousands of men, women, and children standing in silent tribute to the memory of Miller Huggins, Yankee manager. Then Umpire Bill McGowan looked at his watch and the Yankees and Red Sox resumed their game.

It was known before the game began that Huggins was seriously ill. As the players drest for the game it was known that he was dying, but in the heat of the contest the knowledge slipt into the background, and few on the field noticed when in the third inning the flag in distant center field fluttered and started a slow descent from the top of the staff.

Half-way down the white pole it stopt and drooped in a dying breeze, a mute signal that one of the greatest leaders of the game had passed on. The game went on, uninterrupted, and it was debated whether to keep the news from the New York players.

Finally they were told. A shudder rippled along the Yankee bench; a choked voice, a sound in the throat that might have been the start of a nervous cough or a stifled sob, a tightening of toughened, sun-browned jaws. The Yankee bench remained inarticulate with the numbness which only close personal tragedy can leave.

Then Earl Combs broke down and wept unashamedly. The Babe waved away a questioner in scowling silence. The carefree banter of the dugout was stilled in an instant as the men looked at each other, out across the field, and finally at Charley O'Leary and Art Fletcher, who are handling the club.

The temporary leaders looked at their men, and the silence finally was broken with nothing more than a prosaic, "Well, we'll have to finish the game. Let's get it over with."

Before the sixth inning started, the players of both teams and the umpires gathered about the plate bare-headed. The announcer's voice boomed through his uplifted megaphone, "We'll all stand in one minute of silent prayer in memory of Miller Huggins, manager of the Yankees who has just died."

A rustle flickered through the stands as the crowd, slow to grasp the situation, shuffled to its feet, and then silence dropt over the field to displace the rumbling cheers that had echoed through the park but a few moments before.

It was an impressive moment, broken by a sudden movement at the plate as McGowan snapt shut his watch, motioned the little band of players around him into action, and turned to his station.

The game went on, hoots, jeers, and cheers again filled the air, the players fought for every point, and the Yankees won. Save when action called for words, they went through the game in the same tight-lipped silence that first gript them on the bench.

The Yankees moved on to Providence that night, and a New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent tells us that Babe Ruth, silent and distraught, retired early, saying only:

"You know how I feel about it. He was my friend. Say anything you want that will express my feelings. He was a great guy, and I got a kick out of doing things that would help him. I am sorry he couldn't win the last pennant he tried for. We all will miss him more every day."

Lou Gehrig declared he felt that the bottom had fallen out of life. Huggins was his baseball Bible.

"I guess I'll miss him more than any one," said Gehrig, with a shake of his head. "Next to my father and mother he was the best friend a boy could have. He told me I was the rawest, most awkward rookie that ever came into baseball. He taught me everything I know.

"He gave me my job. He advised me on salary. He taught me how to invest my money, and because of him I have everything anybody could ask in a material way. There never was a more patient or more pleasant man to work for. I can't realize that he won't join us again."

"I've got plenty to think about now," said Leo Durocher. "Huggins was the only friend I had, the only one who thought I might make good some day. He stuck with everybody that stuck with him. All that he asked was your best, and I'm glad that I never gave him anything but the best that was in me."

"I was on the Yankees before Hug came," Bob Shawkey said to-night, "and I soon learned that he was the keenest student of the game that baseball has known. He never 'crabbed.' He took his defeats in the same manner that he won his victories. I doubt that there was a manager who placed such confidence in the judgment of the men under him. He was a sincere friend of mine, and I am happy to have counted him as one, and to have worked with him."

Bob Quinn, owner of the Red Sox, said, as the Yankees left: "Miller Huggins never got credit for what he did in baseball. He contributed as much as any other single factor, and people will realize it more and more as the seasons slip by. He was the same winning as when losing, and that is the truest sign of a sportsman."

"He made me; that's all," declared Tony Lazzeri. "And I don't think anybody could bring along a kid player like Huggins could. I'm sorry to see him go like this."

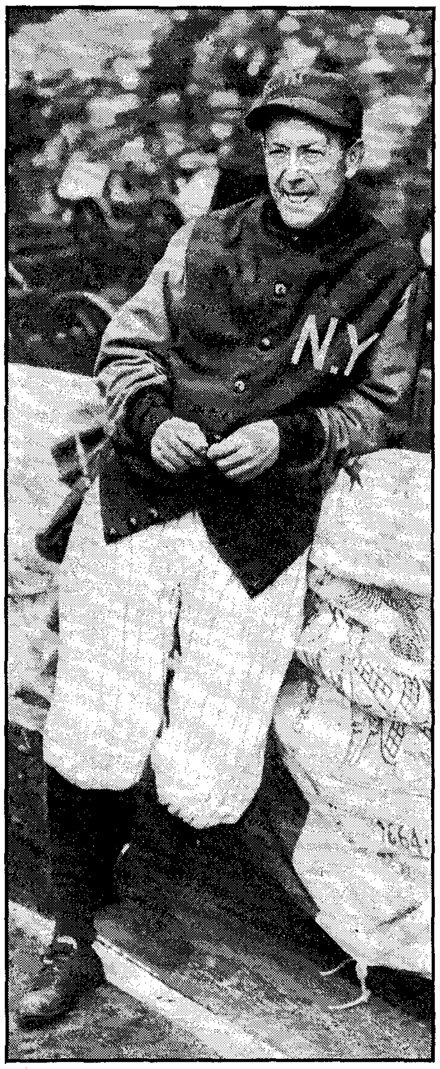
Charley O'Leary was on the verge of tears throughout the evening.

"He brought me to New York, and made everything possible for me. Nobody was whiter or fairer. I can't say what I feel, and I don't believe anybody can."

These are only a few of the sentiments exprest by the Yankees as they left Boston for the season to-night. Each was the picture of sorrow. Each felt a personal loss, especially those young players like Pipgras, Combs, Paschal, Durst, and Koenig, who were brought up and made stars by Miller Huggins.

No manager could mean more to the men who worked for him. No team of players could respect a manager more, and the deep sense of personal loss reflected by the entire club is only a hint of what this departed figure actually meant to the players he directed.

Tears were seen frequently to-night in the eyes that have defied the best pitching of the game. Little Eddie Bennett, mascot of the Yankees for ten years, was grief-stricken. "If the public could only know him as we knew him, how great he was to work for, and how little he actually said, they would appreciate him for what he really was."


International Newsreel photograph

"A GREAT LITTLE GUY WHO KNEW HIS BASEBALL"

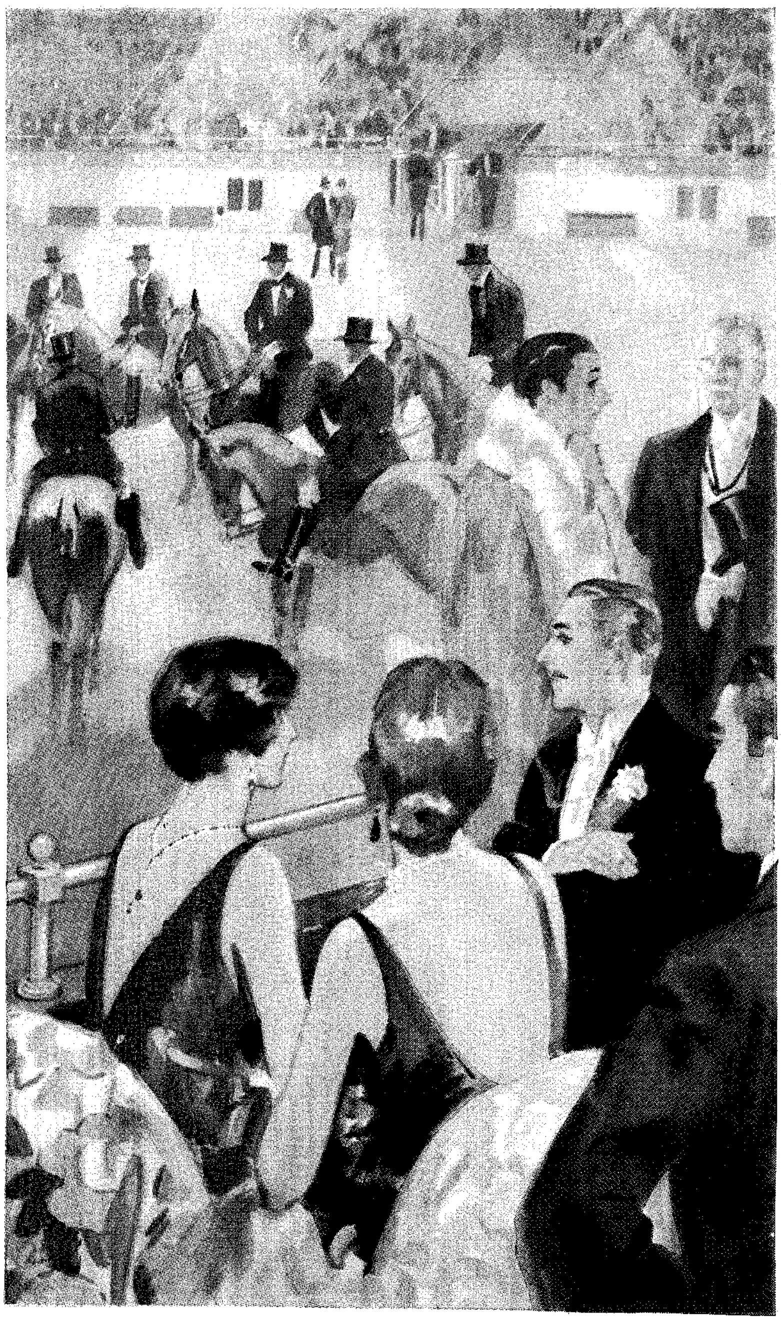
The hawk-like eyes of Manager Huggins never missed a detail of the game he loved.

Will Babe Ruth himself succeed Miller Huggins as manager of the Yankees? This is the piquant suggestion of more than one sports writer. Others scout the idea and select Hug's capable assistant, Arthur Fletcher, as the most promising candidate for his mantle. Meanwhile, the remarkable career of Huggins is treated as an important chapter of baseball history.

"Six pennants and three world's championships in eight

(*Continued on page 45*)

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

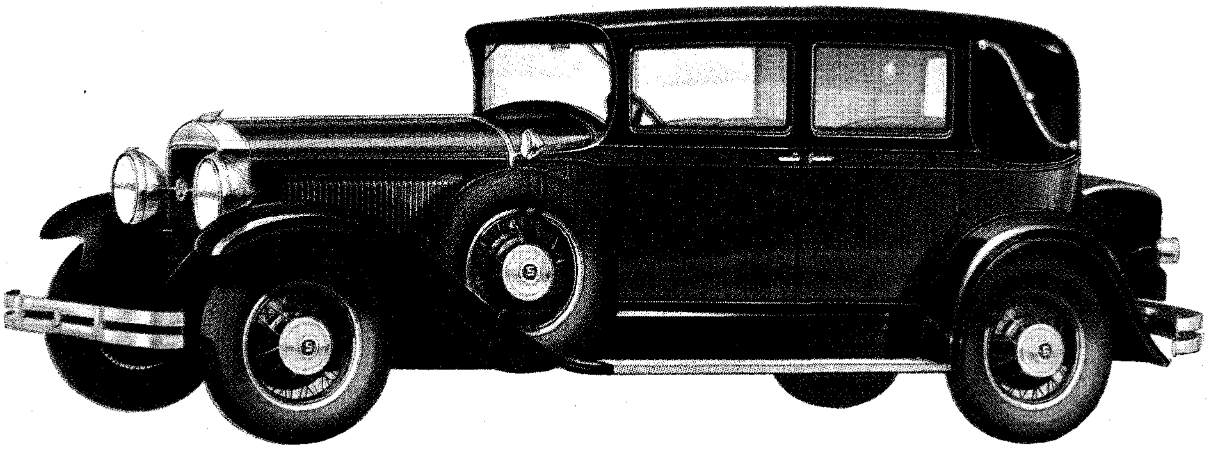


THE HORSE SHOW
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
NEW YORK CITY

THE presence of motor cars by Studebaker in such numbers at smart social events, such as the Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, is striking evidence of the appeal which world championship performance holds when mated with youthful, virile style. Studebaker's great straight eights and sixes hold *every* official stock car record for speed and endurance. Yet they are quite low in cost—the price range of The President line of a dozen body types is $1735 to $2350 at the factory. Yet the irresistible attraction of speed, style and stamina has carried these champion Studebakers into circles of motor ownership where cost is the last thing considered. It is this fact which has been largely responsible for Studebaker's continued world leadership in the sale of eight cylinder cars. The model illustrated is *The President Straight Eight Brougham* . . . a similar body offered on The Commander and The Dictator chassis.

Studebaker

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS



Ninety-seven Million Miles

Greatest Mileage on the Largest Fleet in Any City in the World

The famous Yellow Taxi Fleet of Chicago piles up the astounding aggregate of ninety-seven million miles annually and has been equipped 100% with Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires for ten consecutive years—all because they give the most service at lowest cost.

This is the greatest endorsement ever given tires of any make.

Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires are used as original equipment on more new cars being manufactured than any other make.

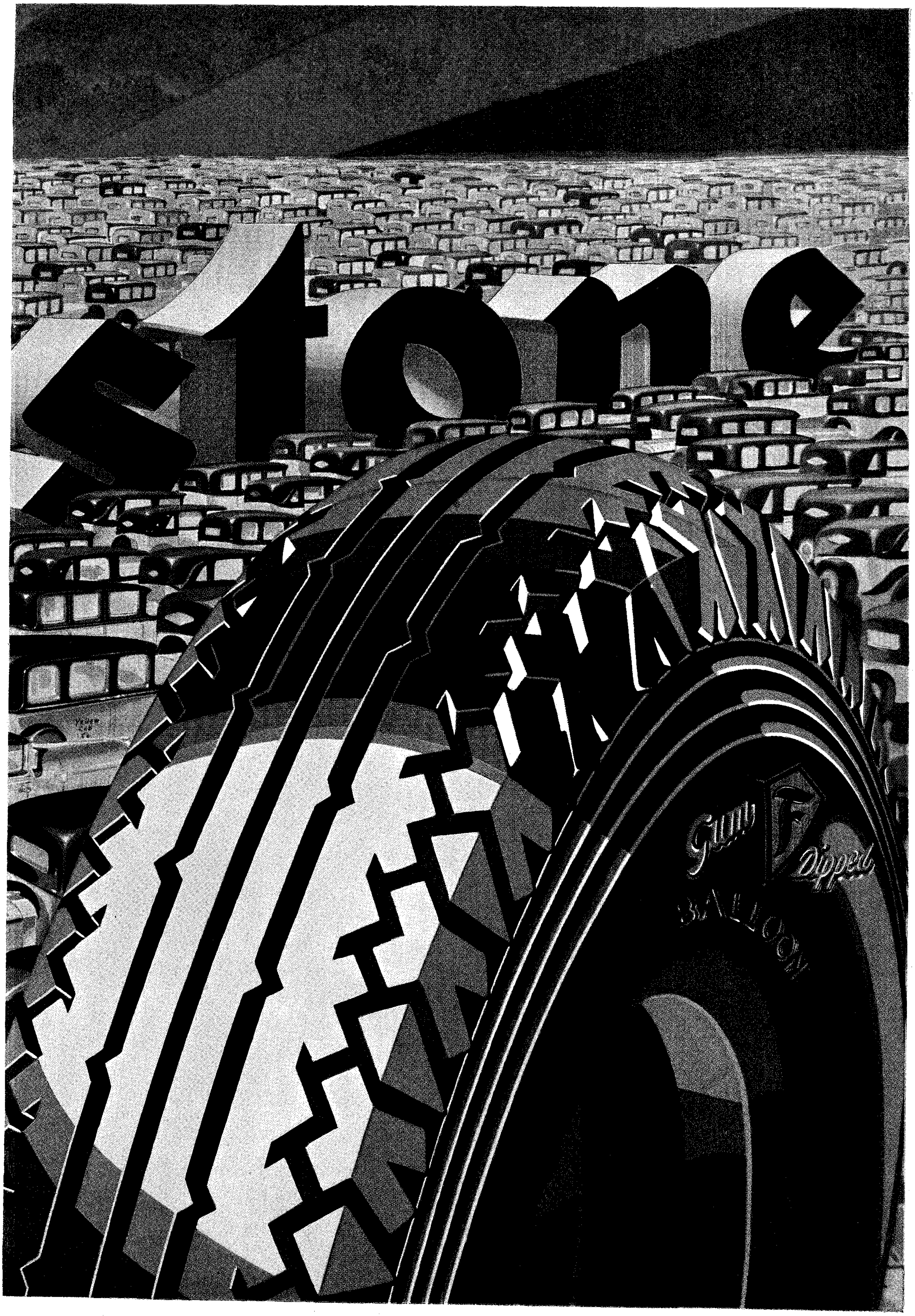
Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires hold all world records for safety, endurance, mileage and economy.

These same rugged, dependable tires with all their extra endurance, safety and mileage are available for you at no extra cost. Ask the nearest Firestone Dealer.

RADIO

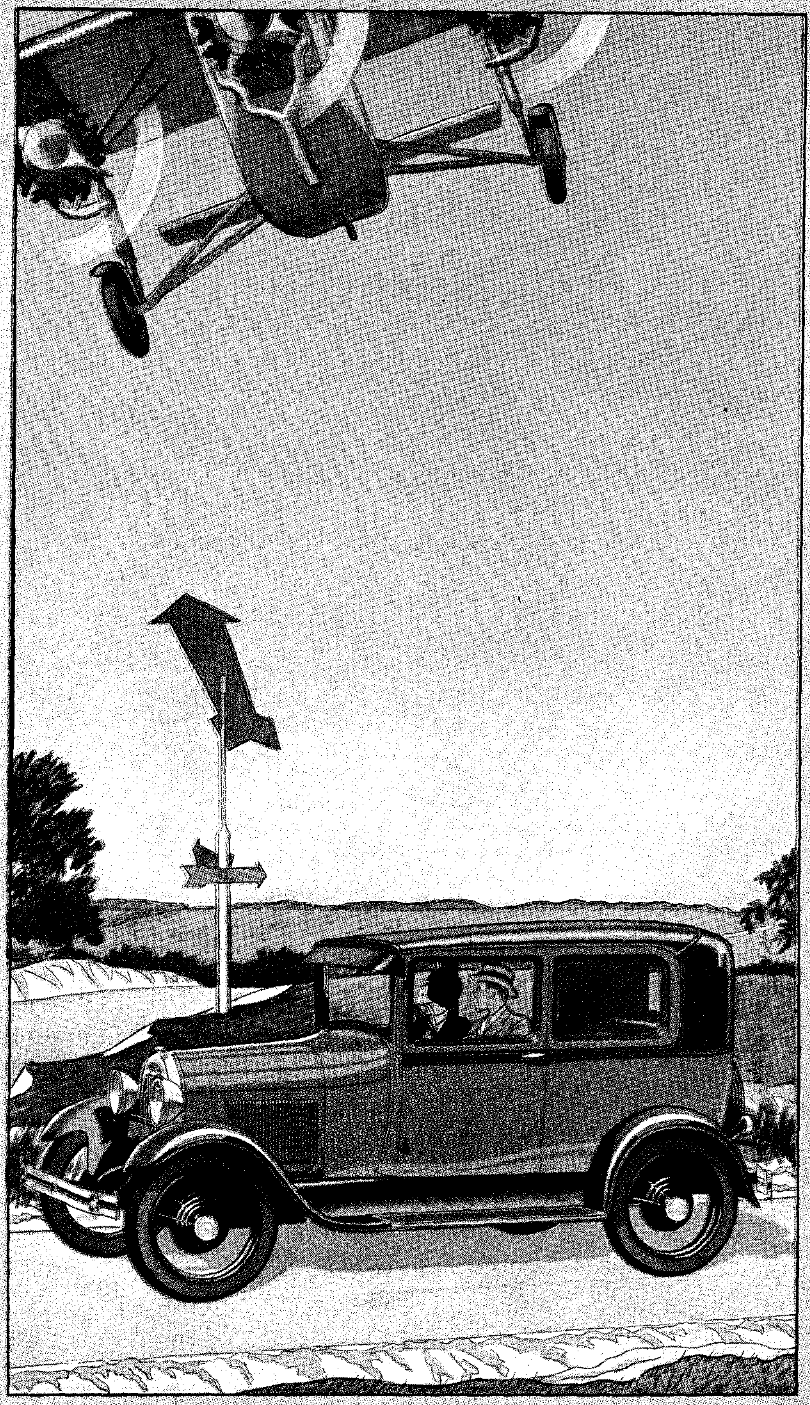
Listen to "The Voice of Firestone"

Every Monday Night through forty-seven stations. N. B. C. Network.


stone
Gum Dipped
BALLOON

Consider the unseen values when you buy a motor car

Unusual number of ball and roller bearings in the Ford contributes to smoothness, reliability, economy and long life



THE FORD TUDOR SEDAN

IN MANNER of manufacture, as in performance, there is much that is distinctive about the Ford. Principally it concerns the unseen values which have such a great bearing on economy, reliability and long life. Fundamentally it is an expression of the Ford policy and the Ford method of building a motor car.

In designing the Ford, we decided first on the kind of car we wanted to make. Many months were then devoted to the designing of new machines and new manufacturing methods which would enable us to sell it at a price within reach of all the people. The production of such a car at such a low price is even more unusual than the car itself.

Not in exterior things only, but throughout the Ford you find the same high quality of materials and exact, careful workmanship. Prominent among its unseen values is the extensive use of ball and roller bearings.

There are more than twenty of these in the Ford—an unusually large number. In type and kind they are carefully selected for the work they have to do and are as adequate in size as in number.

Being comparable to the jewels of a fine watch, they prevent unnecessary friction and wear, contribute to smoothness and quiet, reduce up-keep costs and add thousands of miles to the life of the car.

Studying the operation of these bearings you can see their value to every Ford owner. Steering is made easier and safer because of the roller bearings in the steering gear, and because the weight of the car is carried on roller bearings on the front wheels, and front axle king pins. The uniformly good performance of the Ford rear axle is due largely to the roller bearings on the rear axle pinion and differential. These are held in such close limits that adjustment is unnecessary.

From the engine-to-the-road, *in fact*, the entire drive of the Ford on all forward speeds is wholly on anti-friction ball and roller bearings.

In addition to smoother operation, this saves gasoline, gives the car more speed and power in first and second speeds, decreases noise, and increases the durability and efficiency of the transmission gears.

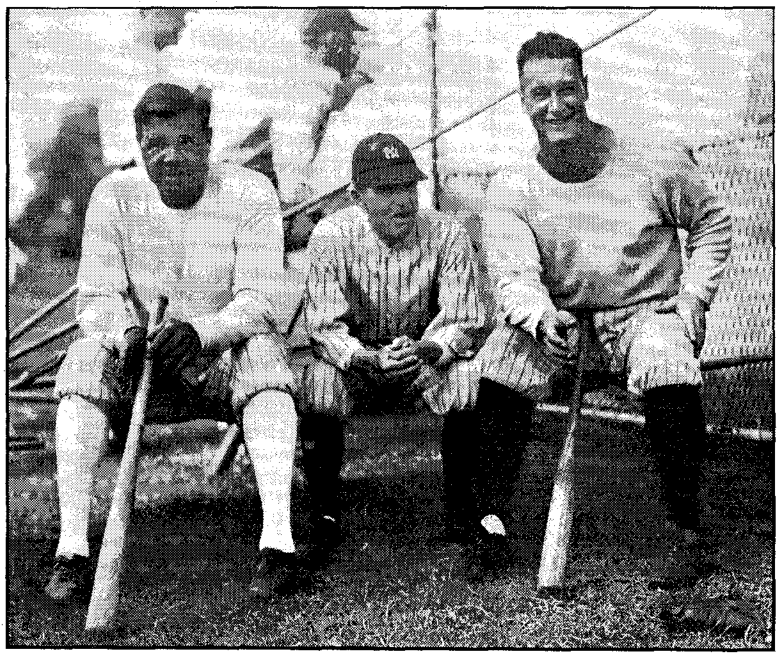
Similar good results are apparent also in the drive shaft, the generator—wherever ball and roller bearings are used. Throughout the Ford has been built to endure—to serve you faithfully and well for many thousands of miles.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

(*Continued from page 40*)

years!" exclaims John Kieran in his New York *Times* sports column. "A team that won eight straight games to sweep through two world's series without a defeat! What other manager can point to a record like that?" And he makes these further observations:

> They always said that Miller J. Huggins was not the driving type of manager, but there was one man he drove too hard. That was Miller J. Huggins. He never spared himself, and the fatal testimony on that point is overwhelming. The Yankees were going nowhere. The race was all over. But Huggins, paying no attention to his own physical condition, worked and worried day after day on the problem of getting ready a better Yankee team for next year.
>
> Even if the Yankees win everything in sight and set all sorts of new records next season, the price was too high. Far too high. Speaking of him only as a baseball manager, and sticking to the cold facts and the printed records, Miller J. Huggins was by far the most successful manager of the modern era in baseball.
>
> Yet Huggins himself always said with that quizzical smile of his, "Great managers? Great players make great managers." That may be true, but some credit should go to the manager who recognizes a great player when he sees one.
>
> For years Huggins had to battle against a tide of unpopularity. He never had been on a New York team before he came to manage the Yankees. He was a National League player and manager through all his career until he stept into an American League dugout to take over the Yankees from Wild Bill Donovan.



International Newsreel photograph

TWO BIG BOYS AND THEIR GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER, AND FRIEND

Pictured at the Yankees' training camp at Babe Ruth's first appearance in uniform this season. The third figure, of course, is that of Lou Gehrig.

> He was not a glad-hander, not the hail-fellow-well-met type. He was reserved with strangers, quiet with acquaintances, and only revealed himself to close friends. With those he knew and liked, Hug shed all his reserve. To the fans in general he must have seemed a serious and even grumpy fellow as he stalked up and down the coaching lines, a thin, nervous figure, with hunched shoulders that looked as tho they were bowed with the weight of centuries. But to those who knew him behind the scenes and across the dinner table, he was a different man entirely. A ready and frequently witty talker, a student of men and a reader of books, a fellow who was frank, friendly, and informal.
>
> But on the surface and to the gaze of ordinary spectators, Huggins was just a sharp little fellow, shrewd enough to tell Col. Jacob Ruppert and Col. Til Huston what players to buy from the Boston Red Sox. When the Yankees won their first pennant in 1921, the fans gave great credit to the Ruppert and Huston bankrolls.
>
> Even when the Yankees won in 1922 and again in 1923, the old argument still held good. The Ruppert check-book was the answer to the Yankee pennants, according to the anti-Huggins crowd. But that crowd was getting smaller. Some had switched sides, and others left the anti-Huggins brigade to take up a neutral position. After all, Hug was smart enough to know what players to buy, and every purchase or trade he made was a winning one. That, it was grudgingly admitted, was something.
>
> The first championship machine began to creak here and clatter there, and Hug tried to patch it up enough to last out the season of 1924. He couldn't quite make it. The team finished second. The next year came the grand crash, and the sinking to a seventh-place berth. That was in 1925.
>
> In 1926 Miller J. Huggins bobbed up with a team that won the American League pennant and lost the World's Series by an eyelash. Exclusive of the pitchers, six out of eight regulars on that team were men who had never played on any other major-league team. Two of them, Koenig and Lazzeri, were green kids from the minors. Except for Ruth in right field and Dugan at third base, the players were men who had been picked from the minors by Yankee scouts and developed into a championship array by a Yankee manager.

That just about ended the debate over the ability of Miller J. Huggins, remarks Mr. Kieran. "The scoffers ceased to scoff and the skeptics were convinced." Furthermore:

> The pennant-winning years of 1927 and 1928 merely served to bring in more evidence than was needed.
>
> In winning his first three pennants, Huggins had shown that he knew how to buy. In winning his last three, he showed that he knew how to build. He had the backing of Colonel Ruppert, of course, but John McGraw had the backing of C. A. Stoneham, and Joe McCarthy had the backing of William Wrigley. McGraw and McCarthy are smart managers, but they have yet to equal the feat performed by Huggins. The Dusty Miller rebuilt his club and drove it from seventh place to a pennant in one year.
>
> There were other problems Huggins had to solve. He wasn't imposing in appearance and he couldn't control his players as Husk Chance used to do, and "Old Rough" Carrigan did when he was younger. Huggins, a junior lightweight, had to solve his troubles in another way. It took him a few years, and there were some stirring battles that went into the records, but in the end the junior lightweight won over the heavyweights all along the line.
>
> That's only part of the story, but perhaps it's enough. Here was a man who came into town with everybody giving him the cold shoulder, and a few interested persons out gunning for him. Players, fans, and writers were against him. He was a stranger in a strange town and he was given a sixth-place ball club to manage.
>
> He won three pennants, and the credit was given to somebody else. He smiled and said nothing. His team fell apart, and he built another pennant-winning machine that won three times in a row. This time he got the credit.
>
> Some of his high-priced and temperamental stars broke the rules of discipline, and openly scoffed at his authority. He subdued the insurrection, and ended up by being the complete master of the situation.
>
> In Babe Ruth he had not only the biggest figure in baseball but one of the hardest problems to handle. They battled, and it took a courageous chap to do what Huggins did. He handed an ultimatum to the most popular figure the game had ever known. Ruth was never a bigger fellow in his life than the day he admitted he was wrong and Huggins was right.
>
> Huggins was a fine player and a remarkably successful manager, to which might be added the verdict of Babe Ruth: "He was a great little guy, was Hug."

More than one success story with a moral could be written out of the life history of Miller Huggins, says the New York *Sun* in an editorial, which runs on:

> Here was a man who turned his own weaknesses into advantages, who converted what would have been an insuperable physical handicap for an ordinary baseball player into a means of scaling the heights of baseball renown.
>
> Diminutive in stature and a mediocre batter, he had little to offer the Cincinnati club of the National League, when he joined it in 1904, except great skill as an infielder. He began zealously cultivating the knack of getting bases on balls. As he crouched at bat he gave an opposing pitcher little space at which to shoot under a rule which required a thrown strike to pass over the plate not higher than the batter's shoulder or lower than his knee. In one game he got four bases on balls and two sacrifice

> hits out of six times up. Even so, he wasn't as weak with the stick as some have thought, since he compiled a lifetime batting average of .265 in the National.
>
> He soon achieved a reputation as one of the best lead-off men in the game—a lead-off man being an initial batter whose duty it is to get on first base as often as possible. It was remarked of him that he was cool under fire, and was thinking all the time. Also he possest certain natural qualities of leadership which ultimately enabled him to become playing manager of the St. Louis Cardinals. He did so well with the misfit human material furnished him in St. Louis that later he was invited to come to New York as manager of the Yankees.
>
> Before Huggins took hold in the metropolis, the Yankees were almost a standing joke. The owners decided to let him use his own judgment in recruiting new players at whatever cost. Within four years the Yankees had won the pennant in their league. Since then pennants and world championships have become almost a commonplace for the club. It is indicative of the character of the man to observe that altho he himself was slight in frame and a weak hitter, he put together an organization famous for its weight and its heavy batters. The Yankees of 1927 had just claim to the right of being considered probably the greatest baseball team the game has known. Its array of sluggers—Murderers' Row, it was called—was the crowning achievement of a man, who for years had held his job in the big leagues in spite of a low batting average.
>
> Little as he was, Huggins knew how to handle the big and hardy athletes with whom he surrounded himself. Quiet persistence, inflexibility rather than personal aggressiveness and bluster, were his characteristics. In his death organized baseball has lost one of its important personages.

International Newsreel photograph

WHEN HE DOUBLED IN BRASS HE WOULD ALMOST DISAPPEAR

In playful moments at the Florida quarters, eclipsed behind his favorite instrument, Mr. Huggins rapped out many a home run of sour notes.

Despite his sphinxlike poker face when he hunched over on the bench or listened to a conversation with a stubby pipe half-raised in attention, Huggins was extremely emotional, declares Bozeman Bulger in *The Evening World*, continuing:

> Until last winter he never realized the number of friends and sincere well-wishers that he had in New York.
>
> The baseball writers of New York give an annual dinner to all baseball people, and the gathering is a big event of the year. The Executive Committee voted to make a presentation to the one outstanding figure of the year who had done the most for baseball.
>
> That time they voted the honor to Miller Huggins. The present was a beautiful watch and chain in white gold. It fell to my lot to make the speech of presentation. It was then that I saw him lose control for the first time in twenty-five years.
>
> When called to the dais Huggins was so surprized that he had to be assisted up the steps. When I turned to hand him the watch those eyes that Rucker spoke of were burning into mine. He was so overcome with emotion that his face was chalklike, and his hand trembled so that for a moment he couldn't hold the watch.
>
> He was utterly speechless until Joe Bush yelled something to him.
>
> This recognition of the writers of New York apparently made up for much of the early unfairness.
>
> "I understand," he said in an undertone, after publicly giving his thanks, "if any of the fellows did me wrong, it was their opinion. I'd rather have this watch than anything in the world."

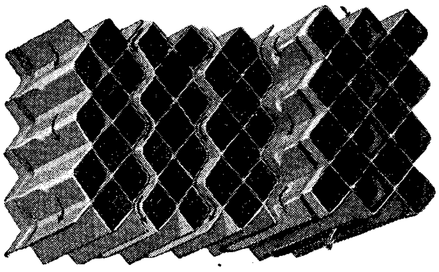
Sketching Huggins's career in command of the Yankees, G. W. Daley tells us in *The World:*

> He took charge in the spring of 1918 at Macon, Georgia. The Yanks of 1917 had been a badly demoralized outfit, but Huggins made a few trades—he brought in Ping Bodie and Del Pratt that year—and pulled the club up into the first division. It was the war year, and there wasn't much interest in baseball. But in the next year he went to work in earnest and finished third. The Colonels, Ruppert and Huston, spared no expense. They gave him the players needed.
>
> The next year they went further. They bought Babe Ruth. They raided the Boston club, which had been the pennant winner in 1918. They provided the stars which Huggins calculated he needed. No great feat of management, said the critics of Huggins, to win with such an array of stars when he finished third again in 1920 and was beaten out of the pennant only by the work of the Chicago "Black Sox." They whipt the Yankees the week before they were discovered to have "thrown" the 1919 World's Series and were banished from baseball.
>
> More Boston players came in 1921. Huggins had to rule a crowd of temperamental lads, Ruth being in the heyday of his misbehavior. But he ruled them and brought them in winners, only to lose the World's Series to the Giants under John McGraw. The same thing happened in 1922, and his club, winning in the American League, was beaten worse by the Giants. Those were the bitter days for Huggins, for his detractors jeered and said he could win with "check-book" ball-players in the season, but hadn't the managerial ability to capture a World's title.
>
> The change came next year, in 1923, when the Yankees not alone won the American League championship, but also won the World's Series. Huggins received no especial credit for this. His players came in for the praise.
>
> Then came the bad year of 1924—something like this last year of 1929—a great machine suddenly refused to work. The club finished second, beaten in the last few weeks of the season. From bad that year it went to worse in 1925, and a badly whipt aggregation of former stars finished seventh.
>
> And then it was that Huggins proved himself. Money could not buy what he wanted. The other American League owners were tired of seeing New York win, and they wouldn't sell, no matter how willing Colonel Ruppert, in this year the owner of the club, was to buy.
>
> So Huggins made the most daring gamble any Big League leader had ever made up to that time. He took a raw second baseman with a wealth of promise as a hitter—Tony Lazzeri—and a raw shortstop he had developed at St. Paul for a year—Mark Koenig—and started them in the keystone position on his 1926 team, supplanting veteran players amidst many head shakings. The gambler won. The "kids" came through, and Huggins won the pennant in 1926, which could not be ascribed to the check-book and fountain-pen. Tho he lost the World Series that year through a muff by Bob Meusel in the deciding game, folks began to say that this Huggins knew his baseball.
>
> So he kept on in 1927. He had practically the same team and he drove it hard, winning another pennant and capturing the World Series in four straight games from the Pittsburgh Pirates. They said he couldn't do it again, but in 1928 he slipt in a wire or two, tightened up the machinery, and a third pennant was won and another World Series—this the greatest of all—was taken again in four straight from the St. Louis Cardinals.

Mr. Daley draws our attention to the fact that Miller Huggins was the only major league manager who ever won two world's championships without losing a single game. Triumph enough for the little enthusiast whom two husky ball-players once upon a time, according to another chronicler, tried to throw off a train! Returning to Mr. Daley, we conclude:

> This year's experience is too recent to need great note. The machine slipt again as in 1924. The master-mender was at work on the nuts and bolts and wiring for 1930 when he was stricken.

Rivers of Power in your radiator



When the radiator goes on your car it is clean, absolutely clean, inside and out. Skilled craftsmen have fabricated costly metals, copper, brass and solder, from raw stock into this radiator in over 100 rigidly inspected operations. Air testing under water finally proves its right to be on your car. The illustration shows a section of a cellular radiator, the arrows indicating the slender water courses.

IN THE radiator of your car a score or more of tiny waterfalls cascade down their narrow rick-racked water courses. Each of these is a river of power that carries destructive heat from the motor block and dissipates that heat into the air.

So long as these rivers flow, power flows from your engine.

Block these tiny streams and power is choked. Restrict these rivulets and engine temperature soars, horsepower drops, destructive wear and tear begins.

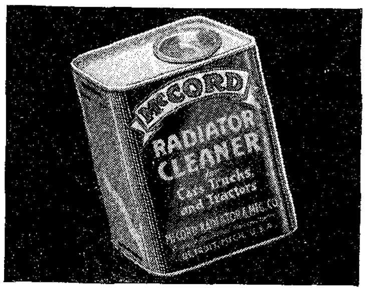
McCord, pioneers in automotive cooling, foremost builders of radiators, urge that you give thought and care to your radiator just as you give thought and care to your motor, your battery, your tires and the various other units that combine to give you the most precious gift that man has yet fallen heir to—the command of time and distance.

You Change Oil — You Inspect Your Battery — You Inflate Tires—But Do You Clean Your Radiator Regularly?

The water you put in your radiator contains mineral deposits and a certain amount of silt. In addition to this, the formation of rust and scale is going on *continuously* inside of your engine block. At all times it dislodges little by little and is carried into the radiator and thence through the slender cooling channels. Anti-freeze has a tendency to increase the amount of rust and scale removed from the water chambers of the engine block; that is why sludge and sediment are so apparent in the winter.

To avoid all this, McCord has developed a scientific and effective radiator cleaner that you can easily use yourself. Buy a can at once from your garage, filling station or accessory store. Use again in the spring, when you are through with anti-freeze. Use it when you have your valves ground.

Should you prefer, your garage man will do it at modest cost. If your radiator leaks, by all means take it to a competent radiator service man, who will repair it with solder. Only repairs thus made will be permanent and satisfactory.

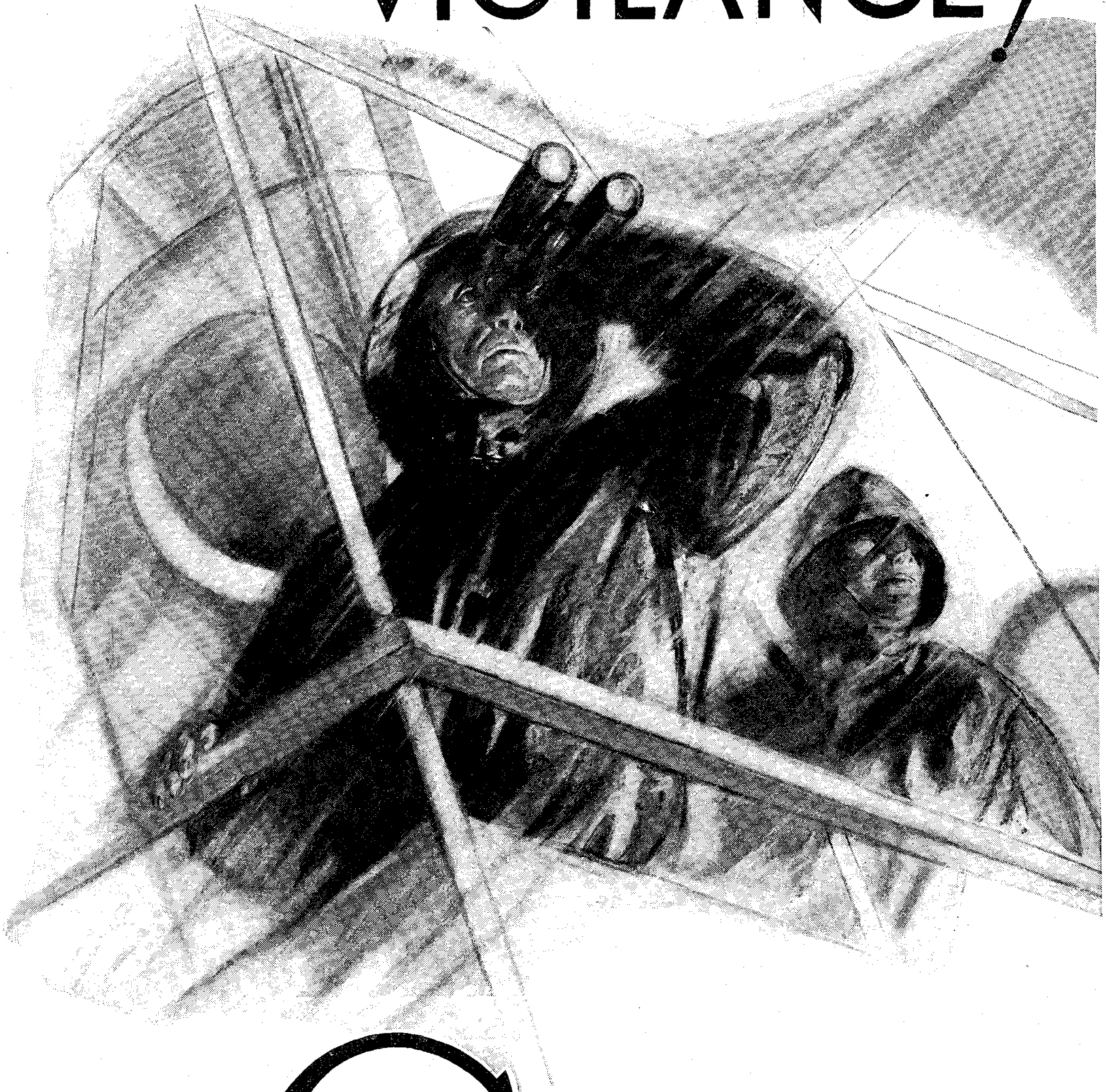


McCORD

RADIATOR & MFG. CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Automotive Radiators · *Gaskets* · *Lubricators* · *Condensers* · *Fuel Pumps*

..on the bridge it's
VIGILANCE!

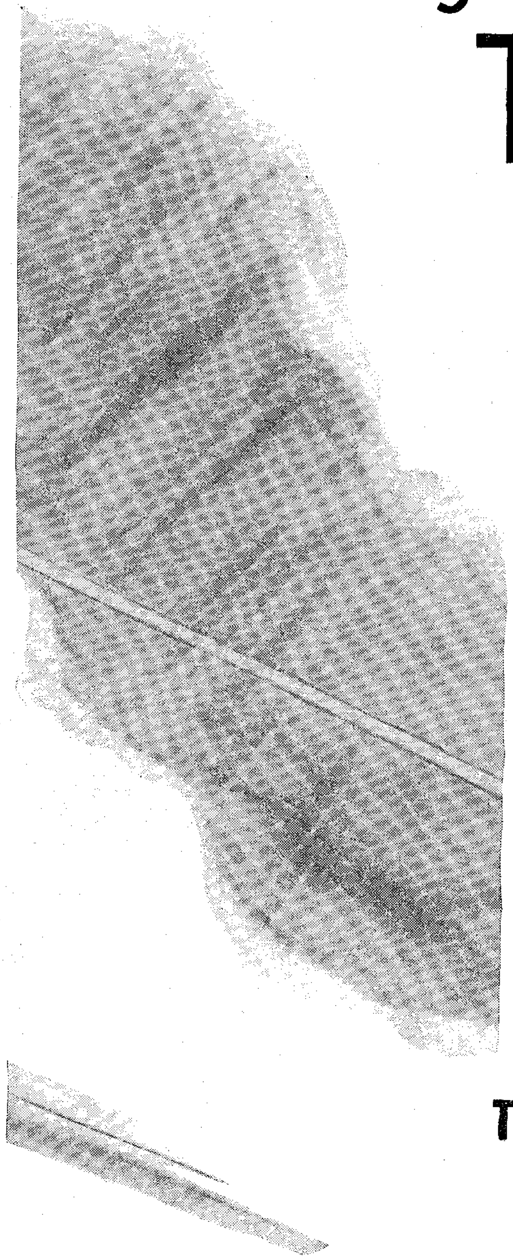


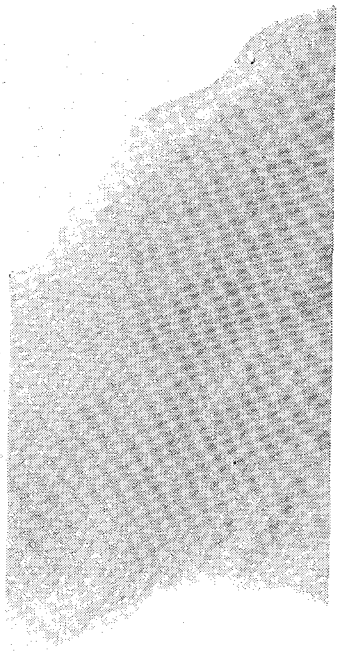
Chester
FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos

© 1929, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

..in a cigarette it's

TASTE!





GOOD TASTE — what else matters? And once enjoyed, how long remembered!

* * *

Sunday morning breakfast at the shore—crisp strips of bacon, a fresh-caught mackerel broiled to a luscious brown; steaming flakes of savory tender white!

* * *

A Chesterfield — *anywhere!* That unmistakable aroma, that fragrant mildness of good tobacco—and how delicate the flavor, how completely balanced and satisfying!

* * *

Good taste — what else could win such popularity, what else could hold so steadfast an army of smokers? As the constant goal of our careful blending and cross-blending, the standard Chesterfield method, could there be anything better than this —

TASTE *above everything*

field

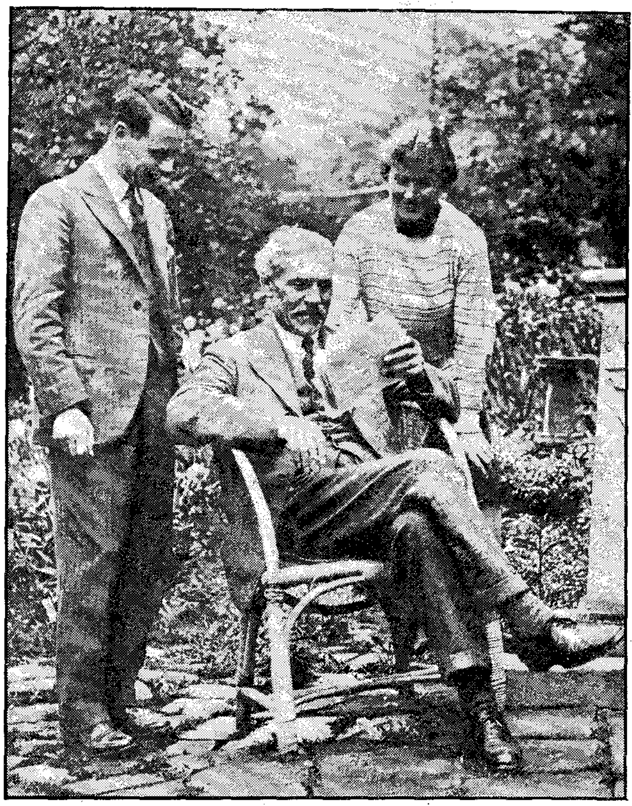
. . . not only **BLENDED** but **CROSS-BLENDED**

TWENTY
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

MILD . . . and yet
THEY SATISFY

A WAR-HATER WHO WILLS TO "NARROW THE ATLANTIC"

BELGIUM, "THE COCKPIT OF EUROPE," was living up to her historic reputation, when, in the fall of 1914, a tall and strikingly handsome Briton arrived to join Dr. Hector Munro's ambulance unit, then attached to the Belgian Army at Furnes. A member of Parliament sitting on the Labor benches, an academic Socialist and a hater of war, he had volunteered for ambulance service thus early in the great conflagration on account, we are told, of his "intense feeling for the victims of the war." One night, when Dr. Munro returned to his headquarters, the Parliamentary volunteer could not be found, relates a London correspondent in a special cable to the New York *Times*. And the narrative runs on with a quotation from a new biography just published in London—"J. Ramsay MacDonald: Labor's Man of Destiny," by H. Hessell Tiltman —thus:



International Newsreel photograph

A P. M., AN M. P., AND A BUDDING STATESWOMAN

Prime Minister MacDonald reading congratulatory telegrams after his success in the general election. With him are his son, Malcolm, a Member of Parliament, and his daughter, Ishbel, hostess at No. 10 Downing Street, who accompanies him on his American pilgrimage.

> "Inquiries elicited the fact that he had been arrested by a Belgian General under instructions from the British authorities. The excuse given for this official blunder was that his passport was not in order. The real reason was that the higher British officials on the spot—one of whom is to-day Governor of an important State within the Empire—considered him an undesirable person to be allowed to serve on the Western front in any capacity."

Mr. MacDonald was shipped back to England, but as soon as Lord Kitchener heard of the incident he was extremely angry. He issued a red "omnibus" pass to British headquarters and the future Prime Minister went back to Belgium at once and resumed his ambulance work.

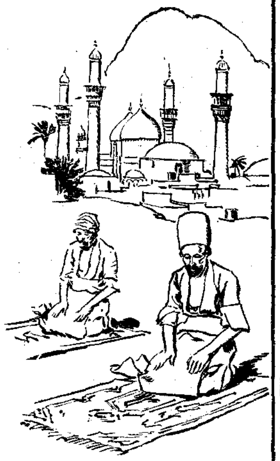
It was not the last time that Ramsay MacDonald was to suffer on account of his irreconcilable hostility to war. He had voted against it, "tho he could have had Cabinet rank in the coalition government," recalls Sir Philip Gibbs in *The World's Work*, "and afterward he was denounced as a pacifist (tho he is not that, in the complete meaning of the word), and held up to public hatred and ignominy by nearly all the newspapers in the country. Yet by some queer destiny not altogether of his own making, he became Prime Minister of England as the leader of a minority party in 1924, was thrown out of office by a volcanic indignation engineered by his political enemies on a question about Russia—badly handled by himself—and now once again has been brought into power by a rising tide of democratic opinion." These are outwardly the most significant facts in the career of the British Prime Minister, who has created a new and stirring precedent by coming to America on a pilgrimage of peace, which has captured the imagination of the world and kindled the heart of humanity with the vision of a new and benign era in international affairs. While the American people are gleaning their own impressions of President Hoover's unique guest, it is interesting to turn again to Sir Philip Gibbs's *World's Work* sketch, "Ramsay MacDonald Again," which we abbreviate somewhat. Sir Philip writes:

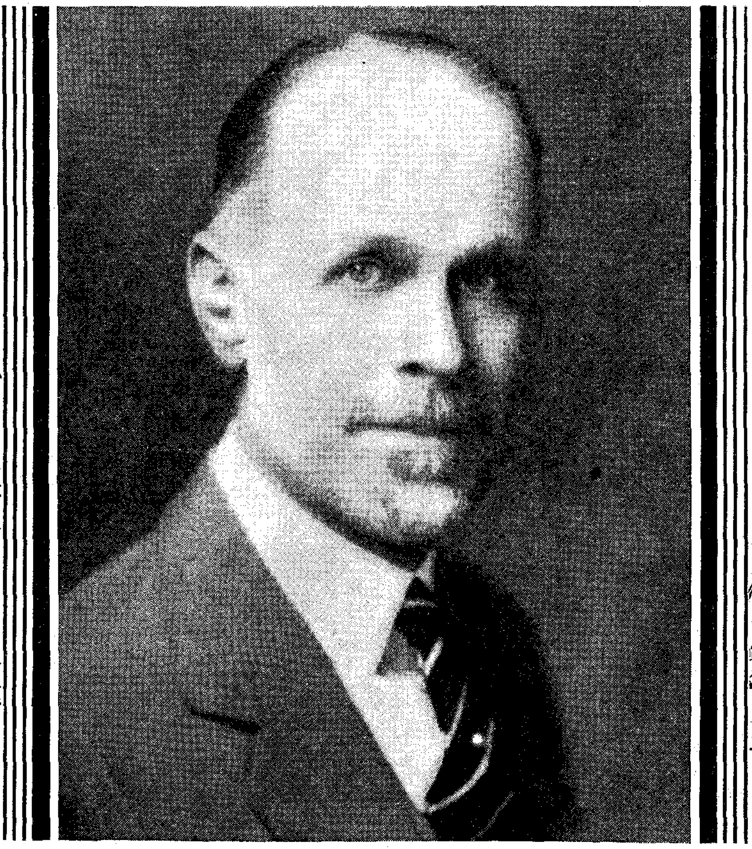
> There is a bit of the poet in him. There is some flame behind his eyes, tho he hides it. There is some part of him in darkness, unrevealed in the market-place. Every one admits that MacDonald is a gentleman, even with a peculiar nobility of manner that makes other men around him seem undistinguished whatever the length of their family tree. But throughout his political career he has been identified with the Independent Labor party, which, outside the ranks of its own supports and sympathizers, has been suspected and feared as the intellectual advance-guard of socialism.
>
> Altho an orator of some distinction, he has not the style of oratory which captures the mob. Altho a man of many qualities, he has not the geniality, the expansiveness, the large-hearted gifts of leadership which make a man beloved by the crowd. How, then, is it that he has obtained the highest political office in a nation so essentially conservative, in tradition if not in politics, as England?
>
> He is not a revolutionary by instinct, temperament, or conviction. He never has been, even as a young man. For years

P. & A. photograph

TO THE VICTORS BELONG THE HIGH JINX AFTER THE ELECTION

J. Ramsay MacDonald receiving the plaudits of his constituency at Durham after the success at the polls that returned him to the Premiership.





"The most stimulating pastime I know"

by

BURTON HOLMES

Distinguished traveler and lecturer

"I WONDER how many people ever try it—this game I so often play by myself, the most stimulating pastime I know!

"The rules of the game are simple. All you need is an atlas or globe, and imagination.

"If you use an atlas, just open at random. If a globe, twirl it and let it stop where it will. Like a roulette wheel, for this game is in its way a game of chance. Who can say where you will find yourself?

"The atlas opens, say, at India. Or when the globe stops, your finger is on Bagdad. That famous carpet! If you could ride the carpet now, where would you go?

"Paris, of course! Turn the globe again, or find the place in the atlas. Now you've caught the spirit of the game. Why, you're actually there! You can see the Place de la Concorde, the Seine, Notre Dame.

"And while your mind is on cathedrals, where are Chartres, Rheims? You find them, and on the way to Cologne you stop at Brussels; thence to the Netherlands, windmills and dykes.

"Suddenly you remember the boy who stopped the leak with his finger. Hans Brinker, too. How old were you when you read those stories? There's the Rhine. Remember Bingen on the Rhine, the rats and the Bishop?

"So the game goes. The best part of it all is that it is never twice the same. A real game of chance, for chance alone decides where you will start, where you will end up.

"A profitable game, too. You learn geography by the most painless of all methods. What makes it most stimulating, is that it evokes so much of what is already in your mind but more than half forgotten. Here's a game that helps keep your education alive. Learn to play it!"

* * *

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536 *S. Clark Street*, Chicago   270 *Madison Avenue*, New York
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You Can Choose If You Will

CHANCE governs the general trend of too many lives. By chance many people live in a certain place, attend a certain school, take the opportune job; they chance upon certain associates, books, and thoughts.

But by courage and determined effort they could choose oftentimes where to live, what to study and, to a large extent, what to accomplish.

Hundreds of thousands of ambitious people are studying at home in their leisure time. Increased earning capacity is the objective that many are attaining. But whether the attainment be greater efficiency in business, or a more interesting social life, or the real joy of developing a more cultured point of view, the studies that lead to these objectives are available, wherever one lives, through Columbia Home Study Courses. The range of subjects is wide.

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Name
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Occupation

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

he has been the most determined fighter of Communism and "direct action."

The reserves in his character are due, I am sure, to his Highland blood and upbringing. The Highlander, as I discovered in the war, has secret cupboards in his mind which are never opened to public gaze. And he is never quite at ease in the company of the English. He has a certain shyness of soul which takes cover in silence, or in enigmatical smiles, or in escape to solitude. It has been a charge against him by his colleagues. Recently he made an allusion to this criticism. "I have been charged," he said, "with being solitary. Well, God has had something to do with that, and I am not entirely responsible."

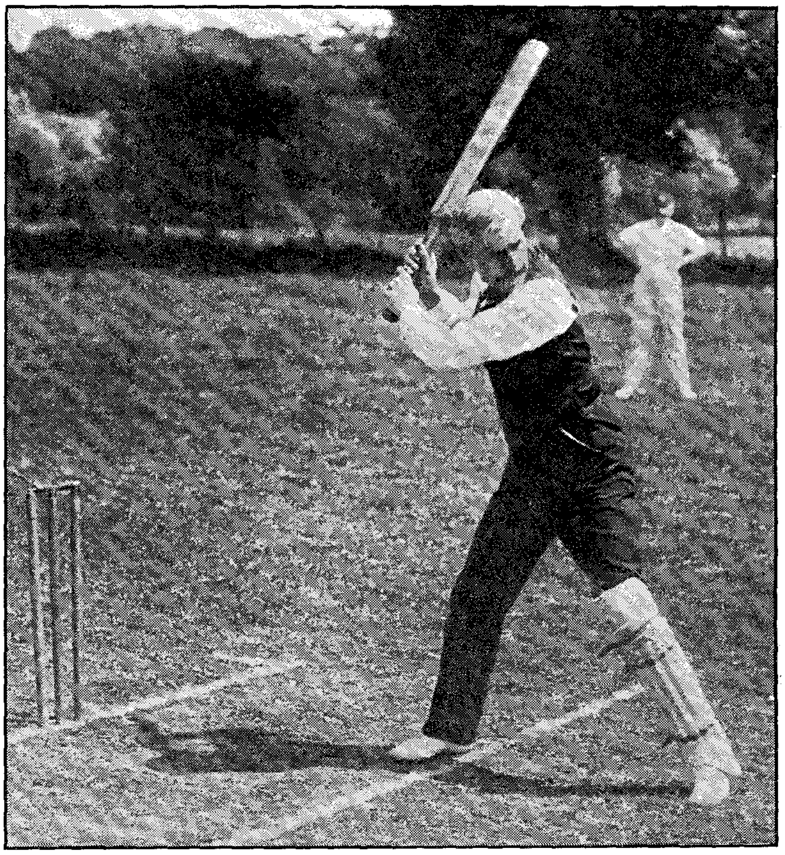
It is the heritage of his race and the influence of his early years among the poor fisherfolk and small farmers around Lossiemouth, when he was a studious boy brought up by his grandmother, who filled his head with the old Scottish folklore and poetry after he had finished his day's lessons with the village dominie to whom he went through the rain and snow. In London he attended night classes, passed examinations, and became interested in political ideas as they were exprest by the Fabian Society, of which he became a member about the same time as H. G. Wells.

At least one conversation I had with him over a tea table made me surprized by the old-fashioned strain in his mind. I came away thinking, "That man is a romantic sentimentalist!" His favorite novelist is Sir Walter Scott.

This new Prime Minister of England—Sir Philip is evidently writing before the momentous pilgrimage to America was projected—"is one whose imagination is steeped in historical and sentimental tradition." And this example is cited:

He scandalized some of his colleagues and supporters by his insistence upon dressing properly for State and public functions.

"A tattered hat, a red tie, and the repetition of the Marxian phrases in a religious tone of voice may," he said, "be as indicative of a man who has sold himself to appearances as the possession of a ceremonial dress to attend ceremonies which are a historical part of his duties."



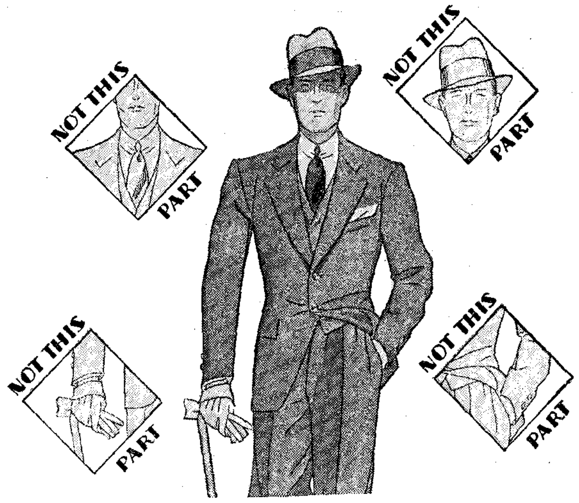
International Newsreel photograph

THE BRITISH PREMIER IS NO SLOUCH WITH A CRICKET BAT

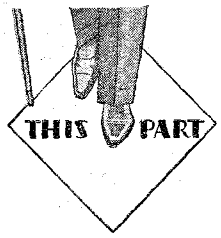
Whereas President Hoover merely throws out the first ball at the opening of the season, Ramsay MacDonald goes him one better by actually participating in England's national game. See him defending that wicket!

During the war years he must have suffered secret agonies. They are written now on his haggard face. He had to stand against a storm of abuse. There were times when his life was in danger. But he was no coward. No one has ever said that he had any personal fear or that he was a "long-haired pacifist" who shrank from physical danger. He was very much alone in those years because he was spiritually in exile from the mass of his own people. And yet it was a body of Scottish soldiers home on leave who formed his body-guard when they heard that he was going to make a speech on Plumstead Common, and that the mob threatened to lynch him.

Whatever judgment may be passed on him for his action at that time—and the minds of men have changed since, Sir Philip reminds us—"it must be admitted that he had an uncanny foresight as to the conditions that would obtain after the war and the most unflinching principles



"IT IS THE ONLY PART OF YOUR BODY THAT MUST BE FITTED PERFECTLY"



THE only part? Yes—the *only* part. Hats—collars—coats—gloves? Shouldn't they fit? Certainly—for the sake of appearance. But your *shoes* must fit *for your health's* sake.

Health? What have shoes to do with health? Everything! Your feet are delicately adjusted mechanisms. They do an amazing lot of work—carry you all day—lift your entire weight—take you where you want to go. Support your feet incorrectly and they're through. Then come aches and pains, tired muscles, "nerves". Of course health suffers.

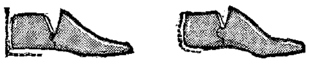
Chances are you have good feet Save them with Footsavers

A shoe that really fits must conform to the shape of *your* foot in every vital part—arches (both of them), heel, ball, instep. Such fit is possible only in a shoe *built* to fit . . . as Footsavers are.

"LASTS" COME FIRST IN FIT

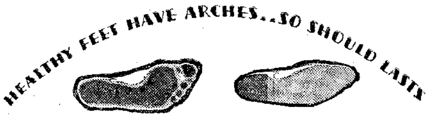
Footsavers are the result of an unhurried search for shoe perfection. We started with the "last"—the mold on which a shoe is built—the very foundation of shoe design.

Shoes fit perfectly, without "breaking in", only when the lasts are exactly like the foot. Old-style lasts were not. What did we do? Studied thousands of feet. Then designed our own lasts . . . designed them to match every hollow and curve of the normal foot.



THE OLD AND THE NEW IN HEELS

For instance, we put life-like heels in our lasts. Old lasts had sharp, L-shaped heels. Have your feet? Of course they haven't. Your heel curves in—then out—then in again. And so does a Footsaver last. Yes—it costs more to make it that way. But what a difference it makes in comfort—in correct fit and looks too!

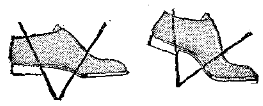

HEALTHY FEET HAVE ARCHES..SO SHOULD LASTS

If the shoe is to be right—the last must be life-like. So Footsaver lasts were built with the outer edge of the arch coming down—treading almost flat. The inner edge was lifted—curved up gently—to give Footsaver shoes correct, natural form. Notice the print of a normal foot—and then the print of a Footsaver last. No wonder these shoes fit so perfectly.

FOUND AND SUPPORTED..THE "LITTLE ARCH"?

Scant notice has never been given the smaller arch of the foot—the depression just back of the ball. But it has a definite function—and needs definite support. Nature's provision was soft earth or springy turf. Footsavers'—thin, built-in layers of pliant leather curved to fit and support your "little arch" perfectly.

But we didn't stop with life-like lasts. We searched for a "shock absorber" that would cushion each step—give lift and spring to walking. And we found it—in "The Saving V".



THE ONLY SHOE WITH "THE SAVING V"

You can't see it, but it's there—a springy leaf of polished steel. And oh, what a difference it makes! It brings new youth, new zest, new lift—brings the feel of walking on air. You ought to try these Footsavers, ought to feel the lift . . . feel the spring they give your feet. Get into a pair and bid goodbye to weary feet.

"THE SAVING V"

NOT A VESTIGE OF SMARTNESS LOST

Try a pair on. Let your feet judge. When you do—be prepared for a surprise. Footsavers are as smart as they are comfortable. Can that be? Indeed it can. Not a trace of smartness was lost—not a good line destroyed in making Footsavers right.

A minute or two at a Footsaver shop will prove it. And prove too, that Footsavers at $12 to $14 are exceedingly modest in price.

You can check up so easily

If you can't afford tired feet—and what man can today?—go to a Footsaver dealer or send for the story of "The Saving V". The coupon will bring it—a colorful booklet of Footsavers for Autumn—and the name of a dealer nearby. Clip it now—before you turn the page.

FOOTSAVERS ARE MADE BY THE MAKERS
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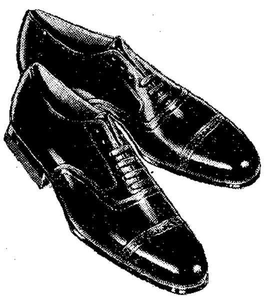
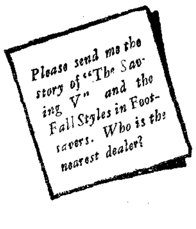


FOOT SAVERS

THE ONLY SHOE WITH "THE SAVING V"


Please send me the story of "The Saving V" and the Fall Styles in Footsavers. Who is the nearest dealer?

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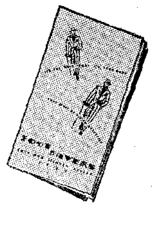
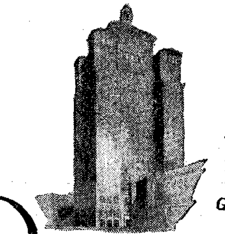


RCA
CENTRALIZED
RADIO



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W. W. Dwyer,
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One of the big service features at
ALLERTON HOUSE
[CHICAGO]

Every guest at Allerton House, Chicago, has the convenience of the wonderful RCA Centralized Radio system. In each of the 1000 living rooms there is an RCA Loudspeaker connected with the central receiving apparatus, which picks up four radio broadcast programs simultaneously from the special antenna system on the roof.

By turning a switch on the loudspeaker panel set in the wall, the guest may choose whichever program he prefers, and turn instantly from one program to another.

RCA Centralized Radio is being adopted by hotel and apartment house builders as necessary equipment in modern residence construction. The system used in the Allerton House is being specified by many builders. The alternative RCA system allows the use of individual receiving sets in the rooms, plugged into a wall outlet.

RCA Centralized Radio equipment is specially built for hotel requirements—simple but flexible—no annoying aerial problems—not easily tampered with—no batteries—full socket power operation—volume control at the control panel, in the rooms, or both.

Descriptive pamphlets of these two systems and of the special apparatus designed for them, are available for architects, builders and building owners.

The Engineering Products Division, Radio-Victor Corporation of America, at any District Office named below, will answer inquiries, and prepare plans and estimates for installations of any kind.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

regarding the future policy of peace so that the youth of the world would not be called upon for a new massacre." And we read on:

His most notable work at this time, and afterward, was his stubborn fight with Communism, which threatened to capture many of his party and to link up with the Russian revolution. He would give it no quarter. He fought it by argument, by irony, by passionate conviction.

In his first term of office as Prime Minister, in 1924, Ramsay MacDonald had a difficult course to steer; and as his own foreign minister he proved his ability as a statesman and the sincerity of his ideals. His correspondence with Monsieur Poincaré—the antithesis of himself—was masterly in its persuasiveness and tact. Then he had a stroke of luck when Poincaré was defeated and succeeded by Herriot, a man of the people and a liberal-minded politician eager to do something for the peace of Europe, tho tied by French public opinion and a policy too strong for him to break. Europe was in a critical state. There was a smoldering of passion in many countries. France was anxious and deprest.

But Ramsay MacDonald's interventions, his unconventionality of diplomacy, his personal influence with foreign statesmen, provided a temporary settlement which enabled future progress to be made, says Sir Philip, continuing:

It led to an agreed method of putting the Dawes plan in operation; it arranged for the evacuation of the Ruhr, and it saved a collapse in Central Europe.

Like most men of genius and those who have fought their way to high places, he can not dissociate his personality from his work and success.

His mind is quick, and alert, and open to new ideas. Old-fashioned as he is by instinct, he is curious about modern thought and knowledge, and he is always eager to learn. He can listen as well as talk—a rare quality in big men. He is a student of art as well as a reader of old books. He is gracious with women. He believes in the romance of life and love.

Ramsay MacDonald's mother was known as the saint of the village of Lossiemouth, relates Elizabeth Glendower Evans in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Following the scholarly son to London, we learn that after many struggles he became secretary to a Liberal Member of Parliament, joined the Labor party, and accepted a nomination for the House of Commons, which led up to the great romance of his life, thus:

Ramsay MacDonald's wife has been so potent a part of her husband's life that altho she died years ago I can never think of him and her as apart. She was the youngest daughter of Dr. John Hall Gladstone, a distinguished chemist and the successor of Faraday at the Royal Institute. Margaret's mother was a niece of the Thomson brothers, famous physicists, one of whom became Lord Kelvin. Her parents had ample private means.

For fifteen years Ramsay MacDonald and his wife lived and worked together, and in the first weeks after her death he wrote, as she had bidden him, a little Memoir of her.

MacDonald took his wife up to Lossiemouth to see his mother and his childhood's home almost as soon as they were made man and wife. There they took their children for their vacations. And there they used to leave them when they went on their many journeyings. "We are going away once more into liberty to be together," MacDonald wrote. They visited Canada and the United States, Australia, South Africa, and, lastly, India.

MacDonald tells of one incident (of which I also heard from friends) which is full of character and likewise of humor. It appears that on one occasion when his wife was to head a delegation her clothes were playfully derided by her comrades. "You will disgrace us all," they said. So, for the sake of the Cause, she bought a fine new blouse in which the next day she arrayed herself, and, neglecting to look in the glass, she fastened it back part before! Judge the dismay of the group when she presented herself—the strangest figure, they declared, that had ever met human eyes. It was what her husband called her "blind eye" toward externals of all kinds. Never did medieval saint pay less attention to the "flesh and its decorations."

A picturesque incident is told of another visitor, an obscure member of a colonial parliament. "You must come to us of an evening, and we will introduce you to our friends," Mrs. MacDonald had said. "Oh, no!" he exclaimed, abashed. "I am the merest nobody." "But my husband and I are worse than nobodies in most people's eyes," she answered. Some ten years later, when this former "nobody" had become Labor Premier in his own land, MacDonald and his wife went thither. They were met by the government launch; every high honor was lavished upon them; and they were laughingly told how the Premier had often related in Cabinet meetings what they had done for him when he had gone, a "nobody," to London.

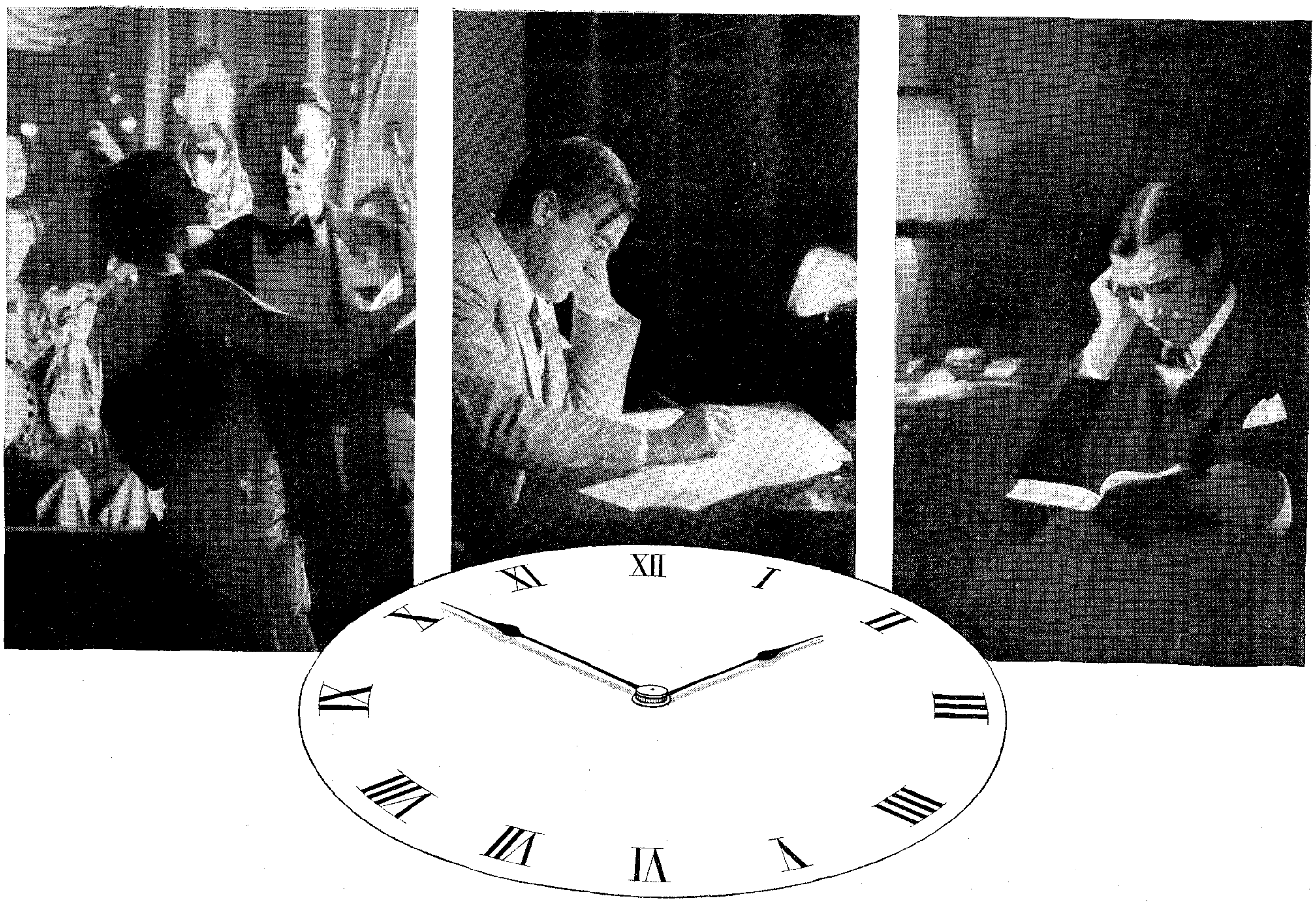
The last time I saw MacDonald's wife was at a by-election at Croydon, where she appeared one morning and sat among the other helpers as if she were completely one of themselves. She died on September 8, 1911.

MacDonald did not dare to speak, so he said, of his wife's tenderness for their children. But he did tell of her realization that they were personalities. And on the last sad day when she had been told that her own hours were numbered she said to her husband, "Oh, put romance into the lives of the children! Teach them to know the things of the spirit."

As one sees MacDonald to-day with his children, now grown men and women, about him, one feels sure that he has carried out his wife's behest. Ishbel, the oldest of the daughters, left the University of London when her father was first made Prime Minister to do the social functions of Downing Street. She is now a member of the London County Council.

Ishbel and her father are obviously great friends. A friend wrote me recently from London: "I saw Ishbel in the Tube lift a day or two ago; she is a nice-looking child and absolutely unspoiled." She is alleged to have remarked when she and her father first returned from Buckingham Palace: "The Queen and I were the only women there whom I consider were properly drest."

Of the boys, the younger, Malcolm, won a seat in Parliament in the last election. The older son, Alister, is an architect.



Rob yourself of sleep...

but you can't rob the Gillette Blade *of its sure, smooth shave*

A FACE drawn and tight from lack of sleep, a slapdash lather and a hurry-up shave—it can't ruin the even temper of a Gillette Blade, even though it may wreck your own!

On such mornings lather extra thoroughly and treat yourself to a fresh Gillette Blade. You're sure then of the smooth, even, comfortable shave which has been honed and stropped into *every* Gillette Blade by machines adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch.

Every Gillette Blade *must* be even and sure. To guarantee that, four out of every nine of our blade department employees are inspectors and are paid a bonus for detecting every blade that won't do a superb job of shaving.

King C. Gillette

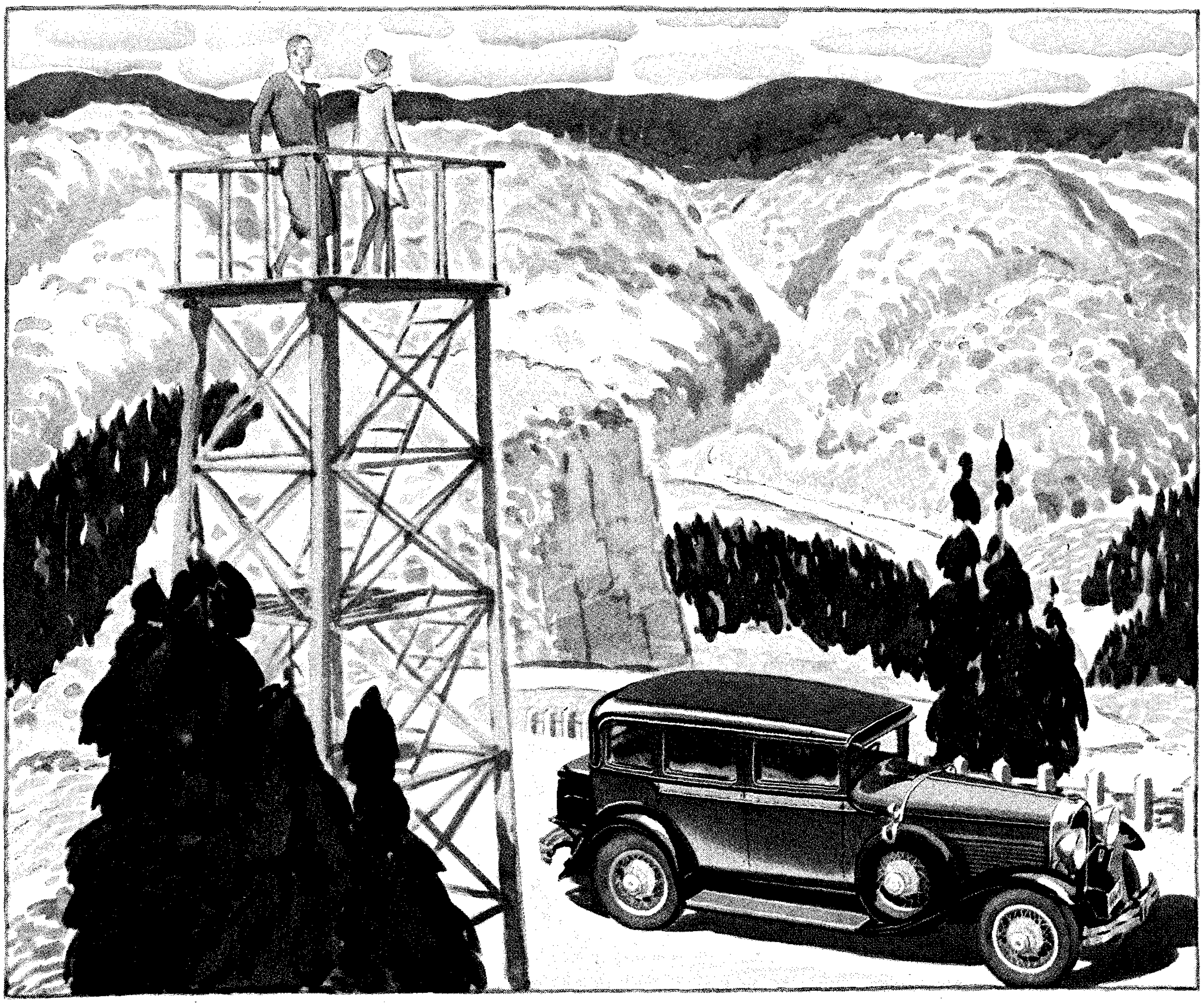
RADIO—"The Gillette Blades"—entertainment that is really different. Hear the "Original Double Edges" at the pianos; the "Five Gay Young Blades" with their popular song hits; the "Ten Gallant Blades" and their novel musical tone; the sparkling orchestra; the Sports News Review by Graham McNamee. Tune in every Friday evening, 8:30 to 9:00 E. S. T., over N. B. C. Blue Network, WJZ and associated stations.

No two men have identically the same kind of beard. No man gives his Gillette the same kind of job to do every morning. A dozen varying conditions affect the comfort of your shave. The Gillette Blade alone remains constant.

Eight out of ten American men count on the Gillette Blade to do its job *well* every morning. It does. Witness the smooth faces of American men today. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

Gillette

Marmon



today, thrift is definitely a part of smartness. Marmon is a leader of this new spirit. it brings an excellence of transportation looking first to what is really wanted—and then to what is reasonable to pay for it. if you, too, reason this way, why don't you buy one of these keen-looking Marmon straight-eights and do something else with the difference? the "78" (illustrated) is $1965. the "68"—still a bit more thrifty, is $1465. and the Marmon-built Roosevelt, also a straight-eight, is offered at $995.

prices at factory. equipment extra.

Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis

HOW JOHNNIE KELLY GOT A BREAK AND SIX MEDALS

A TERRIFIED GERMAN SOLDIER in a shovel-like helmet appeared on the run out of the acrid battle haze. It was at Blanc Mont Ridge, in October, 1918. Instantly the lone, wiry little 106-pound Marine was in action. In his right hand was a bomb, in his left an automatic. In a flash he had the fleeing enemy covered with the latter. The German fell on his knees and began to pray for his life, James Hopper tells us in "Medals of Honor" (John Day). The Marine hesitated, for this was "no moment to embarrass one's self with a prisoner." Johnnie Kelly from the South Side in Chicago, and quite a scrapper, a private in the Seventy-eighth Company of the Sixth Marines, believed he ought to send Fritz to his reward. But "the face under the heavy, grim helmet was that of a boy; the boy was on his knees praying for life. Johnnie, poised, automatic in left hand, bomb raised in the other, hesitated, tempted" to give the youth a break. And because of his decision in this difficult dilemma, Johnnie won just about as many decorations as any one can conveniently win in one day. But let us wait a moment for the outcome and go back to the beginning of Johnnie's exciting October 3, 1918.

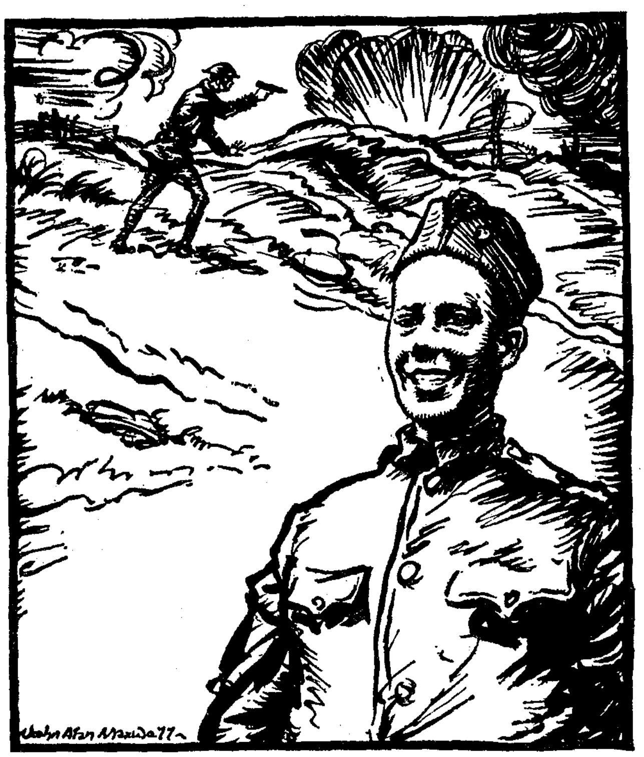


Illustration from "Medals of Honor" (John Day)

ONE BREAK EQUALS SIX MEDALS

Private Johnnie Kelly, who was always late for roll-call. A drawing by John Alan Maxwell.

When Mr. Hopper set out to write a book about such winners of the Congressional Medal of Honor as Private John Kelly, Sergeant Gumpertz, Corporal Allex, Sergeant Van Iersel, and Captain Holderman, and got to Chicago to talk things over with Kelly, he found himself up against this difficulty:

> My handicap was that, as we went about the Chicago South Side together, every now and then we would pass some place which would remind him of some incident, and then he would have to tell me of that combat instead of the one that had given him the Medal of Honor. There is something in Johnnie of the poet; there is in him a stormy vehemence that pours out easily into a hot lava of expressive words.
>
> But later, as we sat at midnight on a bench in one of the city's parks, I suddenly found myself treated to a dramatic spectacle. Johnnie Kelly, on the deserted midnight lawn, was reacting for me the mad heroic deed of ten years ago.

At daybreak, on that October 3, the company "went over," in the "first wave of the division's attack for the crest of Blanc Mont." At this point, Johnnie, on the park lawn at midnight, began to act the thing out. Continuing:

> As he had told me before in explanation of his court martial, at roll-calls he was always late; no matter how much he tried, he was always late. This morning, when came the sonorous roll-call of the barrage, he was deep in a dugout, dead to the world, his shoes off. Scrambling for his equipment, he overturned the candle he had lit, and in the darkness, wildly groping, could not find it.
>
> Out of the dugout he popped. Up ahead, spread thin, his comrades were advancing, "leaning up" against the barrage.
>
> "That's the way we'd go, Jimmie, we old regulars. Leaning up against the barrage. A few of us might get killed by our own shells, but when the Germans came out of their dugouts after the barrage had rolled over them, we'd be right on top of them, almost as soon as the barrage."
>
> So Johnnie, running, lacing up his shoes as he ran, caught up to his captain. The company was advancing steadily, behind a barrage which made a roaring wall from earth to sky; but through the barrage, as if through a torn curtain, machine-gun bullets came softly hissing, and men were dropping here and there.
>
> After a little while Johnnie's captain sent him along the line with the order to keep to proper intervals—five paces apart. Under a fire as heavy as the company was meeting, even veterans have a tendency to bunch up. Down the line went Johnnie, dashing here and there like a fox-terrier.
>
> Then the company was stopt. A machine-gun nest square in front of them, was spitting such a venomously accurate sprinkle of lead that their legs were being cut from under them. Johnnie took a bomb out of the little bag he always carried. He removed the pin. When you take the pin out a lever is released, and ten seconds after that the bomb explodes. But Johnnie kept the lever down by holding the bomb tightly squeezed in his hand.
>
> This was his right hand. In his left hand he grasped his automatic pistol. Then he ran lightly forward through the barrage.
>
> "That's what the citation says," he here said confidentially to me. "That I ran through the barrage. As a matter of fact I got caught in the barrage, Jimmie. I snooped too far forward looking for that machine-gun, and got in the barrage. Then I figured it was no farther through the barrage forward than back, and I went on through the barrage. It was just intelligence, Jimmie, not bravery. I just figured it out, that's all."

Out of the smoke and crash of the barrage, Johnnie emerged, "lone pioneer, on the enemy side." Then it was that he encountered the German soldier whom we left him menacing a moment ago. As Kelly stood facing the German, uncertain whether to kill him or "give him a break," the kneeling boy "smoothly turned his head to the right." Reading on:

> "Immediately," said Johnnie, "I knew that what had drawn his eyes was something of importance. So holding him with a jerk of my automatic, I snatched a quick look sidewise. And there was the machine-gun, Jimmie!—the machine-gun that had been holding us up. In a shell hole to my left! And the gunner had turned it up in the air and was just slamming it down again to get it a-going at me."
>
> Johnnie pivoted, brought down his automatic, and killed the gunner on his piece. Then he hurled the bomb precisely into the center of the nest, and ran forward. A mangle was beneath him of killed and wounded; through the smoke, hands came up surrendering.
>
> Johnnie covered the bleeding remnants of that machine-gun crew, jumped them out of their pit, picked up his first prisoner, rounded up everybody, and—"*Allez! Allez! Allez!*"—started them on the run toward his own lines.
>
> A barrage remains cataracting upon one spot for, say, a minute or a minute and a half, then is jumped forward, say fifty yards, to hold there another minute or minute and a half. As they crouched low the barrage lifted over them. Johnnie got them going again. And out of the smoke and the crackle Johnnie and his nine prisoners came loping into the laps of the advancing Seventy-eighth Company. "Well, I got the gun," said Johnnie as he passed through; and the others, pressing forward to lean up once more against the barrage, laughed, and perhaps for a second followed the kid with their eyes, as, driving his lumbering catch before him, he trotted along toward the rear, tireless, light of foot, and slim.
>
> "Well," said Johnnie, finishing his story, "I delivered my prisoners (first I frisked them a little bit), then I went to the

STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PERFECT SHAVE!

Children never understand

—but who can shave with needles and keep cheerful?

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And don't cry . . . you'll get another little wagon . . . Daddy didn't mean to kick it so viciously.

Poor Dickie boy—and poor mother . . . but hasn't anybody got a kind word for father . . . dear old father who almost goes crazy every time he shaves?

There is a solution—if father will only listen: Switch to the new Valet AutoStrop Razor. By automatically *stropping* each blade before each shave—just as barbers do—it smooths out the agonizing needle points. It's the only razor that strops, shaves and cleans without removing the blade.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

mess kitchen and got a bite to eat from Mess Sergeant Tom Jones. And that was my day's work; that's how I got my M. H. That's all there was to it, Jimmie:"

But besides the M. H., or Army Congressional Medal of Honor, Johnnie, we read, had earned that day the Naval Congressional Medal of Honor, the *Croix de Guerre* with palm, and the *Medaille Militaire*, the Italian *Merito di Guerra*, the Montenegrin War Cross, and a third silver star for the ribbon of his Victory Medal. Having finished his story, the hero elected to moralize a bit, thus:

"And, Jimmie," he resumed, "here's something I often think. Put that down, Jimmie:

"I gave that kneeling kid behind the barrage a break, and I got a break. If I had killed him, he wouldn't have turned his head, and I wouldn't have seen the machine-gun, and I would have been killed. But I spared him, and he turned his head, and I saw the machine-gun. I gave a break and I got a break. And that's the way it always is. If you give a break, you get a break. Put that down, Jimmie."

Johnnie had plenty of other adventures, but this was probably his most exciting. And now, more than ten years later? inquires Mr. Hopper. He answers his own question thus:

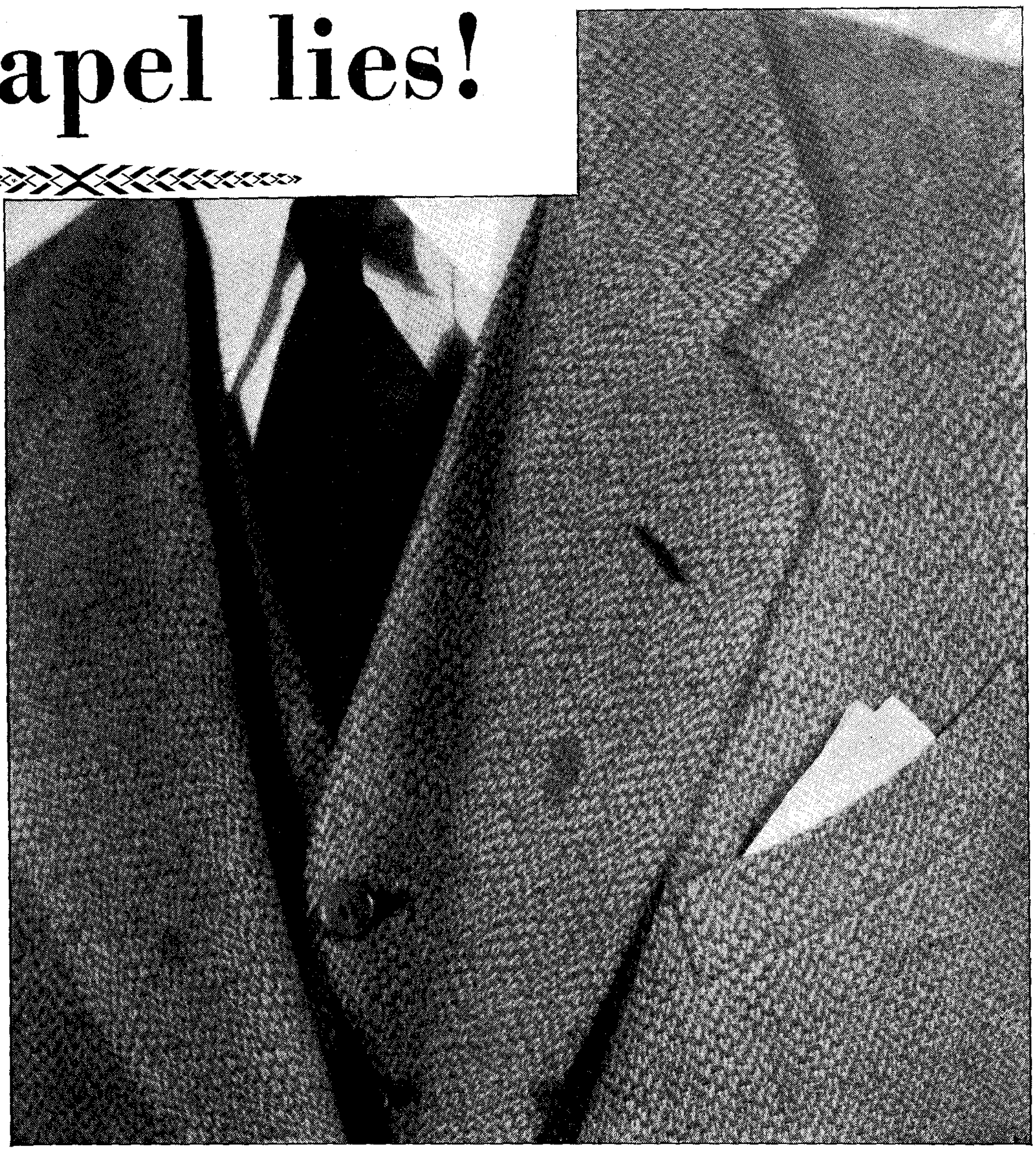
Well, Johnnie is back in the old Chicago South Side; he lives on Cottage Grove Avenue. I think he has had trouble settling down since the war, as would be natural after such an odyssey. In 1920 he was on a ranch below the Mexican border, cowpunching. He beat his way back, walking half-way across the dreaded Salton Sink, after being thrown from a freight-car. There was a summer when he rented a cottage on the lake in Chicago, and he and a band of ex-soldiers did nothing but rest, eat, sleep, and play pranks. Some of their neighbors, mildly infuriated, would say, "For God's sake, don't you fellows ever work?" "Good soldiers never work between wars!" they'd shout back.

Then, five years ago, the physicians told Johnnie he had T. B. and had not more than three years to live. What follows does not make a very moral story. For Johnnie, having only three years to live, decided to live them drinking. For two years he went on drinking himself to death—and suddenly woke to the fact that he had got well, and that it wasn't necessary to drink any more. The doctors pounded him and pounded him—they found him cured. Then he went into politics, the turbulent politics of Chicago. He is a Democrat, in William Hale Thompson's city. Which means that he is now out.

Only out, observe, not down. One can't imagine Johnnie down. Life seems as much in love with him as he is with life. Moreover:

But he has read a good deal in these years, and pondered not a little; his naturally bright mind has ripened; to-day he is in the act of finding himself. It has taken ten years—why shouldn't it have taken ten years?

This lapel lies!



It's really good business to follow the lead taken by successful men everywhere . . .

More often than not, the man with the spotted lapel *isn't* really indifferent.

He knows, as well as any man, the true importance of good grooming.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

FIFTY-FIFTY MARRIAGES IN RUSSIA

THE date is "Dutch" with a vengeance. A light drizzle is falling in Moscow as the young American woman journalist and the young Russian opera singer start for the theater. "Walking in thin satin shoes along jagged pavements, swirling in mud, does not rate high with me," Betty Ross confesses in *The Outlook and Independent*, "so I coyly halt before the carriage stand where bundled-up *isvostchiks* begin haggling for our fare. When it comes down from three rubles to one, I look at my escort." "If it's worth that to you to get there, let's go," he says, and the rickety carriage drives us to the theater. "A ruble," says he, when we alight, holding out his hand. Half in jest I extend a bill, which he passes on to the driver." Inside the theater an usher stops the couple and Miss Ross's education in the new Russia's social customs proceeds at a rapid pace:

"It's customary to check your wraps," explains my escort as he disposes of his. "Have you twenty copecks?"

I hand him a fifty-copeck piece. "Let him keep the change," says he, walking along.

During the intermission, we stroll into the buffet serving tea with lemon, almond cakes, waffles with cream spurting from the ends, and red apples. "Care for a glass of tea?" he asks, and when I succumb to a waffle with cream, he hands me back change from the coin I extend.

We walk home, since the rain is over, and at my doorway, he halts, "No tea inside?" he asks, in evident disappointment.

I shake my head.

"Can't we go in and make some? You have a burner, haven't you?"

I explain that I'm a guest at this American concessionaire's home—the erstwhile abode of an exiled noble—and have no knowledge of its domestic accouterments.

My escort can not conceal his regret. "Why didn't you say that sooner?" he asks. "We could have stopt in at my house. My kettle's always full." Not a word about the many shops serving tea and buns we passed on our way home!

Thus, the next time this singer telephones, when another youth had bespoken for the evening, I reason like the typical Russian flapper: "Whose company do I actually prefer? Wherever we go, and whatever we eat, I pay my way!" And so the opera singer loses out to a youth who supports himself as interpreter while contributing to foreign periodicals. He varies the procedure by first taking my five-ruble note and at the end of the evening returning to me the unused copecks.

It doesn't take you long "to find out in Russia that the 'new morality,' which gives men and women equal rights, means fifty-fifty everywhere, from the divorce-court and factory to the tramway, the box-office at the theater and the roast in the kitchen ice-box," Miss Ross tells us, continuing:

Not alone during the courtship of a

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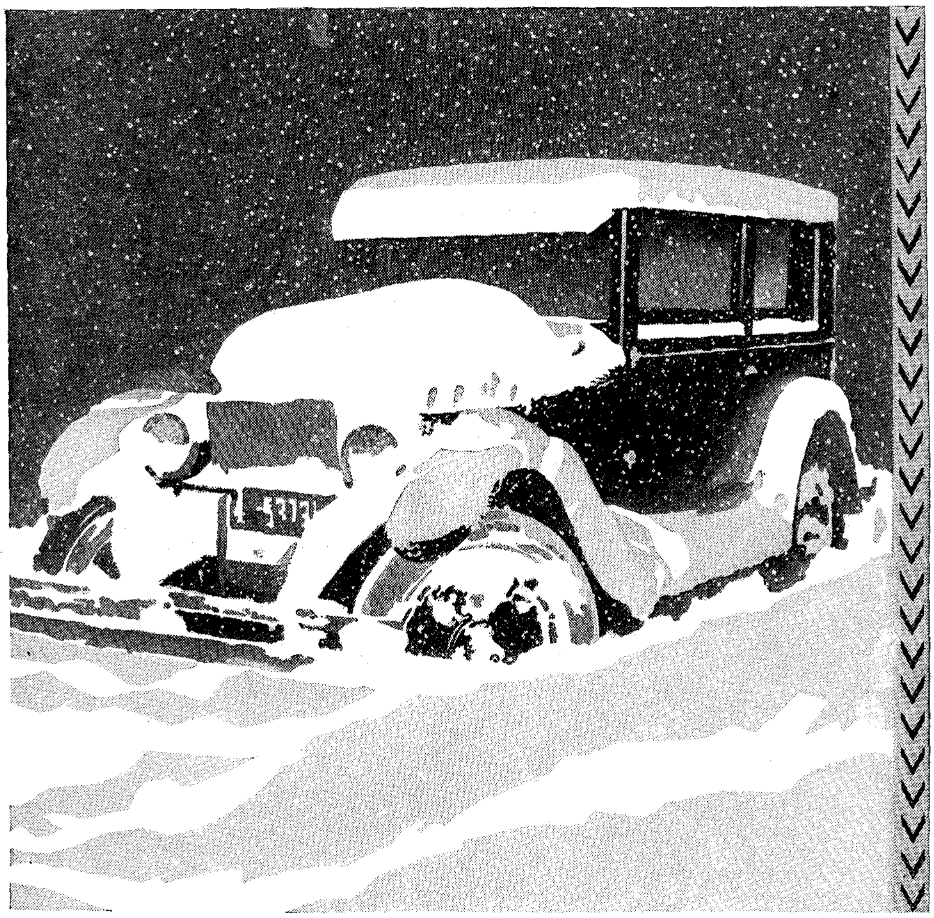

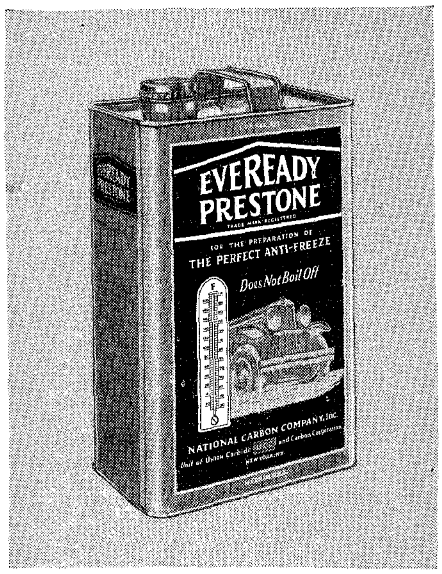

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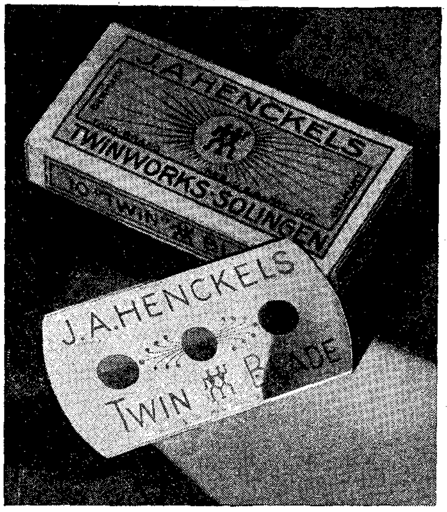

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

youth and maid, but right on through the marriage and family life does woman keep on her fifty-fifty stand, which, she firmly believes, helps her hold her husband.

All this may sound as if Russia had become a paradise for the impecunious and fickle male; and it is not surprizing to find that the men approve it. Yet it must not be forgotten that the system has female approval, too, being two-edged. If men are relieved of certain responsibilities, so are the women. Reading on:

Man's attitude toward this fifty-fifty status, I glean from my guide as we trudge along the rickety pavements of Nikitsky Varota in Moscow. "If not for my shaven head, don't you think I'm quite European looking?" he asks, gazing with pride at the shirt and vest a parting tourist had willed him. The other guides wear a high-necked blouse serving as undershirt, over-shirt and vest.

"Indeed you are," I answer. "I picture your wife sitting home all day and praying that no one runs off with you. After all—divorce here is so easy and a guide meets many fine-looking women tourists!"

He shakes his head. "My wife does nothing of the sort. She's busy at her job in the hospital. They work her pretty hard there."

But aren't you employed all season?" I query.

"Oh, yes," he answers, "but what's that to do with her? Every woman works! You didn't think because she married me—?"

I nod. "Why not?"

He laughs. "That doesn't make a woman give up her job—not even after she has children. Work is always woman's main interest. Marriage isn't an interlude or lunch-station. You know if I want a divorce, I don't even have to tell my wife, but just come home at night and announce I no longer am your husband."

"I imagine she dreads that day—"

"No more than I do! Don't forget she can come home and tell me I'm out! Then what?" Uneasy, he knits his brows. "The law works both ways!"

"Would that disturb you?" I ask. "You're young and could win many other women—"

"But how do I know a second marriage would be better? Now at least I know what I have, and my wife and I understand each other. Some other woman might have more faults! I'm just as anxious not to lose my wife as she probably feels about me. As a result we're both always on our good behavior—never nagging or making our relationship commonplace. The fact that we do not possess each other keeps our marriage from slipping from its high plane."

"Children?" I ask.

He shrugs his shoulders. "That problem is my wife's, for she returns to her job immediately after childbirth. The child's maintenance comes from our joint funds. Should I divorce her, I pay one-third of my salary for the children's support until they are sixteen. That enables her to keep them in a day nursery and school, with meals in a cooperative kitchen, while she continues her work."

Fall winds chap hands and face

THOSE drying October winds are enemies to good looks and smooth skin.

Keep a jar or tube of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly handy and use it freely on lips, cheeks and hands. It soothes the irritation caused by windburn and chapping; restores the skin to its natural smooth texture.

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THIS ORIGINAL ULTRA-VIOLET LAMP

now available for every home!

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But if you are seeking to maintain and enhance your enjoyment of life through new energy and increased health—sign and mail the coupon TODAY. Promptly you will receive the free, authentic booklet giving the whole story of ultra-violet rays, and full details of the Home Model Alpine Sun Lamp. (Special payment plan offered.)

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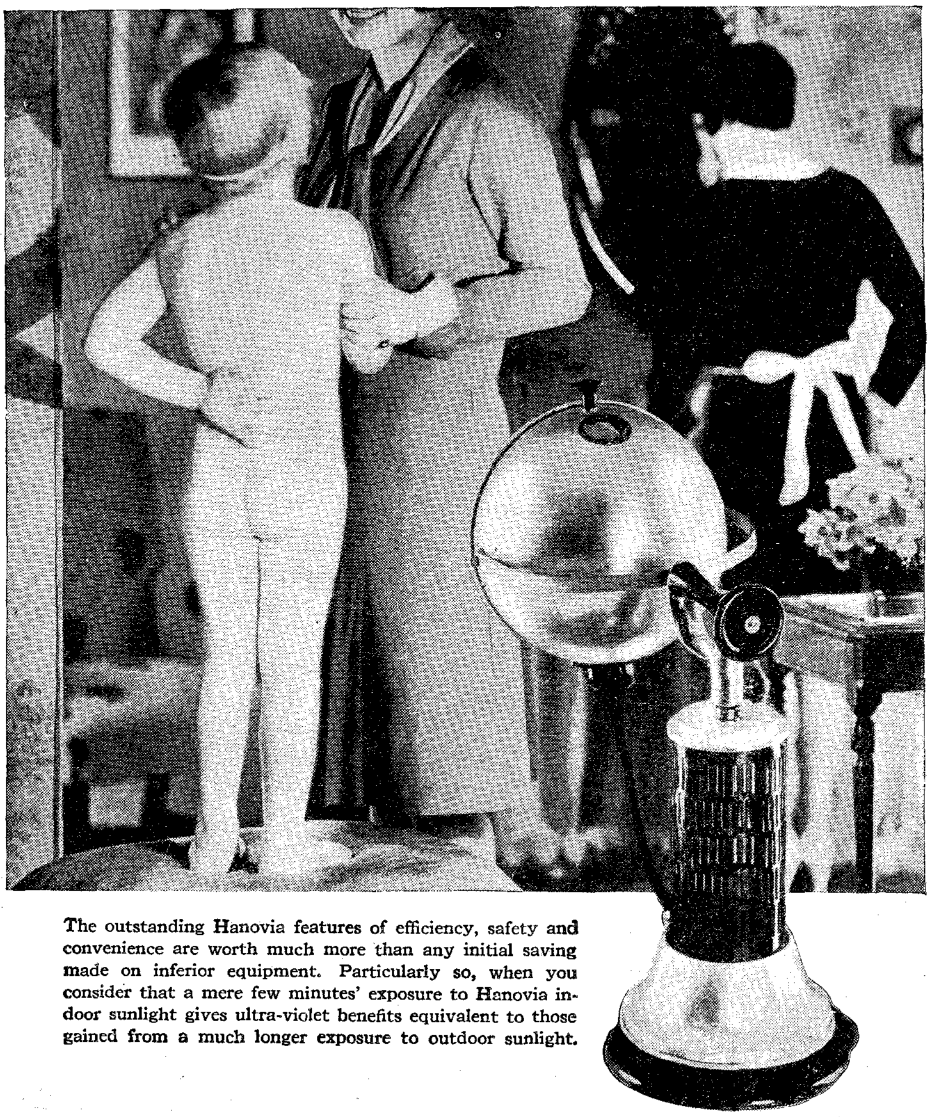
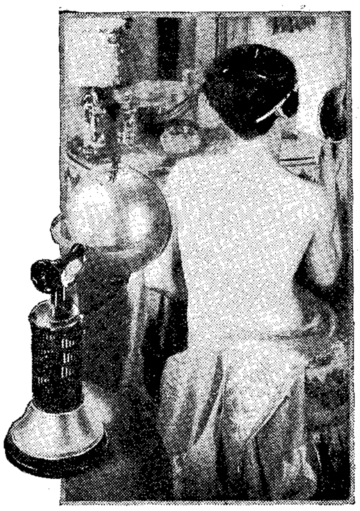


The outstanding Hanovia features of efficiency, safety and convenience are worth much more than any initial saving made on inferior equipment. Particularly so, when you consider that a mere few minutes' exposure to Hanovia indoor sunlight gives ultra-violet benefits equivalent to those gained from a much longer exposure to outdoor sunlight.



Anyone who follows directions can operate the Home Model Alpine Sun Lamp with absolute safety and efficiency. Never sputters or throws off dangerous fumes and sparks. New safety cut-off switch controls length of exposure.

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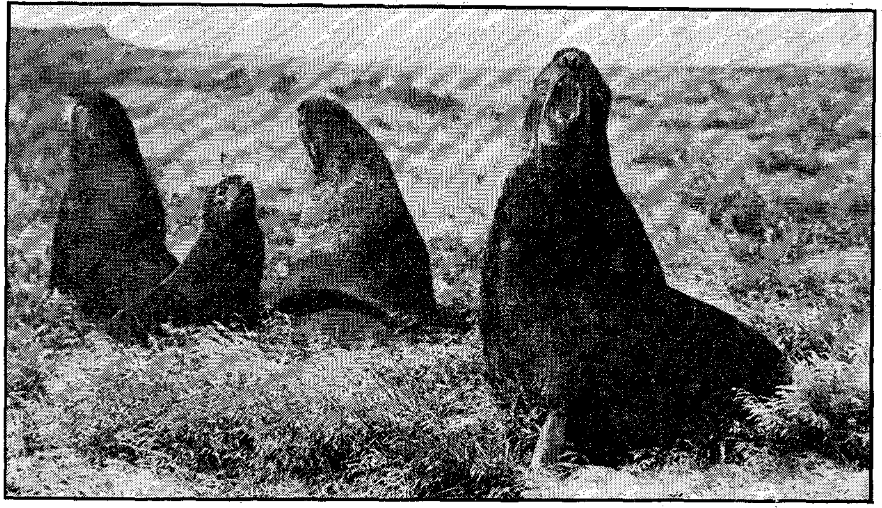
BEASTS • BIRDS • AND • TREES

MAKING MOVIES OF FUR SEALS AND THEIR HAREMS

"THE GIRLS ARE HERE! The girls are here!" The bull seals bellow that, or something like it, in bull seal language, when "the first soft-eyed female pokes her sleek head out of the water in the white surf line." It is the opening of the springtime courting and marrying season on the Pribilof Islands in the Bering Sea, as described by Roy Chapman Andrews in "Ends of the Earth" (Putnam's), his lively personal chronicle of travel, adventure, and scientific work for the American Museum of Natural History, dedicated to his brother explorer, George Palmer Putnam. The Director of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries had requested him to take motion-pictures of the valuable fur seal herd up there. "No one with a movie camera had been allowed on the islands. It was a real opportunity." And all who are privileged to read Mr. Andrews's spirited account of the polygamous goings on of the bull seals and their multiple mates will acknowledge that when he sees an opportunity he doesn't neglect it. After reminding us that "those two islands way out there in the Bering Sea have yielded much more than the entire purchase price of Alaska, and all from the skins of the fur seals," also that "they have been the subject of more debate and governmental literature than any other international question," he goes on:



Illustrations from "The Ends of the Earth," by Roy Chapman Andrews (G. P. Putnam's Sons)

LORD OF AS MANY WIVES AS A TURK, HE HOLDS HIS HEAD HIGH

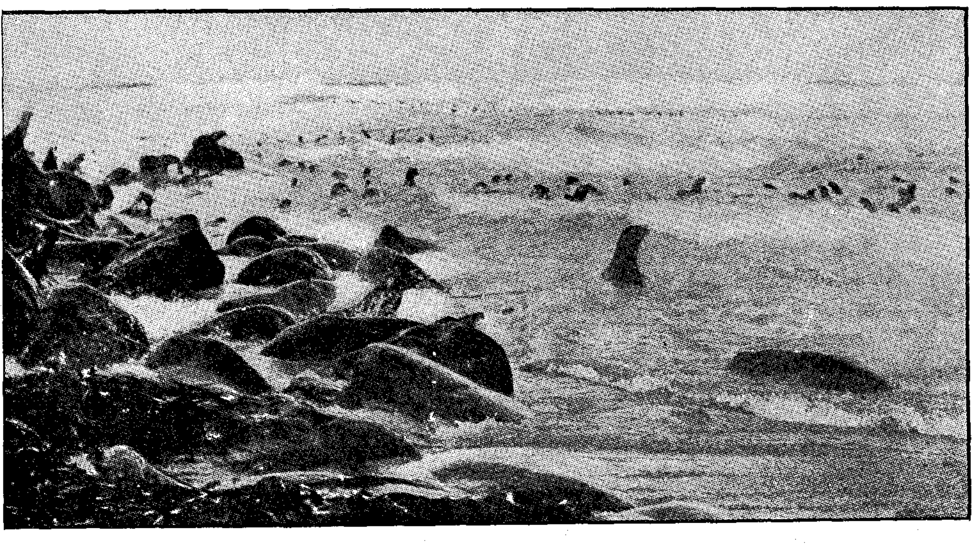
This bull seal of the Pribilofs was caught by the camera with a choice harem group.

> All winter long the black rocks of the Pribilofs lie deserted, stark and cold. But in early spring come the old bull seals up from the south. Great hulking fellows they are, rolling in fat and filled with wrath. Each one selects for himself a private station on the shore, destined to be the site of his prospective harem. The best locations are those nearest the water where the females will first come to land. But just because an old bull happens to get there first does not mean that he is left quietly in possession. Far from it. He has to defend his claim against all comers. Claim jumpers arrive in droves every hour. The choice sites for domestic establishments are soon gone and later arrivals either have to fight for what they want or take the back lots away from the beach. For days the shore is a roaring, bloody battle-field. Rearing on their hind flippers the bulls throw themselves at one another, slashing viciously with their long canine teeth, shoving, pounding, tearing. Perhaps the original occupant is driven out. Then the newcomer must hold his claim in daily battles. All this is only preliminary to the real show.

It is here that Mr. Andrews translates for us the bull seal slogan, "The girls are here!" when they descry the first flippered flapper, and we read on:

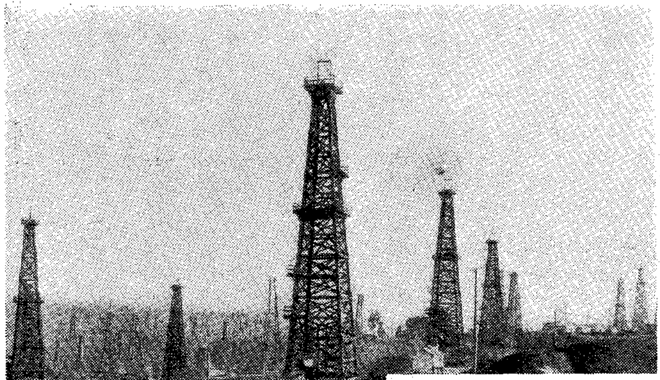
> The beach seethes with excited swains. Modestly the little seal ladies swim toward the shore, play coyly about in the surf, draw off to deeper water, tantalizing the impatient gentlemen bouncing up and down on the rocks of their hard won homes.
>
> When they finally decide to land, the fury begins. Each bull rushes for the nearest female, trying to entice her to his home site. Pushing and shoving, fighting off other aspirants for the lady's flipper, he finally drives or beguiles her to his station. Once there he has little time for love making, for other females are constantly arriving. The bull seal believes in quantity rather than quality. He never seems satisfied. His harem consists of from five to sixty lady friends and they certainly keep him busy. Each time he makes a dash to the water's edge on another amorous excursion some neighbor tries to steal a wife or two. Perhaps one of the girls has been attracted by the beautiful curling mustache or deep bass voice of a bull just a few yards away. She gives him the high sign and makes a dash for freedom behind friend husband's back. She may gain a new home. More often she is unceremoniously hauled back and told not to try *that* again.
>
> The rushing season ends when the females have all arrived. Then the beach is turned into a maternity ward. Almost every lady seal gives birth to a little black squalling baby within a week from the time she lands.

The old bull has a hard season, we are told. "All through the



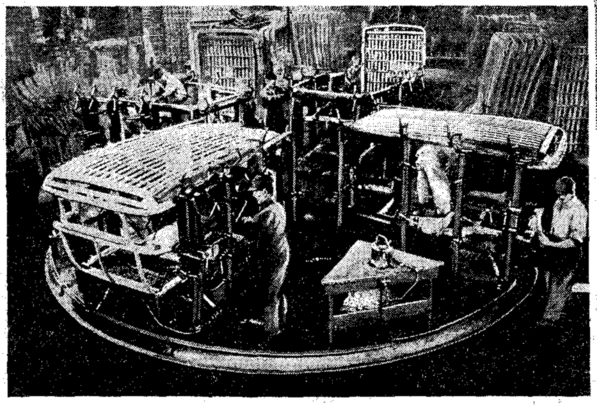
DID YOU KNOW THAT BABY SEALS HAVE TO BE TAUGHT TO SWIM?

Mr. Andrews didn't know it himself until he saw the mothers teaching them. But most of the swimmers in this squadron know a lot of fancy strokes, you may be sure.



(Above) *Scene at one of the great oil fields at Culver City, Cal. These giant derricks, dotting the landscape like grotesque monuments, are the familiar symbols of oil production. They are constructed of wood.*

(Above) *The De Witt railroad yards, just east of Syracuse, N. Y., one of the largest in the country. Freight and refrigerator cars, built of wood, annually transport billions of tons of the nation's food and goods.*



(Left) *Constructing an automobile body in the Fisher plant at Detroit, Mich. Every year, huge quantities of hardwood undergo careful seasoning before manufacture into hundreds of thousands of car bodies.*

In every major industry lumber plays a dominant part

And now America's finest lumber is obtainable grade-marked and trade-marked —guaranteed

EVERY year, into the great industries, go huge quantities of lumber. The vast web of American railroading, for instance, is utterly dependent upon wood . . . for railroad ties, bridges, telegraph poles, buildings, freight cars, refrigerator cars.

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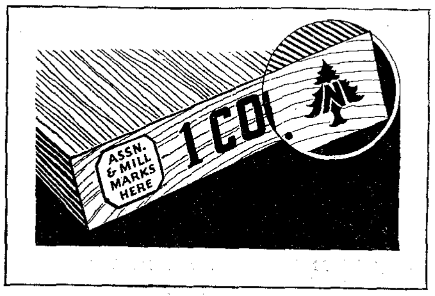

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- †California Redwood Association, San Francisco, Calif.—Redwood
- *California White & Sugar Pine Manufacturers Association, San Francisco, Calif.—California Pines, White Fir
- Hardwood Manufacturers Institute, Memphis, Tenn.—Oak, Gum, Tennessee Aromatic Red Cedar, Southern and Appalachian Hardwoods
- *North Carolina Pine Association, Norfolk, Va.—North Carolina Pine
- *Northern Hemlock & Hardwood Manufacturers Association, Oshkosh, Wis.—Hemlock, Maple, Birch and Northern Hardwoods
- *Northern Pine Manufacturers Association, Minneapolis, Minn.—White Pine, Norway Pine
- *Southern Cypress Manufacturers Association, Jacksonville, Fla.—Cypress and Tupelo
- *Southern Pine Association, New Orleans, La.—Long Leaf and Short Leaf Southern Yellow Pine
- †Western Pine Manufacturers Association, Portland, Ore.—Pondosa Pine, Idaho White Pine, Larch
- National American Wholesale Lumber Association, New York, N. Y.
- *West Coast Lumbermen's Association, Seattle, Wash.—Douglas Fir, Sitka Spruce, West Coast Hemlock, Western Red Cedar
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Dec. 3, 1929	s. s. Franconia	16 days	$200
Dec. 18, "	s. s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Dec. 21, "	s. s. Franconia	16 days	200
Dec. 26, "	s. s. Caronia	8 days	175
Dec. 27, "	s. s. Carmania	9 days	175
Jan. 6, 1930	s. s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Jan. 16, "	s. s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Feb. 15, "	s. s. Caledonia	26 days	275
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Apr. 12, "	s. s. Samaria	12 days	175

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

summer he neither eats nor sleeps. It is just one long debauch of fighting and love-making and guarding his harem against unscrupulous invaders." Consequently:

By September he is a wreck of his former self. All his fat has disappeared, for that is what he has been living on by absorption all summer. His bones protrude, his hide is torn and scarred, he is weary unto death. Blessed sleep is what he needs. Forsaking his harem, he waddles back into the long grass far away from the beach, there to stretch out in the warm sun. He will sleep for three weeks on end without waking if left undisturbed.

The little black babies are not having such an easy time of it during the summer. Many of them are crusht by their fighting fathers. They are always under foot and sometimes they wander a bit too far and lose their mothers. I often watched a hungry pup scramble up to a dozing female and settle down for a drink of milk. She would turn, sniff disgustedly at the youngster and give him a smart slap with her flipper. None of that for *her*. She wasn't any public fountain. Her own baby needed all the milk she could furnish and she was not giving any away to a stray gutter-snipe.

If the baby was overpersistent she would get really angry, cuff him hard and send him squalling away. Usually his own mother soon found him. I often saw a lady seal scrambling about, wild-eyed, exactly like any human mother.

"Where has Willie gone? I left him right here when I went out to fish. Willie! Has any one seen Willie?" Oh, it was so funny! And such cooing and gurgling when the lost had been found! She would gather the whimpering black pup to her breast, stretch out on the rocks and let him feed to his stomach's content. The pups looked exactly alike to me. All coal black with great, near-sighted eyes, but every mother knew her own child right enough. Doubtless it was by a distinctive odor rather than by sight. The pups were courageous little things and most awfully peppery. If I picked one up he spat and swore like a trooper doing his best to bite with his tiny needle-like teeth.

I never knew that seals had to be taught to swim. I thought they knew how to paddle instinctively, like a duck. Not at all. I used to watch the mothers giving swimming lessons in the tide pools. The babies were afraid of the water. They didn't want to go in at all. Slaps and vigorous cuffing were required before they would even get their flippers wet. Sometimes the mothers had to throw them bodily into the pools. But once in, they learned the motions quickly enough.

Altho the old bulls never left their harems, the females and bachelors went out daily to fish. Bachelors are those seals that have not yet reached man's estate and the dignity of a harem. They are the one- or two-year-old males, and theoretically are the only ones to kill for fur. The skin of an old bull is valueless. It is too thick and heavy, and too scarred by fighting.

I arrived at one beach where there were 6,000 seals when a terrific gale was blowing. The surf pounded in tremendous breakers upon the rocks. For hours I lay concealed "shooting" bits of intimate seal life with the movie camera. Then I walked

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out upon the shore line. Like a church congregation standing to sing, the 6,000 seals rose as one. For a few moments they gazed at me and then broke for the beach. They poured over each other in a living flood down the rocks and into the water. Riding the breakers like surf-boats, they floated in the waves and out again while I ground off hundreds of feet of film. What a picture that was! I might have remained all summer without another like it.

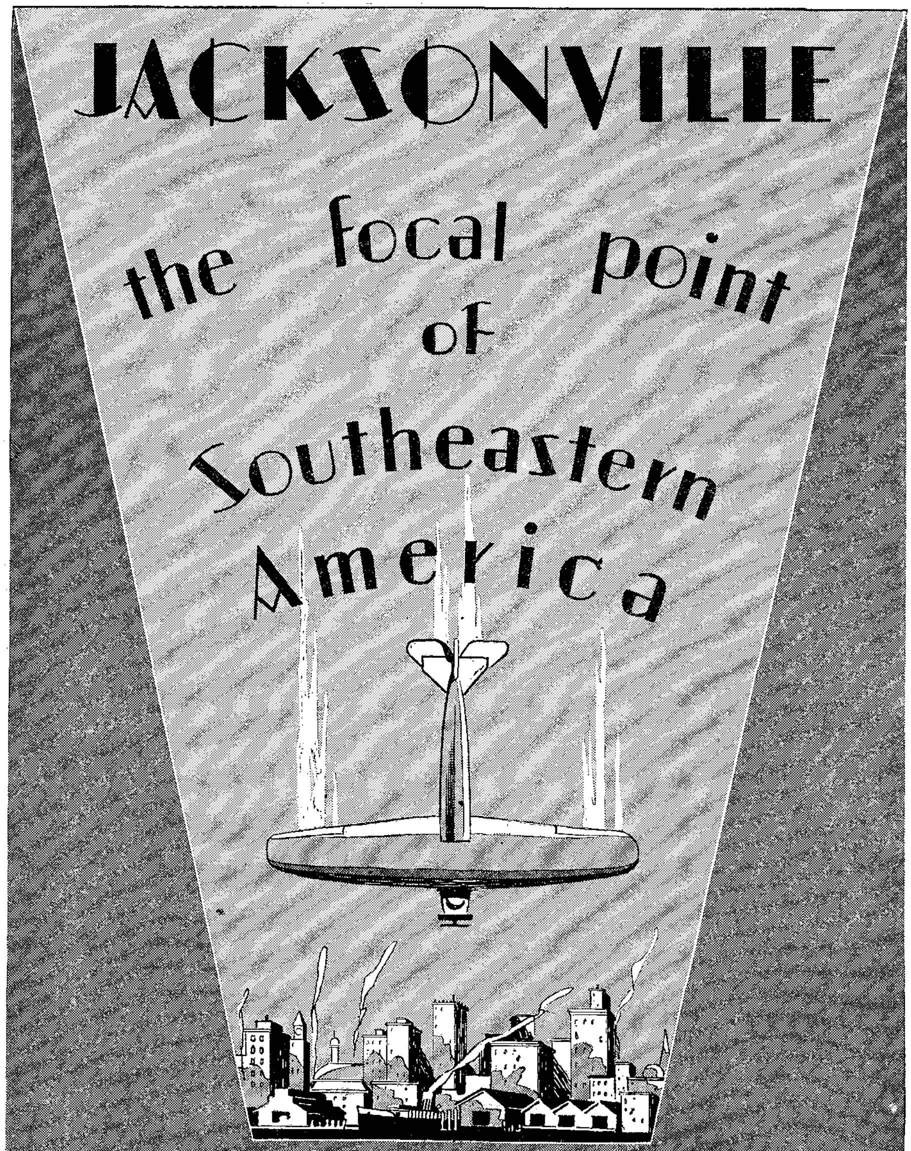
AND NOW THE DREADED BAT FINDS A CHAMPION

THE baleful bat of grisly legends is not so baleful. The horrible tales that have been circulated about this night flier that resembles a winged mouse are all false, if we are to believe Joseph Delmont, who writes in its defense in *Die Woche* (Berlin). The bat is not even ugly, we shall find the writer declaring presently. The belief that bats attack human beings is not founded on fact, M. Delmont continues. However, he admits that they will attack animals, altho he denies that he has ever observed any bad results from such an occurrence. Of his own experiences he writes:

> On my numerous trips through the tropics of both hemispheres, I have never heard of a single case of a bat attacking a human, nor did I personally have such an experience, altho I frequently invited it.
>
> On the other hand, my pack animals were ofttimes the victims. On one occasion I observed a bat attached to one of my mules. Its actions were so gentle that the sleeping animal did not notice the presence of the bat. It remained on the animal for about three minutes, and as I saw that it was satiated and about to leave, I caught it so that I might examine it at close range. The mouth of the bat was covered with blood. The mule did not awaken during the entire time. This proves that the teeth of the bat do not inflict any pain on its victim. Presumably it softens the flesh of the victim by means of sucking the area, and then, when this has been rendered insensible, it inserts its teeth. The wound made was but very small, and no evil effects ensued.
>
> Beauty is a relative conception, and one is not right in classing the bats with ugly animals. Being grotesque is not of necessity being ugly, and a close examination of a bat would show many points that might well be considered beautiful. In looking at a bat suspended during the daytime, one is reminded of the medieval prints which show the Evil One with his cloak wrapt around his shoulders.

There are many species of bats, and they are spread over practically the whole earth, the writer tells us as he proceeds to list some of their traits:

> Without exception, they are great eaters, and are carnivorous. Some are frugivorous. They are not peaceful animals, and the female is as aggressive as the male, in many cases more so. It is interesting that the female often keeps its young—sometimes there are two—under its wings.
>
> On my various trips, I have often tamed bats which I caught. They are very adaptable. They became quite attached, clung to me, and often climbed all over me in my chair or while I was in bed. I was never bitten by one. They are quite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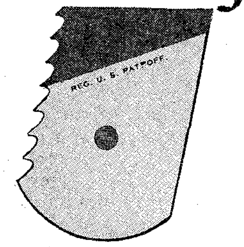
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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

content in captivity, eat little, and eat food which is given them which they would never touch were they at large. Once I caught a kalong, or flying-fox, which belongs to the largest species. Its body was nearly fifteen inches long and the spread of its wings some sixty-three inches. I kept it in a cage, and it became so tame that at night, when it seemed lonesome, it made so much noise that I had to approach its cage until it stopt, apparently quite contented.

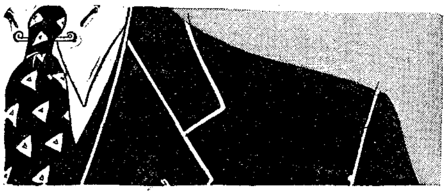
Since antiquity, the bat has played an important *rôle in superstition*. Among many exotic races, and some European also, parts of bats are used in the preparation of medications, salves, mixtures, and charms. A peculiar power is attributed to their blood. In Ceylon, the young gallants try to smear bat's blood upon the sarong of their beloved, in order to secure favorable attention. The same is true in Siam, except that here the practise is carried out by the young girls upon their lovers. In Sumatra, the men collect large quantities of bats' tongues, which, after being dried, are hung up in the huts. It keeps the women from talking too much, so they say.

THE BRAVE FIRE BRIGADE OF ANTVILLE

DESTRUCTION by fire menaced the little city. When the flames were discovered, the inhabitants drew back in horror. But speedily they took in the situation. They threw themselves into a fire fighting formation and advanced to their work, shooting a fluid at the fire. The flame grew weaker, Pierre Mille writes in the *Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung*, but inasmuch "as there was not enough fluid it resumed its full force." Then another group of firemen appeared to aid the first and the attack was renewed. One ant—for these fire fighters were little termites, shooting fluid from their own bodies to save their home—advanced right into the flame, attempting to extinguish it. It was speedily burned, we read, which caused the others to hesitate, but only for a moment. They went at their task with fresh vigor and kept on working until the fire was out.

This fire, Mr. Mille tells us, was a small wax taper attached to a stick and put on an ant hill a yard high and made of twigs and pine needles, at the laboratory of plant study at Fontainebleau. The ants were of a small, red variety, very active and belligerent. The experiment was conducted by Mme. Marguerite Combes. Mr. Mille adds that when the fire was out the wick of the taper still glowed and that the ants bit this off. How the experiment came to be performed is explained thus:

> Mr. Michael Durand, the sub-director of the laboratory was in the habit of throwing his lighted cigaret ends on one of these ant hills. One evening he chanced to notice that these were extinguished much sooner than those thrown on the ground. He became interested in this peculiar happening and the result of his investigation was so astonishing that he called Mme. Combes to



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In severe cases do this every other day at first. In milder cases, every 4 or 5 days. To prevent recurrence of dandruff, keep up *regular* weekly Packer shampoos (*No now-and-then care will* keep your scalp dandruff-free).

Sample cake and book on hair health, 10¢. PACKER'S, Dept. 4-J, 101 W. 31st Street, New York.

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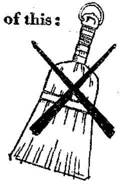

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ACTS LIKE MAGIC ON TIRED, TENDER SMARTING PERSPIRING FEET

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

witness the event. They both noticed that when a lighted cigaret was thrown on an ant-hill a number of ants approached the burning object and began to eject a liquid from their bodies until the fire was put out. An accident? A single occurrence? Madame Combes desired to be sure upon the subject.

So she tried the experiment which, with its results, had already been described. But she was not altogether satisfied. She had observed many interesting phenomena, but still she wanted to be sure that she was not confusing what had happened in a single case with regular and repeated reactions. A few days later, we read:

> The experiment was tried again, but this time with a candle. One must think of how gigantic this must have seemed to the ants. The result was the same. The ants climbed up the candle and the first ones were caught fast in the melting wax. This did not deter the others from going on with their work until the flame was extinguished. The whole affair took some three minutes. With each successive experiment, their method was improved until it required but ten to thirty seconds to put out the flame, depending upon the size.
>
> This was the astonishing fact, that their method improved, even tho it was not always the same group of ants which took part in the little scene. We might take it for granted that the presence of a burning object in the ant-hill might bring about instinctive protective actions on the part of the ants. In order to test this, Madame Combes placed a burning candle some distance away from the hill where only about twenty-five ants were running around, yet the action of these twenty-five was exactly the same as of those in the hill itself. The only difference was that the action was accompanied by more casualties, and that it took more time, approximately a quarter of an hour.

Other experiments were carried on in other ant-hills than the one usually used. Interesting results were obtained. For example, it was discovered in this way that different ant communities respond differently to the same stimulus. The ants of one hill were found to be brave, resourceful, and possest of a capacity for organization. On the other hand, we learn:

> At one hill the ants sprayed their fluid on the flame without any apparent system so that they were all burned. In still another, a panic burst forth, a panic of such nature that those in the rear actually pushed the ants in front of them directly into the flame. In still a third no attempt was made to extinguish the flame, the ants merely trying to remove the burning object from the hill. To sum up, it would seem as if certain hills were populated by ants of more inventive genius than the others. Madame Combes drew the following conclusions:
>
> A new danger brings about a new method of prevention, as proven by the method of fighting fire.
>
> Ants retain the memory of the method from year to year.
>
> It does not merely mean the application of a preventive method but also the offering of the life of the individual when the good of the community requires it.
>
> Of peculiar interest is the fact, that the ants make no attempt whatsoever to fight fires during the mating season. Repeated experiments have shown this to be so.

Native wedding dancer
Djochja - Java
Philip Kapp

Plan Days in Java

to learn the lure of this tropic isle

From SINGAPORE it is but a step across to the Dutch East Indies, which have fittingly been described as "a necklace of emeralds strung along the equator". Long, slender Java, swarming with more than thirty million picturesque peoples of the East, is a world in itself. Besides its vast plantations of sugar, coffee, indigo, rubber, it presents tropical scenes rarely surpassed. Yet Java is well governed and easily traveled, with splendid roads and some 3500 miles of railways, divided into two native principalities, yet all under the security of Holland.

Batavia, canal-filled as any city of Holland proper, is far-famed for its exotic air. Buitenzorg, the summer capital, not far away yet higher up, has a botanical garden justly renowned to the ends of the earth. Then there is Djokjakarta, whose ruler boasted two hundred wives and hundreds of children at last inventory, where tiger baiting is a favorite sport, to say nothing of a race meeting every spring to which Europeans come from everywhere in that corner of the globe.

And no journey to the East would be complete without a glimpse of Borobudur, greatest of Hindu temples. Picture to yourself a structure that is really a hill rising a hundred and fifty feet above the plain, the lower terrace five hundred feet long, with statues, exemplifying Hindu art at its height, so numerous that stood side by side they would reach for three miles; bas-reliefs compared with which any in Europe seem the mere scratchings of the cave men....

HARRY A. FRANCK*

Harry A. Franck*

*World Traveler and Author of
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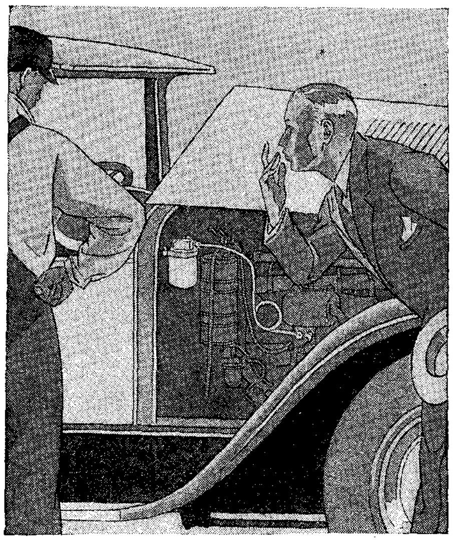

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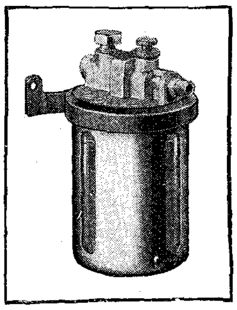

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DECROW ENGINEERING CORP., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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CONSIDER for a moment. Cylinders, pistons and valves are just metal. When they rub together they cause friction. *Friction plus carbon and gums from exploding gasoline* make heat, cause wear, create noise. That's just what happens in your upper cylinders because until now no way has been found to adequately lubricate these parts of the motor. But when you equip your car with a Decro-Oiler you remedy all this, as there can be no friction and carbon cannot adhere to properly lubricated surfaces. You make these parts move smoothly, eliminate wear and noise, get maximum compression giving you more power, quicker pick-up and greater flexibility.

NANNETTE OF THE PEAKS AND BUCK OF THE PLAINS

AT last came Nannette's chance to prove her grace. Always she was hearing Buck's long-legged agility praised, and it would not be unlikely if she had grown a little jealous. Certainly the sturdy little mountain goat from British Columbia was not awkward, but she was no match for the slim, elegant antelope from the plains. Nannette's chance came one day when the humans' luncheon was being served on the porch, and a plate of salad was for a moment left on the porch rail. Standing three feet below the dish of lettuce and dressing, she seemed to take its presence as a challenge. She gathered herself. She leapt up. She landed on the plate, as sure-footedly as if she had been on her native heights. So expertly did she perform this feat that the china was neither broken nor upset. Only the lettuce itself was spoiled, William L. and Irene Finley tell us, writing of their pets in *Nature Magazine.*

Some deception had been needed to transport Nannette from her mountain home to the Finleys' residence in Oregon. She waited, in her crate in a baggage office, to be checked through on the train. But the hard-hearted baggage master pointed to the inflexible rule—no animals except dogs may ride as baggage. Quick thinking was required from the Finleys and their party. "It *is* a dog," one of them insisted on the spur of the moment.

"It doesn't look like any dog I ever saw," said the baggage man. "What kind of hound is it?"

Nannette's helper was willing for her to be a dog temporarily, but he objected to "hound." So he said, as we read on in Mr. and Mrs. Finley's account:

> "That's no hound, brother. That's a female albino wire-haired Chinese Chow Mein dog, found only in the isolated villages of the upper Himalayas. I've just returned from there."
>
> "Oh," said the baggage-man, reaching for a baggage check, "that's different. Hey, Jimmy," he shouted, awfully, to his assistant, "come here and look at this fancy foreign-flea hotel."
>
> So Nannette received official status and got her clearance papers, and not long after landed at our door. Off came the slats on her cage, and forth stept Nannette, no Oriental canine, but a coy little mountain goat from the mountains of northern British Columbia.
>
> Nannette looked solemnly from one to another. All humans! Then she saw Buck, graceful and bold young antelope who, not long before, had come from the sand and sage of southwestern Oregon to join our family. Buck, wide-eyed and erect of ear, stared at Nannette, so, just as a friendly and introductory gesture, she bowed her head and clipt him amidships.
>
> Nannette, as was Buck, was still on the bottle, and soon the pair were at home together, learning to hang closely on the heels of the bearer of the beverage. There was only one bottle, and Nannette, with her battering-ram build, quickly established a claim to first turn at it.
>
> She stood on her hind legs and crank, with a series of humps that always sent the bottle flying if it was not firmly grasped. Next came Buck, dropping on his knees in a prayerful manner according to custom, and lifting his head high for a long drink. Nannette impatiently twiddled her tail and delivered a broadside on his ribs.

From the very first meeting of "this desert buck and mountain nanny, one surprize followed another," we learn, reading on:

Illustration from *Nature Magazine*

NANNETTE EARLY BECAME ADDICTED TO THE BOTTLE

> By their legs and deeds any one might judge them. The fleet-footed animal of the sage, with tooth-pick legs and a coat that felt like tissue-paper, was balanced against the squat form of the little steeplejack of the mountains, whose short legs were rapidly acquiring woolen pantaloons, and whose youthful chin was sprouting a beard. The ancestors of both were perhaps the same in prehistoric times, but for ages one had lived in the open level stretches and specialized in speed; the other took to the most rugged parts of the continent, where death hung on lofty cliffs, and made a business of butting and climbing.
>
> Daintiness of form and movement stamped Buck with aristocracy. He had entered a social circle no pronghorn had ever dreamed of. He had a keen sense of leaping and turning in mid-air, prancing across the lawn, lifting his feet in a way that would put a high-bred horse to shame. Yet when it came to a nice sense of precision, Nannette brought into play the traditions

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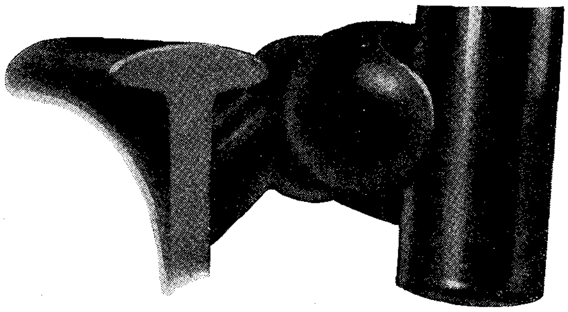

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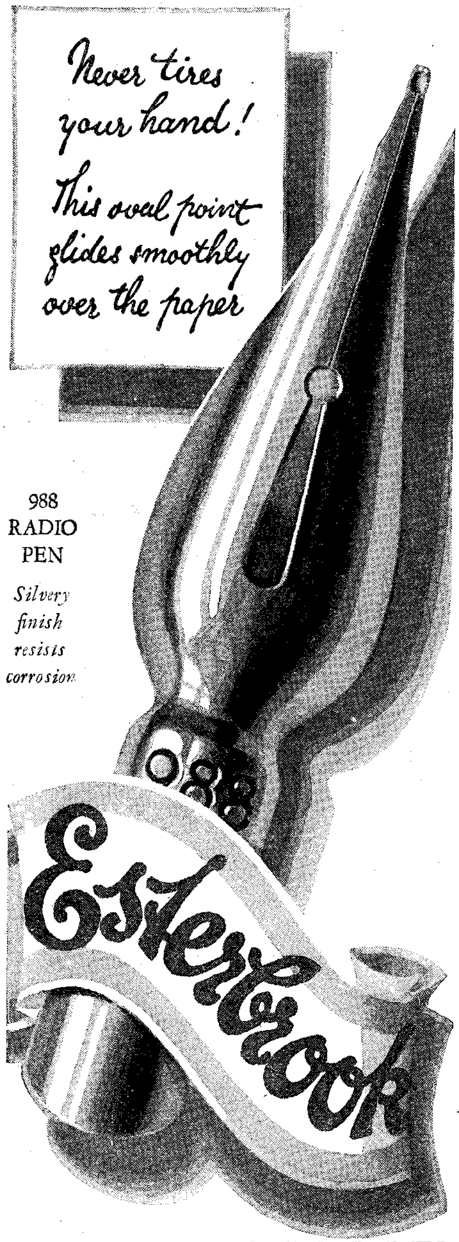
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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

under which her race was cradled, treading the icy tops of glaciers, and leaping accurately from the point of one rock to another.

By instinct Buck trained and kept in condition by running. After meals "he was accustomed to leap in the air with a sort of side turn, his front feet landing and hind legs swinging off at an angle," the authors continue:

> The ends of his legs and hoofs were sloped as if to give the impression that he walked on the tips of his toes. When he bounded away he had three different gaits. All his feet hit the ground at once, and he bounced off across the field like a rubber ball. Again he loped, or if showing off, he pranced with feet lifted high in the air like a thoroughbred trotting horse. He ran for the pure love of running, around and around in big circles, seemingly never tired.
>
> If a strange dog came near, the hair on Buck's neck stood on end, and his rump patches flared out, like two white rosettes, a signal of danger. He kept a newcomer at a distance. Danger was not a bogie for Nannette to avoid; she met it half-way. The instant a dog approached she faced the enemy with head down, and her warning was as emphatic as if accompanied by a mighty oath. She raised one front foot slowly and slammed it hard on the gound.
>
> Since there were no cliffs to climb, Nannette often ascended a pile of wood. Her favorite resort was the chicken yard, where she found a coop with such a steep roof no one but a goat could climb it. The rims of her hoofs were sharp as steel; within this rim was a rubbery sole, so she could walk the roof with endless delight, just as her ancestors had walked inconceivably narrow ledges on the highest peaks of the continent.
>
> Perhaps the places of birth had most to do with the appearance and character of these two wild pets. Buck always seemed jaunty and optimistic; his ears exprest interest and attention; his big brown eyes were so trustful; he liked to push his soft nose into a hand, or lick one's face with his black tongue. On the other hand, Nannette's appearance was a picture of dejection. Her looks, however, may have been deceptive, for her shyness was likely an indication of a deeper nature. Her head hung low, and as her whiskers lengthened, her cud-chewing gave her a more stern masculine appearance. When she tried to play, the best she could do was to rise on her hind legs with a comical, awkward movement.
>
> Both Buck and Nannette had been taken out of their natural environment when young. Both craved companionship, and while they were attached to each other, they took a strange joy in human kindness. They followed wherever we went; across the fields, down the hill, along the river, through the woods, they were always right at our heels. When we stopt to sit down, they both lay down to rest. Buck always scraped away a place with his front foot; perhaps instinct told him there might be cactus thorns in his bed. Then he turned around several times, went down on his knees, leaving his rear quarters high in the air. With a little hump, he folded his legs under very carefully, like

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the legs of a card table. He never sprawled out, because instinct again told him his legs must be folded in position ready to leap off at any indication of danger. No such preparation bothered Nannette. She bent her front legs, put her knees to the ground, and fell the rest of the way.

In the mountains at home, Nannette would have nibbled bits of grasses and flowers where seeds, far-flung by the winds, had caught in the niches of rocks. Buck would have taken the slender pickings and the bitter bushes of the desert. In their new home they feasted on lettuce, cabbage, corn, and richer foods of the garden; but for dessert they liked the foliage of firs, the acrid leaves of cotoneaster and other shrubbery in the garden. Civilization brought Buck one bad habit. He was fond of chewing tobacco, a habit he acquired by following our gardener. The fact that he relished cigar stubs led us to believe he missed the flavor of some favorite pungent bush of the desert.

Nannette led Buck "to his Waterloo one day, when she saw the open door to the living-room." Very cleverly, if she did it by design, she led him on, thus:

> She crossed the threshold, and when her hoofs struck the smooth hardwood floor they stayed put. Buck followed, but his feet spread in all directions, skidding like a man who steps on a banana peel. He landed upside down, greatly to the amusement of Nannette.

"MILKING" POISONOUS SNAKES IN NATAL

Blow after blow the terrified white man rained at the head of the angry and venomous snake, a mamba, reared up before him. And never again did he face one of these reptiles armed only with a stick. But since that first encounter, the successful outcome of which we shall see later, W. E. Jones, "one of the most amazing men in South Africa," has killed 800 mambas. For thirty-five years, we read in a Pietermaritzburg dispatch to the London *Daily Express*, he has lived in the heart of Zululand, cut off from all the amenities of civilization, destroying cobras, puff-adders and mambas, whose venom is then dried and dispatched to scientists in different parts of the world. "It is just a question of temperament," Mr. Jones said to the *Daily Express* correspondent, who gives us Mr. Jones's story in his own words, beginning with his first encounter with a mamba:

> As in most dangerous pursuits, familiarity brings a certain contempt that would make the ordinary man shudder. But the first time I met a mamba at really close quarters still forms my worst nightmare.
>
> I had pitched my tent near a Zulu village toward nightfall, and lay on my camp bed awaiting the arrival of a native carrier. Hearing a curious rustling, I looked down to see ten feet of black sinuousness as thick as a man's arm crawling within two feet of my head! A split second saw me outside that tent, but in my flight I managed somehow to overturn the oil lantern.
>
> When my "boy" brought matches and a candle I was foolhardy enough to snatch

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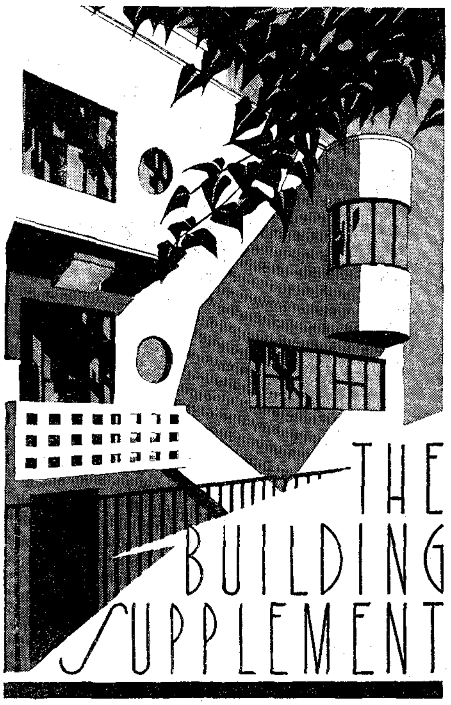

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

up a stick and return. There was the snake just disappearing over the corner of my chop-box and I struck savagely at its vanishing tail.

It was the act of a madman, for instantly the mamba whipt about, and I found its evil head swaying in the semi-darkness within a foot of my chest. Blow after blow I rained at it, an elusive shadow whose diamondlike eyes seemed to scorn my puny efforts.

It was only when my boy had the presence of mind to grab a handful of dry grass and cast it, burning, in the brute's face that I found myself outside once more, with shaking knees and dripping with perspiration. Never again did I ever face a mamba armed only with a stick!

Probably through "a fear complex inherited through a score of generations" the fearless Zulu seems stricken with paralysis when bitten by a mamba. In spite of all that can be done, the account continues:

Usually death occurs within four to five hours, tho I have seen one case in which a native was seized by convulsions and died before even a tourniquet could be applied! From 800 mambas which I have killed, I have only been able to recover at the rate of one quarter of a grain of dried venom from each, while in the case of cobras I have extracted so much as eighteen grains from a single snake! Only the other day I was fetched to a village to save one victim who on my arrival was found to be dead.

We went at once to a near-by donga which was infested by these brutes. There were quite twenty basking in the sun, yet in the twinkling of an eye they had uncoiled and shot away to their holes. I waited for an hour, shotgun in hand, and saw three emerge and disappear into the bush. I followed the nearest, a large reptile, which I found later to be over eleven feet in length. At the sound he turned, his wicked pointed head waving over the coarse grasses. I was between him and his hole, the most dangerous position conceivable.

When a snake whose merest touch is death and who travels faster than the eye can follow is on the warpath, it behooves the hunter to have iron nerves and a quick trigger finger. As he came at me, jaws agape, I put a charge of No. 6 shot below that head, cutting him neatly in two. Then came the business of venom extraction.

It is necessary to wear thick gloves of hide, for the still writhing snake must be seized quickly behind the head, while its business end is jammed into the mouth of a wide, shallow glass jar.

A finger and thumb prest behind those scaly jaws expel the poison which, like a tiny rain of amber tears, oozes down the side of the jar. There is death not for one, but a score of men!

Puff-adders and cobras can usually be caught alive by means of a long stick, at the end of which is a running noose. The captives are quickly transferred to a sack, and go to swell the number on my snake farm, where they feed sumptuously on frogs, meanwhile regaining their venom.

"Milking" these has become quite an ordinary affair, no more to be regarded as extraordinary than the milking of a cow or a goat!

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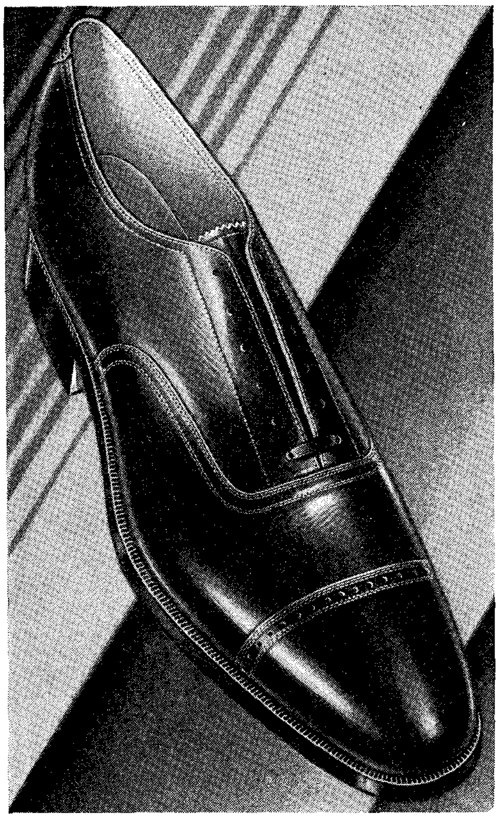
A BABY IS A BABY, BRUTE OR HUMAN

THE lion cub was to be presented at the wedding of the director of the zoo—by way of dessert, as it were. At least, such were the keeper's orders. But when the basket holding the young animal was opened, the little boy who was present leapt upon the yellow kitten like a wild man, and when the keeper tried to take the pet from him, he set up a roar like the king of beasts. But, "doubtless there was nothing at all royal in the noise I made," confesses a writer in *Die Garten Laube* (Berlin), relating this incident of his childhood in an article on animal babies. In the decades that have elapsed since then, he continues:

> I have had many little lions in my arms, as well as a little Manchu tiger, and a number of leopards, besides panthers and pumas. There is nothing more engaging than a young animal of the cat family—nothing which more arouses one's feeling of tenderness. While I write these lines my Tibetan temple cat is playing with her four babies near my writing-table, and "singing" from time to time—which means that she stretches herself up along my leg, rubs her head on my knee, and utters a few purrs, by which she means to remark: "Come down on the carpet with us for a bit, dear friend."
>
> But young lions are particularly charming and grotesque. Their yellow pelt is still flecked with the white spots of babyhood; their ears are like plush, and much too big, their paws are broad monstrosities, so thick as to be heavy and helpless. A lion child finds it fearfully difficult to walk; hence the little growler makes a "cat-back" and when it stands still shoves a hind-paw out to act in some sort as a rudder and point of support.

The elephant baby is definitely better able to stand alone, we learn as we read on:

> The Indian cow elephant, Toni, of the Berlin Zoo, had a baby, and even by the end of two weeks the thrilled visitors saw that her little off-shoot, hardly a yard tall, suddenly began to jump about its mother, with rapid but tottering steps, going over to a pile of straw, throwing itself down on the soft bed and beginning to rotate its gray-skinned barrel of a body. All four legs were in the air when the mother came up and gathered a lot of hay with her trunk, which she slowly strewed over her abandoned little daughter. The latter squealed like a pig, then jumped up and walked beneath her mother's body to the maternal fount of nourishment.
>
> When I was on the Riviera some little time ago, and was charged with the task of personally conducting some valuable baby apes to Berlin, a little chimpanzee and the young gorilla, Bobby, I thought to myself that with the animal babies, too, the path to the heart is by way of the stomach. It was necessary for me to win their confidence quickly, since for the sake of safety they had to make the twenty-four-hour journey in the sleeping-car with me. So I had a dish of freshly boiled rice in milk ready, then armed with a big spoon, went into their cage. Hardly had I seated myself on the sleeping-box when both babies prest close to my knees and opened wide their mouths—Ha! that tasted good!
>
> And when I came a second time, they greeted me with loud cries of joy.



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ENGLAND TRYING TO KEEP HER GOLD

"IT fell as an icy shock" upon the British business world when the governors of the Bank of England announced the raising of the bank's discount rate from from 5½ to 6½ per cent.—the highest rate in eight years. Fears were exprest at once, we read in a dispatch to the New York *Times*, "that dearer money will cause a substantial increase in unemployment in the basic industries, notably in the steel, coal, and cotton trades." But all those who really understand the position, continues the *Times* correspondent, feel that no other course is possible: "They realize that, owing to the abnormally heavy outflow of gold, there was real danger of credit being seriously curtailed; also that, in the long run, it was better for business that there should be a sufficient supply of credit even at a high price than an inadequate supply at an artificially low cost." So even in London, remarks *The Wall Street Journal*, there is a certain feeling of relief at the change as "something long overdue, a necessary and corrective measure."

Wall Street a magnet for the world's gold—England's gold supply dwindling—to keep the gold the Bank of England pushes up its discount rate—another blow for the hard-prest English business man, who must pay higher interest rates! Read the experts' opinions.

Our financial writers all agree that "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" simply had to make this move in self-defense, since, in the words of the Boston *News Bureau*, "her cupboard was being all too seriously depleted of the precious gold." The New York *Journal of Commerce* hears some Englishmen "say that they expect no good results from a rate of 6½ per cent., but they have faint hopes that it may mean the recall of some of the errant funds that have gone to swell speculation in other parts of the world."

"The frenzies of the stock market have usually been contemplated as a phenomenon of only domestic moment," but in reality, reflects the Dallas *News*, "the effects have been felt throughout the world. The action of the Bank of England in putting the industries of Great Britain under the burden of a credit charge so disproportioned to their strength is only one evidence of that pervasive effect, albeit the most outstanding." Remarks the Richmond *News-Leader:*

> The merchant at John o' Groat's House will have to pay higher rates for money because of the abounding confidence of American speculators in their bull market. It's a dwindling world!

The new rate of the Bank of England, our financial writers point out, is considered an adjustment with the increase in the New York Federal Reserve Bank's rate from 5 to 6 per cent., on August 8. All three Scandinavian national banks advanced their rates a few hours after the London action of September 26. The new 6½ per cent. rate is the highest for the Bank of England during normal peace periods. It was at 7 per cent. during the inflation period of 1920-21, and immediately before the war declaration in 1914 the rate went to 8 per cent. and then to 10, but was reduced to 6 per cent. in August, and was kept at about that point during the war period. The lowest post-war rate was 3 per cent., in 1922-23.

An explanation in simple terms of the reasons why the Bank of England authorities delayed so long and finally were compelled to act, appears in the New York *Daily Investment News:*

> In England there is a very close relationship between the rate of the Bank of England and the rate which is charged to commercial borrowers.
>
> Here in this country the Reserve authorities may raise the rediscount rate without its having any particular influence on the price which business men must pay for their loans.
>
> Such is not true in England. There, an increase of 1 per cent. in the central bank rate means that almost every borrower will be forced to pay that much more on all the loans contracted for later.
>
> The advance of the rate from 5½ per cent. to 6½ per cent., therefore, places an additional burden upon the whole business community of England.
>
> Inasmuch as the country has been suffering keenly from bad business conditions, even with the old rate, it is easy to appreciate the desire of the Bank of England to put off as long as possible an action which could only cause additional suffering.
>
> During the past few months, however, the gold position of the Bank of England has become so bad that the action could not longer be delayed without danger of consequences of the most serious kind.
>
> In less than three months its gold reserve has been reduced by 30,000,000 pounds sterling, and to-day its gold holding is almost 20,000,000 pounds sterling below what is considered essential for the safety of the British money and banking system.
>
> For the continued gold drain New York is, to a considerable extent, responsible. Our high call loan rates have caused tremendous sums to be shifted here from the London market. Every such shift has been just so much of a strain upon England's gold reserve.
>
> Because of the constant demand for the conversion of pounds sterling into dollars, the price of the latter advanced to the point where it was cheaper to ship gold than to use bank credit.
>
> The result has been that the British

banks have constantly called upon the Bank of England for gold to be shipped out of the country.

To correct this situation and to stop the movement of gold, it is necessary to offset the high rates of interest prevailing in this market.

As a last resort, therefore, the rate of the Bank of England has been put up. It represents a hope to siphon funds out of our call loan market into London.

To some extent this will doubtless be the tendency, but it is not to be expected that England's gold reserve will be restored to what it was a year ago.

The Bank of England will continue to face one of the most trying problems ever confronted by a central bank.

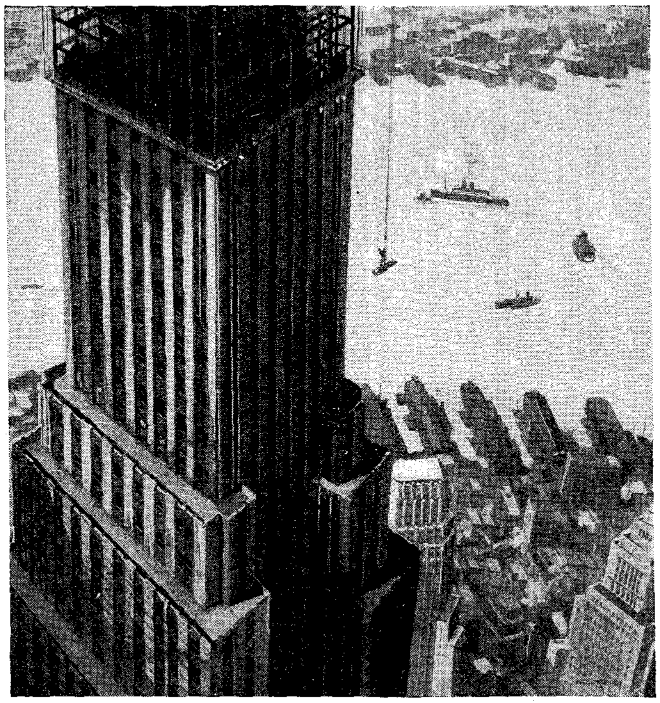
The raising of the bank rate "amounts to recognition by the Bank of England of a world-wide money stringency," says the New York *Times* editorially:

That the primary cause for this general money stringency has been the insatiable and continuously increasing requisition on credit by the Wall Street market, there has never been any doubt. When the richest market in the world is paying 9 per cent. for loans on stocks and bonds, notwithstanding increase within twelve months of $338,000,000 in such loans by banks and of $1,850,000,000 in similar loans by other than banking lenders, the whole world's money market was bound to be thrown out of equilibrium.

The effect of the higher London bank rate on this Wall Street situation, or on the position of London itself, is a matter of conjecture. It will remain to be determined whether the 6½ per cent. official London rate, and the 6 per cent. rate to which open-market London discounts rose, will call home enough of the British money, now on loan at New York, to relieve effectively the London situation or to embarrass Wall Street. At present it can only be said that an extreme protective measure has been taken, reluctantly but unavoidably, against a situation in America which seemed to be menacing the financial stability of Europe.

The indirect effects of the higher bank rate seem to *The Annalist* "likely to be more far-reaching than the direct effects":

We are now faced with an inevitable reorientation of international financial relations generally, and the uncertainty as to how these adjustments will eventually work out is a factor which must be given consideration. The adjustments involved are numerous and complex. Just to mention a few, there is first the problem of what effect the new British policy will have in causing withdrawal of funds from the New York money market. According to Ray Hall of the Department of Commerce, the United Kingdom has had little funds to spare for lending in our call-money market, and British withdrawals are consequently not likely to be of serious proportions, altho Wall Street has been full of rumors to the effect that one cause of the tightness in call money has been British withdrawals as a result of the collapse of the Hatry group of stocks on the London Stock Exchange. But there is the greater danger that the Bank of France, whose gold-hoarding propensities have been only too evident from its recent bank statements, may turn to this country now that the high level of interest rates in the London market has made purchases of gold there less profitable.



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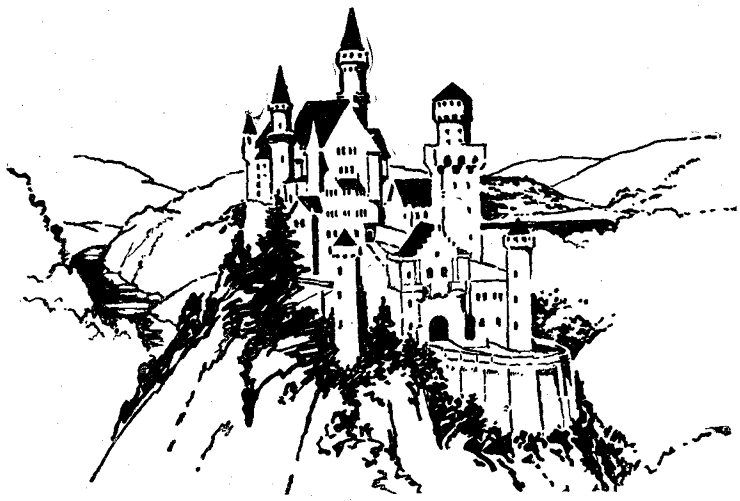

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THE HATRY CASE

WHEN London has a Stock Exchange scandal, it makes a great sensation, because of its very rarity, remarks the New York *Evening Post*, which then goes on to offer this brief explanation of the Hatry case, mentioned in the last paragraph of the preceding article:

> Clarence Hatry, a prominent British banker and financier, and his associates built up a tremendous pyramid of paper profits through the flotation of various companies, principally those engaged in the manufacture and operation of strip-picture machines. The bubble was pricked, and in two days [September 19 and 20], about $50,000,000 was lopped off the stock-market prices of Hatry's stocks.
>
> For instance, Photomaton five-shilling shares, which attained a high price of 15 shillings 7½ pence, had touched 1 shilling 6 pence when the London Stock Exchange suspended trading in all Hatry issues. The scandal broke on the 20th. The next day Hatry and his partners were arrested, charged with conspiracy to obtain money by false pretenses, and held without bail. They apparently sought a trust company loan on $750,000 worth of worthless paper.
>
> If these men are found guilty of fraud, they will go to prison with hard labor for a long term, and no influence can save them.

The Hatry case leads the New York *Journal of Commerce* to call attention "to various other indications of unsound speculative conditions which the British financial press has long been discussing with apprehension":

> The speculative fever which since the war has gript the rank and file in many countries, who would once have been immune to infection, has, in England as elsewhere, opened opportunities for exploitation to men whose reputations for integrity and honest dealing are not above reproach. The issuance of shares in small amounts, sometimes as low as one shilling, has also aided the efforts to enlist popular support for highly speculative and often worthless enterprises. Various untried amusement enterprises, ventures in greyhound race-tracks, unproved patents, and similar undertakings have presented opportunities to place small savings, with the chances in favor of their being lost.
>
> Companies have started business with inadequate capitals, and in some cases have failed with heavy losses to bona fide investors. In other cases, shares left in the hands of underwriters have been boomed by methods highly suspect with a view to encouraging the public to buy.
>
> Belief that markets can be created in the absence of underlying values can often be encouraged so long as a speculative boom is in full cry. When, however, the stimulative influence of artificial aids to selling has been exhausted, the inflated structures soon tumble. The English are apparently suffering from the effects of an over-optimistic estimate of the gullibility of the general public.

A CASE OF FREAK DIVERSIFICATION

A CURRENT Wall Street story concerns itself with the customer of a certain Stock Exchange house who had become so thoroughly sold on the idea of diversifying his investments that he entered upon a program of buying one share of every stock listed on the Exchange. At the latest account, according to George T. Hughes, this man was down to the H's, and so far his commitments were showing a profit. Mr. Hughes points out in a Consolidated Press dispatch that there are both advantages and disadvantages to this scheme:

> On the asset side is the assurance that only the most wide-spread of depression could affect the status of all his stocks at once. It would take a business cataclysm to do that. Even the market price would not be influenced unfavorably all at once save in times of panic such, for instance, as came at the outbreak of the World War.
>
> On the liability side is the certainty that no one man could keep in touch with the outlook for so many businesses as would be represented, to say nothing of the individual companies. Even endorsing the dividend checks would be a laborious task. Another drawback would be the disposition of "rights" of one kind or another, the receipt of which is one of the compensations for common stock ownership as against bonds. Such rights could theoretically be sold at the market, and the cash received therefor considered in the nature of an extra dividend, but the value of the rights accruing to one share would be in many cases less than one dollar, and the commission on the sale would cut down even that amount.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT, ETC.

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "THE LITERARY DIGEST"

Published weekly at New York, N. Y.

For October 1, 1929

State of New York }
County of New York } ss

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. Neisel, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of the Funk & Wagnalls Company, Publishers of THE LITERARY DIGEST, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 4th Ave., N. Y. City.
Editor, Wm. S. Woods, 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Managing Editor, Wm. S. Woods, 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Business Managers, The Board of Directors of Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 4th Ave., New York City.

2. That the owner is: If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the name and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.

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WILLIAM NEISEL, Secretary of FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publisher and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1929.

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Notary Public.

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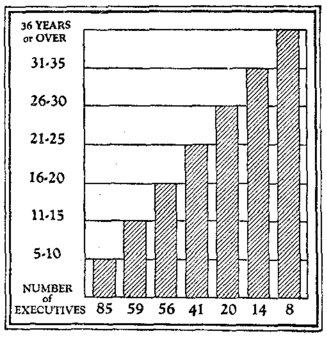

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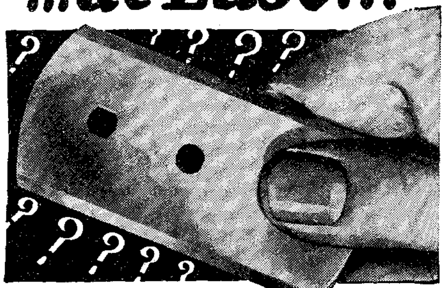

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

September 25.—The tenth Assembly of the League of Nations ends, having made, it is said, a record in increasing the means of settling disputes by peaceful methods.

The report circulated in August that Chinese had murdered 3,000 Moslems in remote Kansu Province is confirmed by letters from missionaries in the affected area.

September 26.—Five hundred and twenty Arabs and Jews have been tried and sentenced in varying degree in connection with the recent disturbances in Palestine, according to a dispatch from Jerusalem.

The Bank of England raises its discount rate from 5½ to 6½ per cent.

September 27.—Twenty people are reported killed by a hurricane at Nassau, capital and largest city of the Bahamas.

Prime Minister James Ramsay MacDonald leaves England for his visit to the United States and conference with President Hoover.

Cesare Rossi, one-time friend of Premier Mussolini, is sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment by a special tribunal on charges of conspiring to overthrow the Italian Government and fomenting attempts on the life of the Premier.

September 28.—A bill proposing a plebiscite in Germany on the question of that country's "war guilt" and on the Young reparations plan is formally submitted to the Minister of the Interior by leaders of the Steel Helmet organization, a Nationalist body.

September 29.—Baron Giichi Tanaka, retired Premier of Japan, dies at his home in Tokyo. He was sixty-six.

September 30.—The first flight of a rocket-propelled airplane is made near Frankfort, Germany, by Fritz von Opel, who stays in the air for a minute and a quarter, and covers a distance of a mile and a quarter.

October 1.—The Canadian Department of Justice has ruled, it is reported, that the Government of Canada is without the power to prohibit by regulation export of liquor to any country wherein the importation is prohibited or restricted. Any such action, says Premier King, must be taken by the Canadian Parliament.

DOMESTIC

September 25.—Miller J. Huggins, one of the noted figures in baseball, who led the Yankees to six pennants and three world's championships, dies of blood poisoning in a New York hospital. He was fifty.

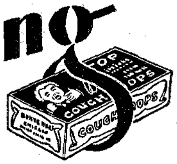
September 26.—Representative Ernest W. Gibson, Republican, of Vermont, introduces a joint resolution demanding a thorough investigation of lobbying.

The Federal Farm Board approves a loan of $750,000 to the Georgia Cotton Growers Cooperative Association as its initial step in financially assisting the cotton industry of the South.

Drew Pearson, an American newspaper correspondent, testifies before the Senate Naval Affairs subcommittee that members of the staff of naval experts attached to the American delegation were anxious for the failure of the Three-Power Disarmament Conference at Geneva in 1927.

Look for the funny fat man on the red box

After.. Smoking



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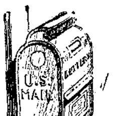

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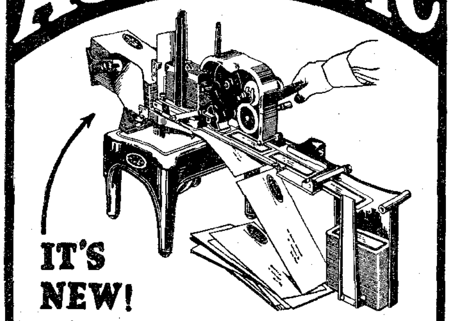

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September 27.—Consolidation of five large Detroit banks into a combine with total resources of $709,830,529 is announced.

September 28.—Several people are reported injured in Fort Lauderdale and Miami, Florida, by a hurricane sweeping up from the West Indies.

Nine balloons take off from St. Louis in the eighteenth international race for the James Gordon Bennett trophy. Six nations are represented.

September 30.—Testifying before the Senate Naval Affairs subcommittee, William B. Shearer says that he sought "parity or no treaty" at the Geneva Disarmament Conference in 1927, and denies that he broke up the parley.

Nine of the sixteen defendants in the Aderholt murder trial, an outgrowth of the Gastonia, North Carolina, textile strike, are freed when their indictments are nolle prossed by the State, and the charge against the seven remaining defendants is reduced to murder in the second degree.

October 1.—William B. Shearer testifies before the Senate Naval Affairs subcommittee that following his break with the ship men until the investigation of his activities was started he was employed by William Randolph Hearst to campaign against America's entrance into the World Court.

President Hoover announces the appointment of John McNab, a lawyer of San Francisco, to help draft a plan for reorganizing the Government's Prohibition-enforcement machinery, both administrative and judicial, in time for submission to Congress in December.

Fifty thousand members of the American Legion parade in Louisville in their eleventh annual convention.

The Senate adopts the Caraway resolution for a sweeping investigation of lobbies and lobbying.

When the Twain Almost Met.—"I went out West in '89," said the New Yorker.

"How fur d'yu git?" queried the miner.

"Buffalo," said the New Yorker.

"I went East th' same year," said the miner. "Went as fur's Butte, Montana. Nearly ran into each other, didn't we?" —*New York Times.*

Honest Toil.—Farmer (to friend)—"I hear, Bert, that while ye were in the city ye took up this here golf. How'd ye like it?"

Bert—"Well, it ain't bad. It's a bit harder than hoein' turnips an' a bit easier than diggin' potatoes."—*Vancouver Province.*

Weeps on Her Shoulder.—Mrs. Dryren—"Do you find your husband much improved under national Prohibition?"

Mrs. Wetmore—"Quite the contrary. Formerly he told his troubles to the bartenders. Now I have to listen to them."—*Detroit News.*

Perfect Hostess.—A deaf old lady went to live near one of the naval ports. Shortly afterward a battle-ship fired a salute of ten guns. The old lady, who lived alone, got out of her chair, smoothed down her dress, patted her hair, and said, sweetly: "Come in."—*Tit-Bits.*

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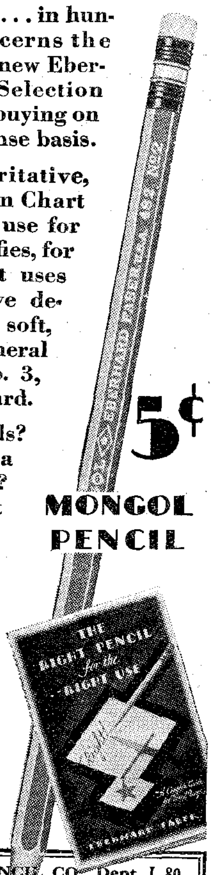
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Straight Shooter.—
There, little grapefruit, don't you cry,
'Cause when you do, it hits my eye.
—*Christian Advocate.*

Safety First.—"Fifty years of happy married life! How have you managed it?"

"Well, for one thing, son, I've always admitted I was wrong."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Language Extension Course.—"Have they been married long?"

"Just long enough so they have found there are a lot of things that you can't say with flowers."—*Pathfinder.*

Spread of Knowledge.—She—"Jack, dear, am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

He—"Yes, indeed. I learned to do that from a radio lecture I heard the other night."—*Texas Ranger.*

Steady Schedule.—"Sarah, did I see you kissing some one in the garden this morning—the milkman or the postman?"

"Er—excuse me, ma'am—was it about half-past seven or was it after eight?"—*Answers.*

Motherly Care.—"Can you recommend the company with which you are insured against accidents?"

"Rather! I have been insured 10 years and never had an accident."—*Oslo Karikaturen.*

There's a Waiting Line.—"Marriage," we were saying to a modern young lady the other day, "is a great institution."

"Maybe," she said; "but who wants to live in an institution?"—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

When We're Careless.—The pastor was examining one of the younger classes, and asked the question, "What are the sins of omission?" After a little silence one young lady offered:

"Please, sir, they're sins we ought to have committed and haven't."—*Pullman News.*

Knows His Chuck.—A lady was entertaining the small son of her married friend.

"Are you quite sure you can cut your meat, Willy?" she asked after watching him a moment.

"Oh, yessum," he replied without looking up. "We often have it as tough as this at home."—*The Lyre.*

Squelched Simpleton.—There is a story of a visit John Barrymore paid to a haberdasher in Hollywood. After ordering this and that, he turned to leave.

"And your name?" the clerk asked innocently.

"Barrymore," was the chill reply.

"Which Barrymore, please?"

John surveyed him coldly. "Ethel."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Blessing in Disguise.—She (sotto voce)—"Georgie, dear, it's a burglar!"

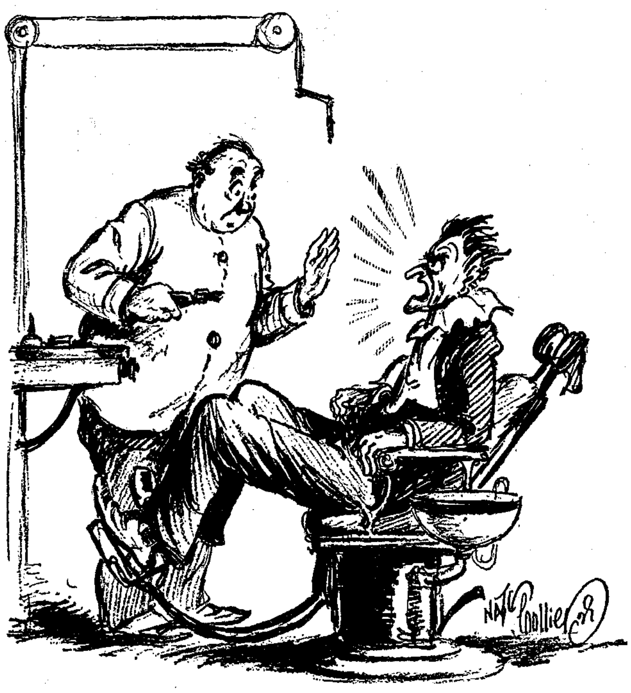
He—"Sh-h, don't move, maybe he can get that window up; it's the one we haven't been able to open since the painters left."—*Watchman-Examiner.*

Squirrel's Cage.—"When are Joan and Ed to be married?"

"Never, I'm afraid."

"Why, how's that?"

"Well, she won't marry him until he pays his debts, and he can't pay his debts until she marries him."—*Boston Transcript.*



Customer: "Say! What's the idea o' pullin' my teeth? Ain't this a barber shop?" —*Judge.*

Knows Her Cyclone.—Burglar (to his wife)—"I've tried blasting and I've tried a sledge-hammer, but I still can't get this safe open."

Wife—"Don't give up; let the baby play with it."—*Life.*

Damaged Deacons.—How the pastor talked to the highwaymen who sought the cash that he did not have: "Ah, gentlemen, I might, indeed, have something to give you if only I had such energetic fellows as you to pass the plate now and then."—*Christian Register.*

Origin of an Invention.—Johnny came back from the circus much excited. "Oh, mama," he exclaimed. "Katie spilled some peanuts on the ground, and what do you think happened? The elephant picked them up with his vacuum cleaner."—*Watchman-Examiner.*

Ker-Plunk!—"Daddy," said his little daughter, as they watched an airplane, "do you think they will ever get to heaven flying away up like that?"

"Not by going away up, my dear," was his reply. "They are more likely to do it by coming down."—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.*

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Ancestral High Jinx.—In 1924 Mr. Rockwell compiled the genial orgy of the Rockwell family.—*Boston Herald.*

Doing Something About It at Last.—
PLANS SURVEY OF
WIVES IN WINNIPEG
—*Head-lines in the Winnipeg Free Press.*

An Angel or Something.—Charging he was "unbelievably immortal," Mrs. Marian —— sued Prof. —— for separation.—*New York Daily News.*

Claiming the Earth.—Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has more people outside than inside its limits.—*Saratoga paper.*

Picking Daisies.—Maybelle Gilliland came to the fore with a brilliant display in the 220-yard dash. She equaled the world's record time of 27 minutes and 2-5 seconds.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

We've Seen That Kind.—
DOUGHNUT DAY
IS A SUCCESS
Many Dozen Disposed of;
New Walks to Be Laid
—*Westerly (R. I.) paper.*

Delirious Joy.—Something sang within Ed's spare frame, his heart felt warm and relieved, but all he answered was: "Well, I guess you've found one; don't let me overlap n tybgkqj -lflEijffi.—*Kansas City Star.*

Wonders of Travel.—Some two years ago, just a few days later than this day, I stood on the Apocalypse at Athens and had the opportunity of gazing upon that marvelous ruin, the Parthenon.—*Address at a Kiwanis conference, as reported in the Keystone Builder.*

Marching the Specimens Two by Two.—Fifteen Pairs of Twins, by Laura —— and Henry F. ——. Page 22.—*Index of Eugenics.*

Call Up the League of Nations.—Fresh male flesh is the staple meat diet of almost all Japan. It is also pickled in the Island of Harris, Scotland, and shipped to the Kongo.—*Stamford (Conn.) paper.*

Guess Again.—
NEW MOBILIZATION PLAN
WOULD BRING TROOPS OUT
AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE;
WOULD TAKE HALF HOUR
—*Head-lines in the Troy Evening Record.*

In the Seats of the Mighty.—"There is just one thing about it—you have to use scenes about your eating just as much as you do about presiding over the Senate. I love to eat. But I know when to quit."—*Vice-President Curtis, as quoted by The Rocky Mountain News.*